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The TOWER LIGHT



OCTOBER 1929

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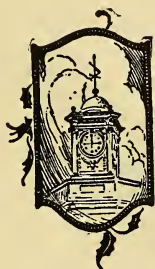


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The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

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No. 1

Sailing the Summer Seas to European Shores

IN THE SUMMER of 1928 the Far Horizon Club of the Normal sent six members of our staff and three recent graduates to visit schools in England and Germany. There was sightseeing in France and Austria thrown in to vary the main purpose. Recounting these experiences, Miss Snyder wrote a series of articles for the TOWER LIGHT last year.

This summer Miss Brown took a course in Foreign Education under Dr. Thomas Alexander of Teachers College, Columbia University, on foreign soil. She spent six weeks in Germany traveling from city to city and visiting schools, according to a well planned schedule determined by Dr. Alexander. She also was in Russia for twenty days and ended her trip by attending the Elsinor Educational Conference in Denmark.

Miss Osborn traveled abroad from March until the latter part of August, part of the time spending her mornings at work in the American Library in Paris. She is giving a series of assembly talks to share her experiences with the school.

Miss Sammis traveled to England, France, Norway and Sweden, and returned with a warm liking for the Scandinavian countries.

Miss Youngblood studied in Paris and brought home her reward in earned points for academic credit.

Miss Carley and I set sail to follow our own sweet wills on June 26. Miss Carley was born in Newport, Rhode Island, and her father was a sea captain. I was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and my father during the latter clipper ship days owned and operated a ship chandlery in Baltimore. Hence, we both absorbed a love for the sea. And, when June came we went a sailing on the "Frantic Atlantic". Our ship, the Nova Scotia of the Furness Bermuda Line, was an express freight and passenger carrier from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Liverpool, England. Our port of embarkation was Boston. The Federal Night Express of June 25 carried us that far and there, the neat, new oilburner, the Nova Scotia, was awaiting us at the Charlestown Docks. Sunny skies and fair wind attended us to Halifax where the ship lay for two days and two nights in that glorious land-locked and fir-scented harbor. With Nova Scotia's consignment of freight on board we left for St. Johns. Such an entrancing harbor. Small wonder that John Cabot

found it a fair land to see. Land-locked is it too, and the town looks down from the hills that tower above. Seven icebergs clung to the shore as we sailed up the coast—in the gay sunlight and stiff breeze they seemed like painted bergs upon a painted ocean. Yet one remembered the Titanic and shuddered.

It is an interesting sight to watch the loading of a vessel. All the lumber of Newfoundland's forests seemed insufficient to satisfy the Nova Scotia's open hold. There is a technique to freighting that is akin to the art of building, for the vessel must be well balanced for the voyage and the freight must not slip since listing is dangerous. Equipped with lumber, salmon and lobster, all for English consumption, we sailed out into a gray sea, a fog bank lying in wait for us as we passed out from the Narrows. And for four days on that Northern Sea we sailed slowly and carefully through mists and rain. One day we traveled only one hundred and thirty-three miles, so perilous was the going and so careful was our captain. But the last two blessed days were balmy and sparkling. Our route lay around the North of Ireland. At six o'clock the morning of July 8, a passenger was able to photograph the Giant's Causeway so close did we sail to that shore. That night we landed at Liverpool. There I was met by a friend, Professor Bessie Lee Gambrill of Yale University, who joined me for the Continental trip we had planned together. And there Miss Carley left us to visit friends in Yorkshire and later to spend some time in France. She will tell her own story later.

Shall I tell you of Paris; of Brussels; of Germany and the Wagner Festival of Munich; of Austria and our visits with Dr. Dengler at the University of Vienna, and the Austro-American Institute; of Florence; of Geneva and the meetings of the International Association of University Women;—or shall I bring you galloping back with us on the S. S. Bremen which sailed from Cherbourg to New York in four days, fourteen and one-half hours—not her record trip, for that was past, but record enough for us who love the long lingering sea trip and the slow, sure freighters. Let us come back on the Bremen as a contrast to the going over trip, and in another talk we shall visit Munich, Vienna and Florence.

When we left Cherbourg, August 15, at 6:30 p. m., on a tender carrying from five hundred to one thousand passengers, we could see the Bremen steaming up to the breakwater. It took about twenty minutes to get out to her and as we slowly glided along beside the great liner we seemed to be a molehill and the ship a great mountain. We counted thirteen decks, (there are more, perhaps). From portholes everywhere heads appeared to watch us embark. The band played. A gangway on Deck C opened—we slowly moved to the spot—a gang plank was laid and we stepped over to the sure deck of the vessel but not without casting eyes down to the great depths below. Most efficient service

greeted us and soon we were assigned our staterooms—First Class, Second Class, Tourist Third, and Third—each went his several ways. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins", for on the Cherbourg tender we looked alike. However, there were four classes of us on board. The order was that of a grand hotel, and the elevator service so efficient that one might have been in America's grandest hotel, asking for the sixth or the tenth floor, or the floor below, or perhaps the gymnasium or the swimming pool. Three thousand souls on that trip! An airplane that is catapulted off when nearing the port when mail and perhaps a passenger must save time! Movies! Concerts! A series of shops for last minute souvenir hunters! Beauty parlors! Deck verandahs!—A great piece of mechanism. Four propellers kept churning the water over and over to make the speed of from six hundred seventy to seven hundred miles a day that made possible the Bremen's travel record. Was Joseph Conrad, that old sea rover, right when he said that every additional foot in length or depth or breadth, every additional playroom, every swimming pool of a ship increases the hazards for the voyager? Was the miniature size of the Half Moon and the Pinta and the Susan Constant the sign of their safe sailing into port? We felt secure enough on the Bremen, and the sea if it is "always tricky at best" (so Conrad warns us) played us no tricks on this return trip for the four days were golden, the moon shone at night, and the coming into the great Brooklyn slip made the debarkation a pleasant experience. But should you ask me for my preference, a speed boat or a freighter, I should reply—"For pleasure, the freighter; for convenience, when one has limited time, the speed boat." Sailing to other lands brings great diversion and broadens one's horizon. Are you a member of our Far Horizon Club?

LIDA LEE TALL



Open-Air Life in Germany

TO BE ONE of a party of thirty-two persons on an educational tour is no small privilege. Dr. Thomas Alexander of the International Institute of Columbia University, the American leader, and Dr. Niemann with Dr. Hyella of the Department of Education in Germany were our guides in the places of interest and worth.

Most of the group were citizens of the United States of America and represented every educational interest. They came from the North, the South, the East and the West. But the spirit of the group was international, for it included a Japanese, a Chilean, a Brazilian, a Syrian and a Scotchman. There was a fair proportion of each sex and a natural curve of distribution of experience as evidenced by age. The Scotchman had lately arrived to the years of manhood, and no one showed the early expectancy of rewards through the Retirement Fund.

Twenty-six cities were scheduled for our real living with the youth of Germany. Among them were the free cities of Hamburg and Lubeck; Berlin the gay rival of Paris; Halle on the Saal; Leipzig, the home of Sebastian Bach; Munich, the pride of Bavaria; old Heidelberg, Mainz, Coblenz and Bonn, University centers, on the Rhine; Essen in the famous Ruhr valley; historic Nuremberg and Weimar the shrine of Goethe and Schiller.

Thousands of children greeted us. We watched them work and play. We heard them sing; sometimes we sang with them. Much of this was out of doors. One sees the true spirit of the German people in their life in the open. Only with the chance to wander through their land and live together do they reach the fulfillment of the yearnings of the spirit. These "wanderings" are a heritage and a right of every German youth. In the golden age of the Guild handicraft the young apprentices made pilgrimages. They do today. "The essence of all pilgrimages of the wandering youth is the same; the urge to grasp the spaces that lie far and near; to get the feel of the landscape of nature; of the folk in their manifold life".

The most precious possession of the German youth is a long childhood that builds a strong, healthy body and a clean spirit. Germany's leaders are aware of this and are concentrating their energies to bring about its fulfillment. Already many of the military fortifications that formerly housed men, who were learning the skills for the destruction of life, now shelter the children for the upbuilding of a new human structure. It has become the custom in schools of all sections of Germany to take a wandering tour for at least several days. Nearly every school program has a regularly scheduled time for the trips under the leadership of the teachers. The growth of school wanderings was made possible only by a "net of Herbergen", or shelters, which were located

in the most visited sections of the country. Germany has about 3000 schools, barns, homes, clubhouses, castles, unused factory rooms, sanitoriums, monasteries and other buildings that are used to shelter its youth when on these journeys.

There are different phases of this out door life. About one hour's ride by automobile from Frankfort there is an old military fortress that has been abandoned by the army and is now used mainly by the school children. It is known as, "The Children's Village". This place accommodates about 1500 young people at one time. Children in the seventh school year come with their teachers and live as a family unit in the school barracks. These barracks consist of a number of separate buildings. Our visit there was on a beautiful, clear day. Fifteen hundred children led by their own band greeted us with song and flying banners. This sight will never be forgotten. Some had come from the public schools of Frankfort, some from Hamburg, some from Berlin as well as from the neighboring cities. They remain at these centers five weeks. The children share the responsibility of the success of their life in the Village. The children choose their mayor from the leaders weekly. They make their own rules for the Village. The instruction is conducted out of doors when the weather is fit and mainly emphasizes a study of the historical and industrial development as well as the plant and animal life in the environment. Physical education and music are included. Desirable living together and good health are of most importance in the life of these groups. Our group shared this village life for one day.

Many schools plan for the younger children in places not so far from their homes. The abandoned fortifications which skirt the boundaries of Cologne have been turned into open air schools for children through the first seven years of school. These are day schools excepting one building which is used for convalescent, tubercular children.

Each school, which has been a barrack is situated in a grove, with plenty of open space for playgrounds, wading and swimming pools. Certain schools in the city of Cologne are assigned the use of each building. In one of the Garden Schools all of the children excepting the first grade come one day in every three weeks. The program in this school emphasizes experiments in gardening for the upper classes. Whenever possible all instruction is carried on out of doors. The children eat much of the vegetables and fruit that is grown. The newest Garden school which is lodged in rebuilt barracks includes the kindergarten children who are brought in good weather from Cologne. Twenty-five hundred children take their turn in this school. The school officials claim that the children who have the opportunity of the open air schools in the barracks have fewer colds than the other children.

A very famous and popular Jugendherbergen is in the "Saxony Switzerland" at Hohenstein. This old castle stands on a low mountain

over looking a picturesque part of Saxony. It has served as a knight's castle, a robber knight's castle, a reformatory, a prison in 1918, and was given in 1924 to the Wandering Youth of Germany. It is financed by a state subsidy, lottery returns, contributions from the Trade Union Association and nominal fees from the youth groups. The age limit is 20 years. The only adult permitted to remain permanently at the Shelter is the warden, who was formerly a copper-smith with a simple education, but one who has the gift of dealing with young people. He is known as "Our Comrade". If there is room, occasionally wandering adults are kept, but, if a wandering youth arrives late and needs shelter adults must give up their room. These young people have simple, clean accommodations. Boys and girls have separate dormitories. Many of the mattresses were made of straw. The food is simple. The only conditions for acceptance are decency of dress and behavior. Alcohol and tobacco are forbidden in the Jugendherbergen. The leader of the group is responsible for the behavior of his charges and the interest of each club determines its program. Young people from all over the world have stayed at Hohenstein.

The work of providing accommodations for the wandering German youth is an important aid to the educational development of its fine young people. Germany is awake. The present inscription over one of the gates of the abandoned fortification which is used for a school reads: "The old falls, times change, And the new life blossoms on the ruins". This is Germany today.

STELLA E. BROWN

Travelers' Aid Work

By a FORMER NORMALITE

MANY TIMES when you have passed thru the railroad station in Washington, Baltimore, or other cities, you have probably noticed the lighted globe decorated in red, white and blue, which reads Travelers Aid, and wondered what it was all about. Or maybe you have been in a strange city and inquired at the Travelers Aid Booth for a reliable room or hotel. In this way you have gained the impression that the Travelers Aid Society exists for the purpose of giving information. But that is only one of the many duties of this organization. Often in this part of the work the real social worker finds under neath the most trivial request for information a more vital need.

A typical busy day in Travelers Aid Work in Washington will reveal some of these problems. When the worker comes on duty, she is apt to find a number of telegrams from New York telling of a carload of

immigrants whose train she is to meet. Probably the majority of the immigrants are middle class Germans or Irish, whose needs are satisfied, when they have been supplied with breakfast, their correct destination secured, the Travelers Aid at their changing point has been notified, and they have been placed enroute a train for Boston, Chicago or California. Yet, among them there may be an old Italian woman, whose only words of English are "Get Away". These words she screams at the top of her voice and races all around the station and finally out in the street with the worker at her heels. A policeman—whose uniform she respects is called in to direct her to the Lunch Room where the Italian cook acts as interpreter. Then the sad story is told of how some man who spoke a little Italian and offered to help her locate her son in Chicago has taken most of her money and disappeared. The woman's confidence is finally gained and she is assured the Travelers Aid in Chicago will help her find her son upon her arrival.

"Please Mam, I would like to see the President about my pension," says an eighty-seven year old colored Civil War Veteran, when he is brought to the booth by a porter, who believes the old fellow is crazy. A few minutes' talk reveals the fact that the old "Uncle Columbus" is only a simple minded fellow, who has been mislead by someone who told him that if he comes to the Capital, the President will see that he gets more money. He has spent his entire pension for the month, arriving in Washington with fifteen cents. He is sent to a Temporary Home until his fare can be secured from some Patriotic Organization. In a couple of days, which seems "Just like two years" he is sent on his way home rejoicing.

"Have you seen anything of my father?" says an attractive girl of fifteen. "He was to meet me at the hotel to-night and I haven't a cent of money for dinner." The girl tells such a rambling and conflicting story that the worker becomes suspicious. As she reaches for a telephone to verify the story at the hotel, the girl disappears but is soon found in a nearby hotel and admits that she is a runaway. When the authorities in Philadelphia are notified, a Juvenile Court Worker soon arrives to take the girl back with her.

All day long requests come to the Booth to help stranded people. Sometimes it is a family who have lost their tickets and run out of money. Or it may be young people who have come to the city for work, who have failed to find it and decided to go home. At any rate, they are cared for with the cooperation of other agencies until friends or relatives can be reached who will furnish them the money for fare home. Over Long Distance and thru the Western Union requests come, asking for investigations in regard to people stranded elsewhere who wish to return to Washington.

As night falls, a great number of children, many of them colored and usually mere babies come thru the station. Often they are being

sent to relatives who do not want them. An example of this may be seen in a note which Jane, age seven, and Harry, age four, carried. It read "These children are going to their father, Raymond Green, or their uncle, Tom Green, or their aunt, Susan Capers, or their cousin Fanny Capers or any of their relatives in Fayetteville."

So the work goes on—in many places giving twenty-four hour service. It is surprising how many things happen while most of the world sleeps. One of the most interesting parts of the work is that one never knows what will happen next.

MARJORIE JOHNS '24

FOOTSTEPS

In my memories of Hawaii there is a winding Honolulu street where I hear the feet of many nations passing by. I hear their footsteps and see the people.

The soft silken swish of Chinese slippers tells me their wearers are clothed in coats of silk and bright sateen.

The clack of wooden sandal sounds. A Japanese is trotting by. Her kimono is of brilliant colored figures and her obi is embroidered in exquisite pinks, lavenders and blues.


The firm decisive tread of leather heels strikes. His eyes are as clear and blue as the seas. He looks on the world with English eyes.

Then comes a sound so low I scarcely hear it but I see the moonlight on silver sands and hear music of guitar and ukulele. The native lovers walk by barefoot.

Such are the sounds of footsteps in a winding Honolulu street.

EUNICE K. CRABTREE.

"A Sentimental Journey"

F THE FOUR European countries I visited, England is the one closest to my heart. Perhaps this is because of the English ancestors who made it possible for the Italian guide at Hadrian's villa to say to me, "You are an English Saxon, are you not?" But again, it is largely because the life of my imagination, the settings in my world of books, have been laid to such a degree in Britain.

From the moment the tender came to meet us at Plymouth, I realized that I should see images, fashioned of words, come alive, and move and speak, for, at the stern of the "Sir Walter Raleigh", as she puffed back into Plymouth, stood a sailor who had just stepped out of one of W. W. Jacobs' sea stories. Just the same nautical pose and expression, the same blouse and hat with its fluttering ribbon.

In London, it was fascinating to walk along the Serpentine in Hyde Park, to stroll through Green Park, and St. James, and along Birdcage walk where I looked in vain for bird cages, but where so many heroes and heroines have wandered in the intervals between tragic or turbulent moments of the author's plot.

All kinds of books and characters come alive in London. At the Cheshire Cheese one sits in the same room where Dr. Johnson ate his famous pie of rump steak and oysters, kidney and larks. One eats portions of just such a pie, and finishes the meal with some of the toasted Cheshire cheese that he loved, piping hot. Upstairs there are editions of his dictionary, and relics that almost bring the famous man to life once more among us.

Near, too, is the London about Cheapside which Dickens knew and described so well, for David Copperfield worked in the City, and Bleak House pictures Chancery Lane and the Law Courts of that day.

After a visit to Hampston Court, it is very fitting to read "Elizabeth and Essex", for one has seen the terraces and the gardens where she used to walk with her maids of honor. At the "Old Vic", a famous old playhouse where many Shakespearean plays are performed, I saw Henry the Eighth, beautifully acted, and I realized anew that I was in the London where Shakespeare acted and wrote and glorified his Queen.

On the way to Clovelly, I stopped at Bideford where there was a statue to Kingsley who immortalized part of this country with his "Westward Ho!". In this town, I saw a tablet on the house where the "Brotherhood of the Rose" was formed, and nearby I caught a glimpse of the portrait of that Rose of Torridge whose beauty urged these men of Devon to chivalrous and daring deeds.

When I was a child, we used to sing the old song with Kingsley's words, "Three fishers went sailing, out into the West". Now I have

seen Clovelly, the little town whence the three fishers sailed, and where the harbor bar still moans before a storm.

So many English describe the lives of their heroes' college days at Oxford, that it was a marvelous experience to visit Christ Church College and its dining hall and kitchens with wooden implements and table over four hundred years old. The little "kitchen-knave" who showed us about even opened the oven doors to let us see and smell the meat pies the students were to have for lunch. We loved the Cathedral, the meadows stretching to the Thames, the boys in their punts or little boats along the Cherwell, or Cher, the Broad Walk, Magdalen College with its lovely tower and grove where deer grazed, the chapel of the New College, and the Bodleian Library.

In England, too, I found the little hamlet of the same name as my native village on Long Island. Since Wainscott was settled nearly 275 years ago, people had forgotten why it had received that name, and various theories have been advanced to account for it. Some travellers of our vicinity heard that there was a mother-village somewhere in England near Maidstone, so I made a search for it. The Post-Office directory showed but one of that name in England, with Rochester as the nearest Post Office. To Rochester I went, and with the aid of an antiquated taxi, found my tiny village. It was in Frindsbury Parish, and the rector of the old Norman church there gave me the information as to the origin of the name. It was derived from the little river Wain which flowed in the olden days down the green valley to the Medway.

As I saw the blue water curving around Rochester and out towards Sheerness, I knew why my forefathers had made their New World home looking towards the sea, with lakes or streams on either hand, and anew I felt the rooting in the soil that binds us not only to one homestead of the New, but to the Old World as well.

MARY L. OSBORN



Tourist Trails

THREE TOURISTS in an Overland—to say nothing of the Camping Outfit” (all necessary apologies to Jerome K. Jerome.) The theme song of that eventful trip was “Where do we go from here?”

When the three of us left Overlea early in the morning of August the seventh, we headed for Tom’s River in the east central part of New Jersey, but Fate decreed that we spend that night in Atlantic City and therefore she arranged so that a couple of men at a gas station directed us to that famous resort. Very happily were the next three days spent on the beach—not so delightful the nights when shoulders, faces and legs gave painful vent to their wrath at being so exposed to the sun.

Another unexpected trip was into New York City. The camp where we stayed from Saturday until Monday was atop the Palisades of the Hudson and the view up and down the river was magnificent. The sight-seeing tour which we took through New York revealed it to be everything that makes it famous. Among other thrills should be noted the fact that our tent was pitched only a few blocks from where Colonel Charles Lindbergh is building his new home.

The next point of interest, after we had left New York, was Bear Mountain Bridge from which we had a wonderful view of the mountains and the Hudson. Probably the most majestic and impressive scenery of the whole trip was that seen from the Storm King Highway. That road, which follows the course of the river for several miles and is blasted out of the side of a high, rugged mountain, is quite well named. I had only to glance up at the crags towering above our heads to vividly imagine the hoary King of the Snows and Storms and Winds standing with lordly mien above the mere men of the world and watching with smiling scorn their futile efforts to frustrate him.

That night we expected to pitch our tent on the pine needles beside Ashoken Dam in the Catskills. As evening came on and with it a rather uncomfortable drizzle, we stopped to inquire for the camp to which we had been directed and were informed there was none anywhere in the district. Speaking of “Life’s Darkest Moments”—I leave you to imagine our feelings. At last we found an old horse shed and drove in there for shelter. That night, as you may guess, was quite the most unique we spent; not many tourists can boast of having slept in a deserted horse shed in the heart of the Catskills. Sounds a little like Rip Van Winkle, doesn’t it?

Early morning found us on our way to Lake George and in remarkably good spirits. The height of the mountains did not increase as we traveled northward, and the beauty of the land in general was enhanced by more frequent appearance of tall, straight pines which formerly had been fragrant and inviting groves. Just after we passed

Saratoga Battle Field, there came to our notice one of the most singular sights of the trip. Our attention was attracted to an extinct volcano. It was quite a surprise, as we had never associated volcanoes with that section of the country.

In the late afternoon of August the fourteenth, we pulled into the New York State Forest Reserve on the shores of Lake George, and before we had been there half an hour, enthusiastically named it, "Camper's Paradise." Our only regret was that we had not come much sooner. Our tent was pitched on a real carpet of pine needles (not a horse shed as our pine needles in the Catskills had proved to be) with a huge fireplace to sit around at night and toast marshmallows and "hot-dogs". The grounds were always shady because of the pine trees—from sixty to a hundred feet high and straight as arrows. At the foot of the hill sparkled the blue waters of the lake. The bathing was equally delightful under sun and moon. Needless to say, we stayed at Lake George as long as possible.


Not a small factor contributing to the enjoyment of our trip were the friendships which we formed with many fine people from all parts of the country. This fashion of touring in summer is surely tending toward greater democracy.

The trip home was made in less time than the trip going, but was quite as interesting. Not far from Binghamton we saw what we were informed was the largest stone bridge in the country. It was built fifty years ago to accommodate the trains of that time, and it now carries double-headers without a tremor. At Saratoga Springs was another surprise. A real geyser! On the Roosevelt Highway en route to Scranton, Pennsylvania, we came down a mountain hill at least eight miles long. After passing Scranton in the evening of August 21, and not finding a place to camp, we drove by moonlight on the top of the highest ridge of the Pocono Mountain. That night we slept in the machine at Delaware Water Gap.

The next morning we climbed to Lookout Point to get a view of the famous gap, and were rewarded for being up bright and early by seeing the sun chase the mists from the valley as he peeped over the mountain. That day also was well marked with interesting events. While driving beside the Delaware Lackawanna Canal we saw a boat being towed by two mules laboring on the old tow path. Later we visited Valley Forge and were quite thrilled and pleased when, as we arrived, "Maryland, My Maryland" was played on the chimes. Brandywine Battle Field was pointed out to us as we approached our last camping place near Longwood Gardens. Leaving there on Saturday the twenty-fourth we saw a sign which caused three happy smiles: "Baltimore—via Baltimore Pike." It was a wonderful trip, but after all "there's no place like home."

MABEL TAYLOR

North Cape Cruise

 ON SATURDAY, July 13th, I sailed from Bremen on the North German Lloyd S. S. Luetzow. It was a 9000 ton boat and carried about six hundred passengers. The weather was perfectly lovely and we sailed until Monday, landing at Norhheimsund in the Hardanger Fjord. Our boat was able to go well up into the fjords because of the depth of the water, then we were taken to shore in small motor boats. We took a motor trip to an altitude of one thousand three hundred and fifty feet, over very narrow roads from which were visible on one side, rocks and a canyon below. Here we had our first view of snow-capped mountains and innumerable water falls.

Our eighteen day cruise was varied by day trips into the mountains. We sailed through beautiful mountains of rock formations and at times would sail in water apparently entirely surrounded by mountains. Suddenly, the boat would turn and we would glide up into another arm of the fjord. In the late afternoon, we came into a lovely harbor at Stryn, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and green fertile fields. The next day, we left very early in a car, and took a perfect drive along the lakes and up three thousand six hundred feet to a glacier. We climbed a bit on the glacier, and as it was quite warm we were able to remove some of our heavy coats that we had needed for the drive. On the way back to the boat, we stopped at a hotel for cakes and coffee. The view from this hotel at Videsaeter down the valley showing our winding road and the mountains on either side, was beautiful. Coming back, we had tire trouble, which did not disturb us in the least because we could rest on the banks of the lake and enjoy the perfect reflections of the snow-capped mountains. The glacier we had visited was eighty miles long and forty miles wide. The road that lead up to it is open only three months during the year and after the snow falls, only the tops of the telegraph poles are visible. The natives use reindeer and sleds for their means of getting about.

The following day we took a motor trip from Oie through the valley to Hellesylt. We drove through a gorge which was tremendous and rather awful because there was no sunlight and you felt the pressure of the mountains very keenly. We saw the remains of a mountain slide which occurred in 1908. It crushed several houses and dammed up the river so that houses were submerged and we could see the roofs of them under the water. At Hellesylt, our boat met us. This fjord was believed bottomless after a surveyor let out two hundred and fifty fathoms of chain without result. The water was so still that there was no difficulty in taking the passengers on again. We sailed from here to Merok and passed the famous Seven Sister Water Falls and several other smaller falls. The sunlight playing on the water as it fell from the rocks made a lovely rainbow effect.

As we were traveling north all of the time, the length of the daylight increased until Saturday, after a week's trip, it was quite light at two A. M. Our next stop at Tromsø was cold and rainy, but we walked around the little town and visited the market. The three kinds of food seemed to be potatoes that were the size of walnuts, rhubarb and fish. The fish was never wrapped but was carried off in the hands or tied on the back of bicycles. In the afternoon, we walked a mile or two to see a Lapp Encampment. They had several huts and reindeer, but it was rather disappointing and we felt they were there just for the tourists. I was interested in the way the mother rocked her baby. She sat on the ground with her feet out in front of her and bounced the cradle, made of deer skin, up and down on her knees. That night, we had the first glimpse of the midnight sun at 10.30 P. M. It was most impressive with a background at the right of several bleak, gray mountains jutting up from the sea. We watched the sun come up and throw the glow on the clouds and water.

The next day, we visited Hammerfest, which is the most northern town in the world. It was a very cold day, very much like a clear December day here. This is a great fishing centre and we saw buildings filled with dried fish. Cod liver oil is also made here and there is a very large, modern hospital which is used for the people of northern Norway.

We sailed that afternoon to the North Cape, which was, of course, the objective of the trip. A Norwegian, who had charge of the land trips, told us that in fifteen trips he had never seen the sun as lovely as we saw it. The small boats took us after dinner to shore, where we climbed eleven hundred feet to the top of the Cape. It was a hard, steep trail and the path zigzagged with little resting places where we got beautiful views of the bay and mountains. At the top it was very, very cold and we walked about a mile over broken stones with a gorgeous view of mountains and the sea. We came to the edge of the declivity and sat and watched the sun and the beautiful cloud formations. We could not make ourselves believe it was midnight and we felt as if we were "Sitting on Top of the World". After a half hour or so, we started back, finding it difficult and cold walking against the wind. All of the time the sun was as bright as early afternoon on a summer's day.

We started South again, and saw the Midnight Sun once more, so brilliant that the reflection in the water was like a shaft of gold stretching out to the boat. The trip back to Bremen, was similar in some respects to the one going up. We saw the Swartisan Glacier which came right down to the water's edge in the fjord. It was made of ice, cut into many different shapes and had a bluish color. There were two lovely stops on the trip back; one at Gudvangen, where we rode and

then climbed to the hotel at Stalheim and again at Balholm, where there were many artists and attractive shops. We stopped a day in Bergen which was a very busy shipping center and then, after a two days' sail, returned to Bremen.

BOOKS

*I have some friends, to me they're dear,
They take me far, they take me near,
They make me player, they make me king,
They make me laugh like anything.
These friends are found in darkest nooks,
Of course you've guessed—they are my books!*

*They take me away to many lands;
Sometimes they leave me on foreign strands.
With them I sail o'er the bounding sea,
Or they may take me to China for tea.
Together we wander o'er meadow and brook,
Oh, I love these friends,—my friends—my books!*

*We're always together, where'er we may go,
We travel in rain, we travel in snow,
Together we watch the silvery moon,
Together we sing a merry tune.
And where'er I go or where'er I look,
They are always there—my friends—my books!*

S. W. LUDWIG, Jr. 4

An Evening Visit

I LEFT Baltimore at the corner of Lexington and Howard Streets at seven o'clock, the evening of September thirteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-nine; and surely, by the wave of the magic wand of some fairy queen of old, I arrived at once at my destination—Baltimore of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. My hostess, the guiding spirit of the times, bade me cordial greetings of welcome to her colonial home, escorted me to my room, and there left me to prepare for dinner.

And now, just time for a glance about. From one of the three windows of this large, high, and severely rectangular room, I saw at a distance in the quaint harbor of the city the contour of several clipper ships, particularly that of the bark "Adelaide," a Brazilian coffee-trader. One might have a similar view from the double high-post bed so fixed in the room that the foot of it was but a few feet from the window where I was standing. Beside this bed were three carpet-covered steps to be used to reach the high-fluffed mattress; over this was spread a star-shaped, chintz quilt made by Mrs. Mary Gold who came to Baltimore from Acadia in 1750. In each of the two corners of the room was a trunk, one, in fact, a strong box or iron chest brought to America in 1650; the other, a horse-hair covered hand trunk. Between the two most easterly windows stood a Chippendale chest of drawers with a mirror just above. Near the center of the chamber was a small, round-top table, upon which reposed a square, box-like desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl, together with a quill ink well, blotter-box and sand. A Chippendale, ladder-back chair completed the literary atmosphere.

But it was near time for dinner. Very neatly laid upon the bed was an outfit which had been provided for me to wear. The soothing tones from the harpsichord being played downstairs seemed to lessen the effort and patience required to garb myself in this costume.

Dinner was spread on a Lady Pembroke table which was covered with a hand-woven table cloth. The repast was served on a set of white dishes delicately rimmed with blue and gold bands. Of special interest was the rare and beautiful butter dish upon the alabaster saucer, both being a century old. After dinner, I decided to sit before the fireplace to read some news in the Maryland Journal, Lo! "Hurrah, hurrah, for the Elks!" Thus my visit ended as quickly as it had begun, leaving me, however, with a greater pride for what Carlton Hayes of Columbia University might call "Baltimorean Nationality,—Baltimore's historic traditions, its distinct cultural society."

EVELYN SCHAEFFER

The Building of the Age

THE CATHEDRAL of St. John the Divine stands out most vividly of all the buildings I saw in New York. It represents the untiring efforts of men and women through a period of over thirty years. It has the atmosphere of a free community church in which people of all faiths may worship. When other buildings have fallen into decay or disappeared, this church, built of large-sized stone, bedded in cement mortar like the pyramids, will be a cherished treasure of the city and nation.

The project of building for the city of New York a great cathedral of size and magnificence equal to the greatness of the city was first proposed by the Right Reverend Horatio Potter, sixth bishop of New York. Twenty years later, September 27, 1892, the cornerstone was laid.

Architecturally considered, the crowning glory of this building will be found in its truly noble nave. The style is marked by great simplicity and dignity. When one enters the nave and looks through the sweep, unbroken from floor to roof, and appreciates the vast stretch of ninety-six feet from window to window, he must realize that here is something of unexcelled majesty. St. John's the Divine will take its place as the third place of worship in the world, being excelled only by St. Peter's at Rome and the church on the site of a former Moorish mosque at Seville, Spain.

During the last thirty-two years the cost of building the cathedral and its auxiliary units has been totaled as \$6,500,000. The east end of the church, the Chapels of Tongues, as well as the choir, the space where the north and south Transepts will cross, have been completed. The sculpture, carvings, windows and tapestries already collected are among the treasures of America. The part of the cathedral already completed seats several thousands of people.

Already from the pulpit of the cathedral, although under the jurisdiction of the Protestant Episcopal church, ministers of all denominations have spoken. When the spire is completed it will be visible from all parts of New York City, and let us hope when one sees that spire he will feel the full significance of it.

What did Bishop Manning, present Bishop of New York, mean when he described this cathedral as a "shrine of prayer and worship for all people?" A city notoriously a melting pot for all races and creeds needs a great center for the religious life of the city. Semi-circling the choir are the Seven Chapels of Tongues. Each chapel is dedicated to a nationality and is named for some saint. In these chapels the people of foreign countries may worship. You see this is more than a place of worship for everyone; it is an ally of the nations for integrity and peace.

TROBY BIRCHETT, Sr. 12

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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Meaningful Shop Windows

IT is always impressive to see a Mighty, Progressive Power stop for a few hours and glance back over its accomplishments. That is what Baltimore did. The shop windows portrayed to us some of the truly amazing changes wrought in two hundred years' time.

The floor of one window was laid out in an elaborate relief map of old Baltimoretown, showing the first brick house, the old Post Office, and other buildings and sites of historic interest. Elsewhere, there were innumerable photographic views showing Baltimore of the Past and of the Present. What will the future bring forth? Faded documents and creased letters (loaned by the Maryland Historical Society) showed the beginnings of Baltimore. The Calverts, preserved in oil paintings of superb beauty, stimulated one in regard to their part in bringing Baltimore to its present stage of development. To emphasize the extent of Baltimore's progress, a daguerreotype of the old Baltimoretown harbor

and an aeroplane view of to-day's harbor were shown; likewise a miniature "Tom Thumb" engine and a model of the massive engine of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

Besides realizing the commercial advance, one saw the vast change in the home furnishings. One window was arranged with the dignity of a room of a much earlier day—antiques of rare value, including a square piano, with age-worn music on it; a desk, chairs, foot-stool and other early pieces, with the addition of quaint knick knacks, pictures, candle holders and a sampler. The entire room was enlivened by a full length model of a girl in lovely costume.

Present day dresses had been taken from another window and some fashions of yesterday prevailed. The models seen were swathed in costumes representing the styles of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. One piece of unusual merit was a bathing suit, the relic of some bride's trousseau. It was made of blue and white ticking trimmed with red binding, and following the style then, it had leg of mutton sleeves, a high necked blouse—full of pleats and tucks, and a skirt, covering bloomers, tightly banded at the knees. To counteract this oddity there was an exquisite black lace shawl, which had been worn in the eighteenth century possibly a gift from royalty.

Another window was made intriguing by the vividness of quilts, unusual in quilting design and beauty. The color of these and the display of old toys in another window including china dolls in bright clothes, a canopied doll bed, and a baby buggy—were of especial interest to the children.

Among the collection of curios in other windows was a number of silver spoons, each spoon commemorating Baltimore in olden days; a drum used in the Battle of North Point; a heavy iron-banded wooden chest; many old pewter pieces; spectacles, octagonal in shape and gold rimmed; a lengthy string of jet beads surmounted by a very ornate pendant; and a pair of men's woolen socks of unthought of thickness.

For four days old Baltimore was revealed to us. We live in the present, and we must make the future of Baltimore.

"The Meaning of a Liberal Education"

By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

ONE RISES from Mr. Martin's book with a feeling of mental clarity. Here is a book that weaves into a clear, bold pattern all the odds and ends of ideas garnered from our assemblies at Normal, from class discussions, from directed reading and our own thoughts.

Mr. Martin defines a liberal education as "emancipation from herd

opinion, self-mastery, capacity for self-criticism, suspended judgment and urbanity. Education is a spiritual revelation of human life. Its task is to reorient the individual, to enable him to take a richer and more significant view of his experiences, to place him above and not within the system of his beliefs and ideals. If education is not liberalizing, it is not education in the sense of the title of the book. I use the term "liberal" not in the political sense, as if it meant half measures, but in its original sense, meaning by a liberal education the kind of education that sets the mind free from the servitude of the crowd and from vulgar self-interests. In this sense, education is simply philosophy at work. It is the search for the good life. Education is itself a way of living.

A few chapter titles, selected at random, suggest the worth of the book—"Liberal Education Versus Animal Training," "Liberal Education Versus Book Learning," "A Man Is Known by the Dilemmas He Keeps," "Education and Morals," "Humanism, Erasmus and Montaigne."

Mr. Martin, in the introduction of the book, maintains that as a nation, we have certain traits which are all right in themselves but are hostile to the work of education. They are, he writes, our genius for organization; our well-known utilitarianism; our cleverness in finding short-cuts for the ends we seek and our tendency to make propaganda. He elaborates upon these, then discusses what is sometimes accepted for education, such as book learning, experiences, etcetera, devotes several chapters to the necessity for a liberal education and sums up by giving in a hundred or so pages the history of liberal education using the lives of outstanding men as mediums.

Mr. Martin does not awe us with his erudition, neither is his book one of those simplified outlines of knowledge. It is a sincere, straightforward account of what a liberal education is, what makes it the genuine thing and what it can mean to those who wish to live a full, rich life.

Last year one of our teachers said to the present seniors, "No one should be a teacher who has stopped filling his mental crevices." "The Meaning of a Liberal Education" will fill a mental chasm.

ESTHER MILLER, Sr. 1



What's the Use of Living?

“TAD” HAT'S THE USE of living?" "Quite often that old familiar phrase rings in our ears. Some days, our thoughts are just cocoons—all cold, and dull, and blind," because for some reason we have become discouraged or disheartened. It is at such times that we relieve our emotions by exclaiming, "Oh, well! life isn't worth living, anyhow."

But, when we really ponder over this question—"What is the use of living?"—we find food for much thought. Life is worth living for everyone of us! There are various forces that serve as incentives for us and that make us cherish life as a miser cherishes his gold. Longfellow has well-expressed this thought in his poem "The Psalm of Life."

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

Each one of us has a dream, an ambition, which he hopes some day to realize. Life is indeed worth living while we are striving to attain "our pots of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Then, we must always remember that there is another side to life—it isn't all work. Sara Teasdale tells us that "Life has loveliness to sell." How much of life's loveliness are you and I willing to buy?

Some great philosopher has said, "Heaven is at the end of the journey." As we live our daily lives with this ultimate aim in view, we cannot feel that there isn't any use in living, but, we shall be inspired with a vital determination to enjoy all that life holds in store for us.

Thus, let us live so that at the close of each day, we shall be nearer our goals, and so that we may sincerely say—

*"Glad that I live am I,"—
"After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done."*

VIRGINIA McCAULEY

Tribute

I CAME TO Maryland State Normal School with the most pessimistic view. I thought I'd be "lonesome in a crowd." I knew little of my fellow students, less of my teachers, and nothing of the work. I had heard rumors of the "Probation System" and was positive that I would be on the list. I wasn't sure until after the second day of exams were over that my record was satisfactory. I went to the registrar's office and

asked for the list of those on probation and explained my quandary. I can hear you Seniors saying "Just like a dumb Junior, isn't it?" What a relief, I was told in a smiling tone, "You'd know it if you were on probation, evidently you're not." I guess she added mentally, "Though she is stupid enough to be!"

Since then, I've learned millions of things. No, that's not an exaggeration! I found out what a nice principal and faculty we have, what nice fellow students and what interesting organization work we have. This last paragraph is my tribute to Maryland State Normal School, and so sayeth all the Juniors!

BETTY AGNES STEVENSON, Jr. 2

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

*"An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no terror for him.
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;*

*You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide.
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said.
"There followeth me to-day,
A youth whose feet must pass this way,
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"*

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(Translated from the German)

*In dreamy, dreamy, Poet-land
A castle stood on high.
The blue sea buried its feet,
And its towers embraced the sky.*

*Within lived a royal family,
A father, mother, and daughter,
Like sunbeams was her golden hair,
Like silver bells her laughter.*

*Soon came a day both fair and clear,
And the very waves with joy were wild.
For it was the betrothal day,
Of the beloved, royal child.*

*Her bridegroom was the noblest,
And fairest prince in the land,
The happy parents led their child,
To the bridegroom by the hand.*

*The happy people shouted,
"Hail Princess Goldenhair!
May she forever be,
So lovely and so fair!"*

*Softly blew the wind,
Loud rushed the waves upon the shore,
Their music with the harps combined,
But did it last forever more?*

*Alas! Again the guests assembled,
In the great betrothal hall.
This time they were not happy,
And hushed was the harp's sweet call.*

*Still was the wind, the sun shone no more,
Hushed were the waves upon the shore,
And everyone was quiet and sad,
For the light of the land,
Their princess, was dead!*

S. W. LUDWIG, Jr. 4

CHARACTERS

Roy is a long-legged grasshopper.
He hops, and never walks like other children.
His red head teems with questions:
"How long will an oyster live out of water?"
"What right had we to take this land from the red men?"

King has long lashes and beautiful eyes.
A born story teller. His favorite is Edgar Allan Poe.
The children cry—
"Let King tell a tale."

Leonard is a monkey—
A dimpled monkey.
He spends his time
Grimacing.
An active mind—
But a much more active
Face!

Edith has brown eyes
That slant and give
Her piquant face
A strangely fascinating look.

May lisps. She is
The baby of the class,
With long black curls.
She wails, "Somebody
Took my 'wubbers'."

Teddy and Bob are Danes,
They point to Denmark
On the map and proudly say
"My father came from there."
Yet they have seen more places
In their adopted land than any
Child among our group.

REINCARNATION

I know I have lived before—
In Spain once.
To tango tempo I moved and laughed,
Sobbed my love upon the heavy, scented air,
Smiled my scorn to the light tinkle
Of throbbing strings.
Else why the quickened pulse
At castanets, guitars—
The sway of gay shawled bodies,
Tall candles in a Spanish church,
The inherent gesture of the dance
Of Arragon, Castile.

I know I have lived before.
In Algiers once.
From the flat rooftops of a desert town
Heard the eerie note of the beggar's whine,
Watched the star eyes gleam in the sky's dark face
Through my misty veil.
Or wherefore the strange stirring of the blood
At minarets, bazaars.
The muzzein's call to prayer,
The tramp of caravans without the gates,
Shrill music with the bursting lilt
Of souls in harems walled.

ELEANORA BOWLING '28



Rustic Satisfaction

FINDING Kansas City as active and yet as passive as any other large city, we wondered if there were not some real country worthy of description.

We passed through Oklahoma and beyond Tulsa, which reminds one of a very well-fed executive, who, though suffering with blood-pressure, still calls for beef-steaks. After viewing fields scanty with scrawny vegetation and oil derricks; then acres and acres of what appeared as huge high hats, which really were oil tanks; and finally after leaving behind the inevitable signboards (the last two of these constant comforts advertised Ambulance Service and a funeral home), we thought we had really arrived, tritely speaking, "back to Nature."

The roads, where they were not flooded—the proverbial Hell and high-water of the West,—became merely uncouth ruts. Occasionally, along this road we saw squatters, remnants no doubt of the earlier day "boomers." Around the few impoverished and dirty shacks, which now and again dignified the road, were playing even dirtier native youngsters. Indians, Mexicans, negroes and half-breeds were the only inhabitants; whites were not—that fact and the nearing dusk made us look for a night's lodging. Stopping in one town, Bixby, which afforded a whitewashed brick hotel, we drove on with Muskogee as our destination (forty-five miles away), the wildness of the strange country and its sometimes utter lack of habitation impressed us. The natives were straggling home from the oil fields—their features made more sullen and dark by the evening glimmer.

It is said that when Oklahoma received its nickname "Boomers' Paradise," cities arose in a day. Muskogee is one of Oklahoma's cities. Enhanced as it were by the night lights we viewed Muskogee. Though many say cowboys are fictitious, I deny it—cowboys and oil barons literally infested Muskogee. Going through the main streets were the cowboys with artillery at their hips; Indians, some in bright colors; Mexicans, some in ten gallon hats, and negroes of the true Southern variety. All of these made Muskogee alive, and pulsating and so satisfying. A general lull in life about ten thirty o'clock showed Muskogee as a more or less halcyon burg, but in the early hours it really awoke. From our hotel balcony we saw that Jim's Cafe, a very obvious hangout, was closing after an apparently successful night; those who had been quieted by his brand, were being piled into a roadster and taken away, or else were staggering down the streets. All the while a huge policeman, with a pink carnation in his lapel, paraded the sidewalks. There was a coca-cola sign across the way saying "Why be thirsty?" We appreciated the placard.

Muskogee next morning was as placid and mild as its stolid quaint-

ness would suggest. It had satisfied our thirst for something different, and a day later we motored back to Kansas City and routine.

DOROTHY HAYS

A NAMELESS LULLABY

Tune of: Bye, Baby, Bye

An owl sat up in the top of the tree
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
He sang a song that was all about you
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
He sang a song of a tiny girl
With bright blue eyes and a little red curl
"Oh won't you come up in the tree with mee—
To whit! To whit! To whoo!"

You went with the owl on a trip to the moon
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
And sailed away in a red balloon
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
You feasted on star cakes and cloud ice cream
The owl sat beside you—just like a dream
The little "Star-lets" crowned you their queen
To whit! To whit! To whoo!

The sun came up and the feast was o'er
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
The owl flew home to your own front door
To whit! To whit! To whoo-oo
My fairy daughter so full of charm
The owl brought here free from harm
And placed her safe in her Daddy's arms—
To whit! To whit! To whoo!

ANNA ELIZABETH REIER, Jr. II

SCHOOL NOTES



SCHOOL NEWS

THE STUDENTS of the Normal School were delighted to have at their assembly on September nineteenth, Miss Katharine Cornell. She was playing the leading role in the "Age of Innocence" at the Maryland theater during that week, and came to us through the invitation of her friend, Miss Orcutt.

In introducing Miss Cornell, Miss Tall said: "Education must touch upon all sciences and arts." We must learn to understand all influences which develop our complex lives. Drama expresses for you the development of a possible self.

The Glee Club, assisted by the entire assembly, rendered several appropriate songs, among which was *Baltimore Our Baltimore*. Miss Cornell apparently enjoyed the music judging from her hearty applause and pleasant smile.

One of the outstanding features of the second grade of Fullerton School is the never-tiring efforts of the teacher to establish the fundamental habits essential to good citizenship. The first week of school, habits were especially emphasized and now that regular classroom activities have begun these habits are constantly being checked upon.

The group, as a whole, is very friendly, cheerful, studious, and the student-teachers find much pleasure in working with them.

"We go out teaching the first term next year," was the message heard by two sections of the junior class last year. Of course, there is work involved, but where is there a place of leisure and happiness all the time? Lesson-planning and hectographing are favorites here. What could be more delightful than to stand before a group of boys and girls whose hearts and minds are with you? Then, and then only, do you realize you are teaching children, not lessons.

ALUMNI NOTES

WEDDINGS

Mr. Luther M. Williams announces the marriage of his daughter Sarah Lorena to Mr. Alvey G. Hammond. Both are alumni of Maryland State Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Dawson announce the marriage of their daughter Anna Lourena to Mr. Charles Hancock. The future home will be Toronto, Canada. "Thus it is our daughters leave us."

Mr. and Mrs. George William Peacock announce the marriage of their daughter Hannah Elizabeth to Mr. Leo Ambrose Cunningham. The home of this alumna will be Tampa, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Helm announce the marriage of their daughter Charlotte to Mr. Babcock. They will reside in Charlestown, West Virginia. Charlotte was one of our girls who had an exceptionally fine voice and sang for us on many occasions. She graduated in '24.

QU'EST-QUE CE!

Was that the phone? Both of my room mates and I were sitting straight up in bed. No indeed, it wasn't the phone—just the alarm sounding taps for me at six A. M. There is a mad whirl—I get ready for breakfast, make my bed, pack my lunch, eat and run, but am sure not to forget one of those units, or pictures, or posters, or notebooks, etc. (yes, many et ceteras!) In time, though, we get there. (To our center I mean.) We were shown the way to our room and met by forty-five pairs of bright, inquisitive eyes that flashed, and stared and made decisions. We observed, pages and pages did we write. The bus came, we piled into it and the conversation began—about this little darling, and that unmanageable youngster, and how in the world are we ever going to do it!

Once a class had an art lesson on the "Caveman." When the papers were collected we discovered some new facts for one child had dressed a caveman in a red shirt, velvet jacket and trousers, with a pipe in his mouth.

Another child had a caveman roosting in a tree, evidently he was thinking of our present flagpole-sitters.

Teacher: "In what war did the Battle of Fort McHenry occur?"

Child: "Between Americans and the Germans."

Teacher: "Not exactly."

Child: "Between the Americans and the Jews."

Teacher: "Give a sentence with the word 'shows'."

Pupil: "I got a new pair of shoes."

Teacher: "What do we mean when we say democratic government?"

One learned pupil raised his hand and at the same time said seriously and emphatically "Wet."

During a history lesson following Baltimore's two hundredth celebration a teacher asked, "Are there any questions in your mind which the parade didn't answer?"

A very interested lad said, "How do they get on those bicycles?"



NORMAL SCHOOL athletics are again in full swing. Coach Donald Minnegan is with us now as a full-time instructor, and as a result successful seasons are expected in all phases of the sporting program. The Junior men are expected to fill in favorably the vacancies caused through the graduation of last year's letter men.

Already the North Campus is the scene of candidates seeking positions on the soccer team. A surprising number of men, thirty in all, reported to Coach Minnegan for the first practice. The coach expects to put the candidates through heavy workouts every day for the next two weeks. The material on hand is very promising and a good record is anticipated.

Fall tennis competition has been started this year for the first time. The regulars of last year combined with the new members of the tennis team have formed into the strongest combination to represent Normal in many years. In addition to the fall matches, a "mixed doubles" tournament is being planned. Milton Dickman is in charge.

Coach Minnegan expects to call out candidates for the basketball team in the early part of October. The basketball team will encounter strong opposition this year and must be in first class condition in order to complete the schedule successfully. All Junior men are urged to report to the first practice.

THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TOWSON

Soccer Schedule 1929

Games Contracting and Pending

1. September 18 Towson High School.....here
2. September 25 Towson High School.....there
3. September 27 Western Maryland College...here
4. October 2 Franklin & Marshal.....there
5. October 11 Blue Ridge College.....there
6. October 16 or 17..... (pending) U. of Delaware...there
7. October 22 Sparrows Pointhere
8. November 1 Blue Ridge Collegehere
9. November 16 Western Maryland College...there
10. November 20 Navy Plebsthere

SOCCKER NEWS

The soccer team is daily going through strenuous practices on the North Campus. The schedule this year consists mostly of college teams and promises to be a hard but interesting grind. Coach Minnegan will use Captain Huff, Peregoy, Chayt, Goldstein, Bowers, Henry, and Kinnersley, members of last year's team, as a nucleus for the present season. Among the new candidates are: Jansen, Brose, Denaburg, Cohen, Startt, Fitzell, Silbert, Derr, and Nicodemus.

In the first game of the season, played on the North Campus, Normal School met Towson High. After a hard tussle, Normal was victorious by a score of one to nothing. Brose, a newcomer, scored the only point of the game by making good on a penalty kick. The lineup:

<i>Maryland State Normal School</i>		<i>Towson High School</i>	
Denaburg	O.R.	Codd	
Goldstein	I.R.	Hope	
Startt	C.F.	Schiller	
Chayt	I.L.	Missell	
Fitzell	O.L.	Rubeling	
Silbert	R.H.	Eisenberg	
Brose	C.H.	Gonce	
Peregoy	L.H.	German	
Huff	R.F.	Gagleano	
Derr	L.F.	Magnes	
Bowers	G.	Fowble	

Substitutes

Jansen for Goldstein; Henry for Peregoy; Nicodemus for Silbert; Cohen for Henry.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Nothing exciting, or even interesting has happened in regard to the Girls' Athletics, for there hasn't been any, as yet. However, much has been planned to make this year's athletic program as full and as interesting as possible. The regular Physical Education classes will begin the first week in October. With these hockey and hiking also begin, each occupying one afternoon a week. The interclass hockey games will be played later in the season, after everyone has had time to polish up on her stickwork, accuracy, and speed. Miss Daniels is looking up the possibilities of riding for this fall, so that all girls who are interested may ride. The Tennis Tournament of mixed doubles seems to be the only interesting athletics for girls, until hockey and hiking begin. We are going to have a new sport at Normal this year, handball. It may not be new to some of us, but it is entirely new to the school. It will provide plenty of exercise and lots of fun; be ready to sign up for it.

Show your class spirit and come out for all games!



JOKES

A college president says the young man's most difficult problem is choosing the right girl to marry. Which proves that the prexy has funny ideas as to who does the choosing.

A medical examination had disclosed the fact that Sam Johnson had a floating kidney and he was quite worried over it. Meeting the pastor of the African Baptist Church on the street, he asked for help.

"Revern'," he said, "de doctoh done tole me Ah got a floating kidney and Ah wish you would say some prayers fo' me next Sunday."

"How come prayers fo' a floating kidney?" inquired the good pastor, "all mah congregation would bust right out laughing."

"Ah don't see why," insisted Sam, "Last Sunday you done prayed fo' all the loose livers."

COMPLETE RETRACTION

"Half the City Council Are Crooks" was the glaring headline.

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor under penalty of arrest.

Next afternoon the headline read:

"Half the City Council Aren't Crooks."

The jawbone of an ass is just as dangerous a weapon today as it was in Samson's time, remarked one editor. I'd say much worse when you consider the radio and some of its uses.

1. *Planning a Lesson.*

It is right hard on a student teacher to plan a lesson on caterpillars and have them turn into cocoons.

2. *Higher Learning.*

One first grader went home and told his mother that she had to buy him a Geography book. To make matters worse the mother came to ask the teacher if she really had to do it.

3. *Why say "Grace"?*

The other day all but one boy in the class were ready to say "Grace". When the teacher asked the little boy if he wasn't going to say "Grace" he said:

"I didn't bring any lunch."

Naturally, it was a Scotchman who organized the science of political economy.

Sometimes it isn't hard to believe that Woman should be spelt Woe-man.

Can you think of anything worse than Miss——'s lectures?
Sure; not being able to sleep through them.

A young man soliciting subscriptions for magazines in August, 1926, in Danville, Illinois, claimed to be a student working his way through college. Investigation disclosed that he spoke the truth.—*Life*.

Dentist to patient in chair, "Personally I can always see the funny side of things, but I find so many of my patients have no sense of humor."—*Punch*.

Wife: There's one thing about my mother; she's outspoken.

Husband: Not by anyone I know.—*Tit-Bits*.

Browne: "Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Baker: "Yes."

"Any result?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking."

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what are you doing, learning something?"

Jimmy: "No, ma'am. I was just listenin' to you."

Nothing irks a genuine college boy any more than shaking out the envelope from home and finding nothing but news and love.

"What became of that hired man you got from the city?"

"Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and one day he crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."

One advantage of a talking movie act is that you can applaud all you like with the positive assurance that there will be no encore.—*Life*.

Even the grave civil service commissioners could not resist being amused at an answer given at a recent examination. The question was: "Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton from the United States."

The applicant wrote: "1491. None."

"That's what I call tough luck."

"What's that?"

"I've got a cheque for \$40, and the only man in town who can identify me is the one I owe \$50."

Lady Driver: Tell me, George, quick! Which is the right side of the road to keep when you're running down a hill backwards like this.—*Punch*.

SENSITIVE

Mrs. Paul Jordan, Indianapolis: "I was highly incensed by the actions of that bold girl you were dancing with last evening."

Paul Jordan: "Well, I was highly perfumed myself."

"Now," said the Sunday school teacher, "why is a certain part of the church called the altar?"

"Because," said the bright boy, "it's the place where women change their names."

LONG ON FOX KNOWLEDGE

Mrs. Geo. I. Ray, wife of first vice-president, National Sheet Metal Contractors' Association, was in Alaska looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen she asked her guide: "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for his fur?"

"Three times, madam," said the guide gravely, "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

Now that Jack Stowell is married, here is a sample of what he is up against:

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory, dear," said his bride, "I have decided today that we would make our own."

"Oh, did you!" said Jack.

"Yes, I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left regularly. Won't it be nice to have really fresh butter?"

Senior to Junior: "Have you seen the glen?"

Junior: "Who's he, the President of Senior Class."

MERCHANDISING

A high pressure salesman was showing an Iowa prospect a strip of arid Texas land.

"This is the garden spot of the country," he said, "or it will be when a little development is done. Why, the truth is, all it needs now is a few good people and plenty of rain."

"I suppose so," was the farmer's answer, "That's all hell needs, too."

FATAL REVELATION

The prisoner was asked why he beat the victim.

"Well, Judge, he called me a rhinoceros."

"Umph! Rhinoceros, eh? When did this happen?"

"Jes about three years ago, Judge."

"Three years ago! Why did you wait until today to get even, then?"

"Well, the facts am dat I never seed no rhinoceros until this maw-nin'."

Ralph Blanchard: "Look here, I want to see you about this paragraph announcing my resignation from the Chamber of Commerce."

Editor: "But it's quite true, isn't it?"

Ralph: "Quite. But I should like you to explain why you've printed it under 'Public Improvements'."

"I fell over fifty feet!" said A. H. Borman, St. Charles, Illinois.

"And you mean to tell me you weren't hurt?"

"No, I was only getting off a crowded street car."

A SLIGHT ERROR

Miss Irene Fengles, Baltimore, newly elected treasurer of the National Ladies' Auxiliary, waited on the corner joyously, then pensively, then expectantly, then casually, then anxiously, and two hours passed.

"Man," she said, "is a perfidious animal, faithless and untrue, incapable of consummating a promise."

Two hundred yards down the street a gentleman waited who said the same thing about women—she was on the wrong corner.

ATTENTION LADIES

Miss Mary O'Leary, Louisville: "I wish to announce that on Wednesday evening the Ladies' Aid will have a rummage sale. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

"Sure; send her some candy."

He brushed his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised tooth-paste.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore his rubbers when it rained.

He slept with the windows open.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He relinquished his tonsils and traded in several worn-out glands.

He golfed—but never more than 18 holes at a time.

He got at least eight hours' sleep every night.

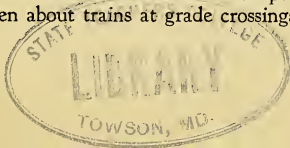
He never smoked, drank or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen daily.

He was all set to live to be a hundred—

The funeral will be held next Wednesday. He is survived by eighteen specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums and numerous manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.

He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.



SIZZLING

The colored preacher was describing the "bad place" to a congregation of awed listeners.

"Friends," he said, "you've seen molten iron running out of a furnace, white hot, sizzling and hissing. Well——"

The preacher pointed a long, lean finger at the frightened crowd.

"Well," he continued, "they used that stuff for ice cream in the place I been talking about."

Mrs. Dave Farquhar (to golf apparel salesman): "I'd like to look at some large handicaps, please; Dave said if he had had one last month he would have won the golf tournament."

"You're looking fine," announced the doctor to his patient. "Have you followed my dieting instructions and eaten only what a three-year-old child would?"

"Yes, doctor," was the sad reply. "For dinner I had a handful of mud, one of coal dust, a button hook and a box of safety matches."

WELCOME AUTUMN!

*The Summer days are over now,
The woods are brown and sear,
The beauty of the summer's flown,
And autumn now is here.*

*The trees have shed their summer dress
Of Nature's beauty rare;
Woods that were once fresh and green,
Now are cold and bare.*

*Flowers of summer's fragrance, hues
Have faded with the sun,
And all the birds have flown away,
For summer now is done.*

*The green and gold of summer fair
Cannot e'er remain;
All Nature now is red and brown,
For "Autumn's" back again.*

J. DONALD SCHUSTER, Jr. 3

THE FIGHT

When the fight is on,
Fight with all your might,
For your school's true color,
For Normal's colors, fight!

When the fight begins
March bravely on the field,
Never let one doubt assail you,
To defeat—oh never yield!

Never be discouraged
The game is not yet won
'Til each minute has been played
And you your part have done.

For Normal you must play the game,
For Normal you must win,
Fight on, fight on with all your might
To defeat, oh don't give in!

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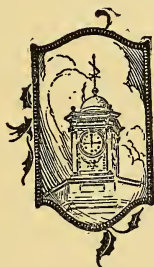
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NOVEMBER 1929

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1929

No. 2

Helping the Teacher Improve Oral Reading In the Grades

I. JEWELL SIMPSON

Assistant State Superintendent of Schools of Maryland

DURING the past ten years, while outstanding developments in the field of silent reading have been evident, the art of oral reading has either been abandoned by the school as unimportant, or else neglected to such an extent that we frequently find the exceedingly wasteful practice of one pupil, say in a class of twenty waiting his turn to read aloud in the meantime "keeping the place" while his nineteen classmates read. The reading aloud is often an elocutionary performance. Children who talk freely on the playground often put on a reading cloak which envelops them and takes away all naturalness. Why is it so, I wonder?

Such a situation brings forward the following questions:

How important is the art of reading aloud?

How may pupils be trained in the art of reading aloud?

What are some common oral reading deficiencies and their correctives?

In the primary grades oral reading is a natural form of expression. It is a means of associating symbols with words already in the oral vocabulary of children learning to read. From Dr. Buswell's point of view, "The chief function of oral reading is to afford a means of transition from the use of an oral vocabulary, which the child has already partially mastered before coming to school, to the use of a visual vocabulary which is entirely foreign to his experience." Dr. Buswell admits that it possesses other values at this stage of learning, but he declares that oral reading "serves chiefly as a foundation for the superstructure of silent reading." Beyond grade four he believes that oral reading should be purely incidental.

While readily admitting that over-emphasis on oral reading beyond the fourth grade is a mistake, it seems to me that under-emphasis on oral reading beyond the fourth grade is equally regrettable. Much of the best in literature makes its appeal to the ear. Children like to *hear* a story, they like to *hear* the rhythm of poetry. Reading aloud and hearing things read aloud, if the reading be well done, are frequently an

aid to understanding and a test of appreciation. Sometimes one reads aloud literary passages without an audience, for the sake of art or beauty. Some literature is a thing of voice and ear.

Oral reading is a means of overcoming repression. Boys as a rule are more emotionally-bound than girls. Many people, particularly those who have lived in the country all their lives, are very repressed. Oral reading is a medium through which people who never talk fluently are led to self expression. It is possible that words and phrases read aloud tend to increase the reader's vocabulary more readily than words and phrases read silently, though I have never heard of any study made to determine that point. If, however, certain words are to become a part of a pupil's speaking vocabulary, he needs to have heard those words either read or spoken—to have experienced them orally.

Oral reading has a decided social value. When one reads aloud a message which informs his audience or which delights them, he is practicing a high art.

Furthermore, oral reading trains the ear of the listeners to become sensitive to a pleasing voice, to correct pronunciation, and to distinct articulation, as well as to beauty of language. Longfellow has said, "Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem is he who reads it grandly." Many pupils in the middle grades and beyond read more distinctly than they speak. Printed words are a help to them. In this country the point of view for oral reading is an audience situation where the listeners expect information or pleasure and the reader gives it. In England, the point of view is that in addition to the value of an audience situation, the improvement of voice and speech will be a very important result of reading aloud.

So, in answer to the question, "How important is oral reading?" we summarize six values:

- (1) In the primary grades oral reading is a necessary means of gaining a mastery over the mechanics of reading involved in the ready association of symbols, sounds and meanings.

- (2) In all elementary grades it furnished a check upon thought-getting, and is a necessary means to the full appreciation of certain literary selections which make a strong auditory appeal.

- (3) Oral reading is a means of overcoming repression—of freeing the emotionally-bound through self-expression.

- (4) Oral reading is of social value in such activities as informing others through announcements, minutes, news items, and the like, through proving a point under discussion, through sharing enjoyment with others. Part of an education consists in learning how to convey messages to others so as to inform them or entertain them.

- (5) Oral reading aids in the improvement of voice and speech.

- (6) It aids in enriching the *speaking* vocabulary.

HOW MAY PUPILS BE TRAINED IN THE ART OF READING ALOUD?

First of all by having a teacher who reads aloud well. As someone has remarked, "Children are more apt to have heard good singing than good reading." Literature, especially poetry and drama, depends for much of its appeal upon sound and imagery, and unless the teacher's oral expression is fine, the chances are that literature will not succeed in making this appeal. The voice of the teacher is the model which pupils follow; therefore, every teacher in the elementary school needs a cultivated voice as well as skill in the art of story-telling and of reading aloud. The teacher's purpose in reading aloud is to set up an ideal of reading; not with the notion that it is desirable for any two pupils to read alike, or to read just like the teacher, but with the principle kept clearly in mind that "oral reading should always be the expression of assimilated thought."

The teacher must have an understanding of certain fundamental habits involved in oral reading; namely, accurate and rapid recognition, a wide span of recognition, rhythmical progress of the eyes along the lines, and a wide eye-voice span. She should know that while the most rapid progress in these habits is made during the first four years of school, yet each of these elements can be developed above the fourth grade.

The reader, unless he is sitting down, should stand on both feet and assume a natural and easy position. The cure for squirming and twisting is not in scolding, but in giving relaxation exercises and in making pupils feel comfortable. Sometimes awkward pupils may practice reading before a mirror. Posture and manner are exceedingly important, either when reading aloud or when speaking.

The reader should practically always have an audience. Occasionally he will choose to read aloud for his own personal enjoyment, as in reading a lyric. Oral reading is interpretative reading. Without an audience situation it tends to become elocutionary with artificial emphasis and strained expression, or else monotonous. The object is to convey the full meaning of the author, or to furnish enjoyment or perhaps both. It thus has a definite social value.

Pupils need to develop taste in the matter of selecting appropriate material to read aloud. They need to feel a responsibility to the audience and should very seldom be asked to attempt oral reading without preparation. The listeners should also show their responsibility toward the reader by listening courteously and intelligently and by being ready to enter into a discussion after the reading is finished. Poetry and dramatic material have already been mentioned as appropriate for reading aloud. Patriotic addresses, anecdotes, short stories that are humorous make a greater appeal if enjoyed with others. Selections of a certain

literary style need to be read aloud in order to be fully appreciated; as, for example, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*; Joel Chandler Harris' *Uncle Remus*; Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog*; Hans C. Andersen's *The Flax*; Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories* and some of the stories in the *Jungle Book*; Hugh Lofting's *Doctor DoLittle*; Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*.

It goes without saying that a pupil cannot effectively interpret a selection to others unless he himself likes it and understands it. Preparation is necessary. One must prepare as carefully as time permits. Even sight reading involves preparation. The preparation for sight reading must be made "during pauses and intervals of silence. When reading at sight the reader must gather the thoughts as he goes along, hastily and piecemeal, it is true, yet words should not be spoken until their meaning is known."

Pupils need to be shown how to use their voices. English visitors to America are struck with our nasal twang. Unfortunately, most people in this country are unconscious of it. In England, there is a widespread belief that if the voice is trained through oral reading, verse speaking, and dramatic work, it will transfer or carry over into conversational speech. There are many societies in England for the practice of speaking and reading poetry. They emphasize first the thought, then its full expression. "Full expression can never come from a lazy tongue, a dropped soft palate, lack of resonance, faulty breath control, or general slouchiness of the speech agents."

Occasionally a child is incapable of speaking distinctly, but indistinctness of speech is due chiefly to slovenliness. Edward Bok once called us *Lip Lazy Americans*. Children are prone to imitate their teacher, who needs, therefore, to beware of falling into slipshod speaking, or artificial intonation. For training purposes the teacher might read to the children Sidney Lanier's short poem, "Dear Land of All My Love," and discuss its meaning. Then each child or a group of children might be assigned one line to render perfectly.

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

The teacher would then hear each individual with attention to pronunciation, articulation, pure vowels and correct utterance. Each child would try to read one line as well as he possibly can.

(Continued in December Issue)

How Fares It With You?

SOMEONE has told us that variety is the spice of life, and that to appreciate to the fullest extent those things which we already possess we must feel the thrill of meeting new personalities and enjoying new experiences.

Last year when we entered Normal we were fascinated. Everything was so big and different, and each of us dared to let that inner-self of ours say, "Now this is what I've been waiting for for twelve years, and at last I've thrown aside the apron strings. From now on I'm my own boss."

Everything went beautifully for the first four or five weeks and we were "sitting on top of the world." But suddenly something within us snapped. We hadn't the same old pep and enthusiasm. Our friends told us we looked as though we had lost something dear to us, and when they asked us the trouble we managed to mumble something about having too much work to do. Days grew longer and weeks seemed endless. Life became so miserable that we had to pause and converse again with that inner-self. Our conversations resulted in a decision that we must be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Something had to be done.

Something was done. The next morning an announcement was made that the following week-end was to be Junior-Mothers' week-end, and that all our mothers had been invited to come and live with us Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Somehow, for no reason at all, we began to regain our health. The days grew shorter and shorter, until we were forced to think that someone was stealing the hours. Before we realized, Friday, the day of our mothers' arrival pounced upon us.

Never was there such rejoicing and welcoming as demonstrated by the mothers and daughters that Friday, but a queer thing happened. Our mothers told us they knew what our trouble had been, and when we asked how they knew they said we had told them in our letters. That was strange. We couldn't have, because we didn't know ourselves.

Some mother said something about our being homesick. Homesick? Then we wondered and we thought. Finally the mist seemed to vanish. Of course that had been the trouble, and we had to wait for our mothers to find it out for us. Things seemed natural again, and for three days we lived and, like little children, learned how to appreciate our mothers.

Again that old saying, "Variety is the spice of life," returned to us, but this time we interpreted it through different eyes. "Yes, life, to

mean the most to us, must have variety; variety both in experiences and associations. From each new experience and each new association we either gain something or lose something. Which has it been for you? Have you lived your life here at Normal continually covering a restless desire in your heart to be somewhere else doing other things, or have you lived, appreciating your opportunities, enriching, broadening and deepening your life by your daily experiences and your contacts with others?

Autumn

*Leaves are whirling through the air,
Like a shower of rain.
The birds are flying everywhere,
For Autumn's here again!*

*Walking down the avenue,
As far as one sees,
There's nothing that can stir you,
Like the crimson of the trees.*

*They stand like burning mountains
Against the sapphire—blue,
And murmur like the fountains,
When the wind comes whistling through.*

*And now the corn turns yellow,
And soon will be quite brown;
While the apples ripe and mellow
The boughs are bending down.*

*It's just the loveliest of seasons,
And so easy to explain.
They're so obvious—the seasons;
Why Autumn's here again!*

S. W. LUDWIG

Little Things

I cannot dream of fancies
Palaces, princes, and kings
My mind embraces only
What you call "little things."

From there, I gather beauty,
The small things form my base
But they are just the "little things,"
And in rhyme, don't hold much place.

I like the little flowers
I like the stones in brooks
I like the tiny grasses,
And most of all, just books.

I like the simple gold of sun
And the silver of moon by night
I like the simple steel of rain
And jewels found in dew by light.

I find my joys in "little things"
My loves come from skies that are blue,
And I find my God in "little things"
And I think you would find Him too.

E. L. RITTENHOUSE

November

Frosty crisp mornings
And a hazy veil
Left by the moon in her hurry.
Dead leaves rush to corners
Chased by biting wind.
The sun, with cold fingers
Afraid to climb high
Clings to the tops of bare trees.
Grey clouds, silent, still
Football weather—
Breathless—

MURIEL FOX

She Eats, My Lady Eats

*J*UNIOR SEVEN recently made a chart, in Health Education class, showing the age, height, and weight of each girl in the section and the number of calories required per day to carry on activities such as those here at Normal School. It was found that the average girl is sixteen years old, sixty-four inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-two pounds and needs two thousand and thirty-six calories per day.

By way of an experiment one of the girls, who is interested in statistics, multiplied these numbers by thirty, the total number of girls in the section. The amazingly large person whose measurements were thus acquired would be four hundred and eighty years old, one hundred and sixty feet tall, would weigh three thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds, and would require sixty-one thousand and eighty calories per day. Here is a typical menu fulfilling her requirements for a day.

BREAKFAST

<i>Food</i>	<i>Amount</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Total Protein Calories</i>
Oatmeal	15 cups	1,500	270
Milk	1 quart	700	136
Sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup	600	
Whole wheat bread	30 slices	1,500	180
Butter	10 pats	1,000	10
Eggs (scrambled)	10 cups	4,000	1,480
Apples	20	2,000	40
Bacon	160 small slices	4,000	520
		<hr/> 15,300	<hr/> 2,636

LUNCH

<i>Food</i>	<i>Amount</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Total Protein Calories</i>
Pea Soup	20 cups	3,340	106
Sausages	30 small	3,000	106
Bread	32 slices	1,600	600
Cole Slaw	25 cups	2,500	160
Stewed Figs	20	2,000	150
Butter	8 pats	800	67
Cookies	30	1,500	8
		<hr/> 14,700	<hr/> 90
			<hr/> 1,081

DINNER

<i>Food</i>	<i>Amount</i>	<i>Calories</i>	<i>Total Protein Calories</i>
Clear Tomato Soup	15 cups	1,800	120
Crackers (soda)	60	1,500	180
Potatoes (baked)	25	2,500	200
Hamburg Steak	30 cakes	3,000	950
Waldorf Salad	4½ gallons	1,200	48
Spinach with Eggs	4 gallons plus 15 eggs	3,825	840
Rolls	25 small	2,500	125
Butter	24 pats	2,400	24
Ice Cream	16 cups	8,000	85
Angel Food Cake	1 whole	2,400	156
Coffee	30 cups		
Sugar	60 teaspoons		
Cream	15 tablespoons	1,750	45
		<hr/> 31,075	<hr/> 2,773

Grand total for day, 61,175—6,489.

Miss Iway Tention would indeed be a Methusaleh and a Colossus. No doubt she would be an intimate friend of the big clock in the tower.



Washington College

A Landmark of Educational History

A TRIP TO Washington College was taken on October the twelfth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, by the History of Education Department of our school, under the direction of Dr. Snyder. There was much for us to learn about this college and many things to enjoy. Neither was neglected.

Washington College, located at Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, is one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in the United States. It began as a public school some time before 1723. It became so flourishing that in 1782 it was thought wise to raise it to the rank of a college. This task was undertaken and accomplished by Rev. William Smith, one of the best known scholars and divines in the colonies. He interested prominent men in the enterprise, chief among whom was George Washington, who gave permission to call the College by his name. This is the first educational institution and the only college to bear his name with his personal consent. He also accepted a position on the Board of Visitors and Governors. At the commencement of 1789 President Washington was made a Doctor of Laws of the College. The first building of the College was erected in 1783, but was burned in 1827. After this destruction, classes were held in rented houses in the town for seventeen years. The institution, however, had sufficient vitality to survive this period of depression, and in 1844 another building was erected. Ten years later two additions were made. The Civil War caused the College to be so depleted that in 1886 there were only two professors and about thirty-five students. The State began to appropriate money for college education in 1890, and Washington College has since received a considerable annual appropriation. This inaugurated a new era in the history of the College. Additional scholarships were soon offered. A new gymnasium was erected in 1892 and presented by the citizens of Chestertown. A Normal department for women only was instituted in 1896 and a building erected for their accommodation, but in 1910 this special accommodation was abandoned. A new administration building was built in 1906, burned in 1916, but was replaced with another, and teaching preparation for both men and women was emphasized. A new gymnasium was built by the State in 1912. The four oldest buildings are now being used as dormitories. All classrooms, laboratories and the library are in the new administration building. The outstanding feature of Washington College is its remarkable vitality. It has had periods of low fortunes, but it survived, and is now prospering because it fills a real need.

At the present time, improvements are being made to retain the colonial atmosphere of the college. One building, that of the girls' dor-

mitory, is being reconstructed to resemble Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Arches and colonial stairways are to be constructed this year. The campus, which contains about sixteen acres of high ground overlooking the Chester River, is one of the most beautiful spots on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

There are twenty-three instructors at the college, of whom two-thirds are men. This faculty represents graduates from nineteen of the best colleges in the country.

They are limiting the number of students to two hundred and fifty, and only when it is necessary will they take in more than this number. In the year 1928-1929 there were two hundred and fifty-five students enrolled, of whom two-thirds were boys.

The courses are numerous and varied, including Education, English, History, Science, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Social Sciences, Pre-Medicine, Economics and Commerce. The emphasis is on the training of High School teachers for the State of Maryland. Students are not permitted to take the Education course with less than a C grade as an average. Ten hours of practice teaching is required by the State, but the students at Washington College average about fifteen clock hours of practice. However, a flexible program provides more time for some students to adapt themselves to teaching. This student teaching is done at Chestertown High School. The student teachers are instructed in teaching methods by those of the Education Department.

The association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland has placed the institution on its list of accredited colleges. Washington College is now entering on its one hundred and forty-eighth year of educational service, the oldest college in Maryland and the eleventh in date of its founding in the United States.

FRIEDA RUTHKE, *Senior Eight.*



Discovery

Before them stretched the stormy seas,
Behind them blew the roaring breeze.
The waves they seemed to reach the sky,
The wind kept up its whining cry.

The waves they gnashed their great, white teeth
The sailors thought of beasts beneath.
They bade Columbus sail for home
No longer wished the sea to roam.

No land in sight, no friendly light
The sailors mutinied just for spite.
Thus ended the dark and dreary night
The seamen saw some birds in flight.

At last one morning the shore they spied,
"Land! Land," the lookout cried,
The flag they planted in the ground
And now we know the world is round.

Written by class 6B, HOWARD PARK SCHOOL

Columbus

Columbus sailed the deep blue sea,
To find this beautiful land for you and me,
They thought of their homes they left behind,
As they sailed for a strange land to find.

The waves dashed high,
The rain fell from the stormy sky,
It fell upon the deserted deck
But the Santa Maria did not wreck.

One day before Columbus had risen
The crew had put him in prison.
At last they saw a sandy shore
The crew did not fear any more.

Columbus landed in spite of the rain
Then he planted the flag of Spain,
When he went back over the sea
He left this land for you and me.

LEROY KING,
Grade 6B, Howard Park School

An Immigrant's Story

WHILE I was in Hartford, Connecticut, two years ago, I had the opportunity of hearing a Polish girl tell of her interesting life in Poland. Her story was indeed unique as compared with the life of the average American girl fourteen years of age. Although Sonya Kraska spoke with a foreign accent, she did her best to make her audience understand how glad she was to be in America, the land of liberty. One part of Sonya's life impressed me more than the rest. This was the last "pogrom" she witnessed and how she came to America. She explained that a "pogrom" was an attack made by some political or religious faction against another—especially against the peasants.

Sonya Kraska lived in Gaer, Poland. This was a very small town not far from the capital, Warsaw. She lived here with her mother and brother. Sonya explained that her father had gone to America and had promised to send for them as soon as he was well established in America. She and her mother prayed each day for the time when they would leave Gaer and come to America. Their father had sent them money each month until the Bolsheviks took possession of the postoffice. Then matters changed for the worse. Their money and letters were never delivered to them, and they soon lost trace of Mr. Kraska. Hunger and poverty were all they knew. Sonya had to go to work in a sewing factory when she was ten years old. She had no education, and longed for toys and pleasure. She had neither. Her mother and brother became very ill, and Sonya had to nurse them. At such an early age she had learned to suffer and obey. She explained that most of the poor children in Europe assumed a sense of responsibility and were obedient much earlier than American children. Sonya nursed her mother and brother back to health.

Mrs. Kraska continually wrote letters to her husband in America, but never received any answers. She and her children gave up hope. Each day Sonya went to the postoffice and begged for mail from her father. She was always sent home disappointed and sad.

One day Sonya climbed through the window of the postoffice. She was determined to search the place if necessary and bring home at least one letter to her worried mother. To Sonya's good fortune it was lunch time, and only the janitor was left in charge. Not knowing who Sonya was, he gave her a letter addressed to her mother. Too overjoyed to talk, Sonya grabbed the letter and went home. Imagine the small family's joy when they saw a twenty dollar bill and a long letter fall from the envelope. Mr. Kraska had written that he was sending for them as soon as possible. Their sorrow now changed to joy. Sonya told all her friends and let them share her happiness. When she learned that the janitor had been beaten for giving mail without permission, she assured him that it was worth it. He had made a whole family happy.

News travels fast, even in Poland. The following day the Kraskas were to suffer again, because the Bolsheviks had learned of their good fortune. Sonya went to work that day, after she had helped her mother pack their few pieces of clothing (as they expected to leave any day). Soon after she left, a few men entered her house and demanded money and valuables from Mrs. Kraska. She told them she had nothing, and begged them to leave. They laughed, and immediately began to break everything. They searched everywhere in vain. They left with a threat of coming back again. The poor mother and son could do nothing but wait for Sonya.

At last she came! She was horror-stricken at what had happened. A "pogrom" had taken place and her mother and brother had suffered. She comforted them and asked what had been taken. Her mother told her that the money was safe; it was still behind the picture on the wall. It was a miracle that it had not been found. Sonya encouraged her mother and made her feel more hopeful of coming to America.

One month before Easter the Kraskas were more in distress than ever before. Their food supply was entirely exhausted except for some stale bread. The place where Sonya worked had been closed. The family could only pray. While they were in prayer that eventful Sunday someone knocked on the door. Sonya answered it. It was a messenger. He announced that a Mr. Krane wished to see them. Mrs. Kraska then went to the door. A tall stranger dressed in American style entered her humble house. It was her husband! At last he had come to take them to America. He was an answer to their prayers.

After much rejoicing Mr. Kraska explained that he had changed his name to avoid suspicion in town and to make his arrival a greater surprise to his family.

Amid many farewells the Kraskas left Gaer. They were now going to the land of liberty, freedom and justice. They arrived in America on Easter Sunday, 1923. It was exactly one month after they left Poland that they saw the Statue of Liberty—the symbol of America.

Sonya ended her story by saying that she hoped to become a worthwhile citizen. I felt sure that she would reach her goal. Although she was in America such a short time, she was already writing English poems. I am deeply interested in her career, and I hope to meet her again this summer.

FANNIE LEVIN, *Senior Two.*

A Good Old-Fashioned Smile

When you're feelin' kinda gloomy,
And your skies are painted gray,
When you're lonely and you're saddened
By the cares that fret your way,
There's a good old-fashioned remedy
That's never failed the while,
When your hopes have started waning
Then just grit your teeth and smile.

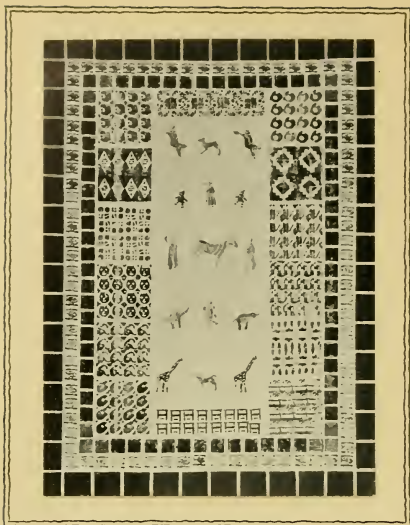
If you aren't feeling happy
And you try hard to deceive
Your friends, you'll very often
Find that you, too, will believe
That you're happy, and I tell you,
That you'll find that you're in style,
If you grit your teeth and show the world
A good old-fashioned smile.

RACHAEL L. SMITH

Before Parting

We two, alone stood by the school-room door
And talked along on many, many things;
Made promises—such promises galore—
My spirits soared as if—as if on wings.
You slipped your little hand in mine
When sadly there I told you I would miss you,
You closed your eyes and tilted forward there,
I couldn't help it, dear,—I had to kiss you.

ANNA ELIZABETH REIER



A Pictured Year

By ESTHER BLACK, '29

IS MY DESIGN all right? May I cut it out now? Where can I get some more wood? Oh, dear me—this won't stick!"

"What is going on?" you might have asked if you had entered this fifth grade training center at Scott and Hamburg Streets.

"A wall hanging!" would have been the answer.

The fifth grade children were studying the Industrial Revolution, and the question of whether or not we are going to have any work periods started things going. Work periods! What could we do in connection with the Industrial Revolution? Some suggested weaving rugs, a few wanted to make looms and cotton gins, but the majority of the class favored the idea of making block prints.

Just what designs were to be used was settled the same day during a literature period. The class was reading the chapter called Picture-Writing in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." They decided that they would like to make symbols representing their daily life as the Indians had done.

After much discussion, someone finally conceived the idea of representing the things the class had done all year, and putting the designs on blocks. But what shall we do with the block-prints? "Stamp them on something," was the answer. The "something" turned out to be our wall hanging.

The next step was to make a list of the things to be represented: history, geography, arithmetic, elementary science, sewing, manual training and art were among the subjects suggested. After the class had been divided into groups, the next thing to settle was the colors to be used. Because the room was rather dark we thought that different shades of red and yellow would be best; and exactly four weeks from the day work was begun the finished product was hanging on our wall.

Do you see the border of fish that is just within the outer border of red squares? The fish represent the interest in the aquarium that contained many forms of water life. Look at the inner border of large blocks and note the symbolism in each. In the square at the upper left corner are baseball mitts and balls, for the children were good baseball players. In order, on that same side, we have the draped-back curtains of their stage; circles divided into halves and quarters to show the work in fractions; cut-out pumpkin faces for Hallowe'en; clowns for their interest in dramatics, and palettes for art. Across the bottom are the ends of work benches. Much joy came to the children in their work period, so we must not blame them for magnifying their one actual work bench into sixteen imaginary ones. On the right side, beginning with the bottom square, are palm trees to show the study of the tropics. Above these trees are milk bottles and health castles, for these children were enthusiastic health promoters. Books represent their reading, the steps that lead to their schoolroom are above these. Another square is of baseball gloves and balls, and across the top a design representing the silkworm and the mulberry leaf. One of the big features of the year had been a circus given in the auditorium. Leave the circus out? Never! Hence, we see the place of honor in the center of the piece given to clowns, elephants, horses, cowboys and other popular circus characters.

If the value of a piece of work may be judged at all by the amount of benefit or pleasure it gives, you would certainly agree with me that the work was of some value to the children had you heard the chorus of remarks as they gazed upon the hanging—"Gee, Miss, isn't it pip!"

THE TOWER LIGHT

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A Fashionable Thanksgiving

THERE ARE FASHIONS in everything. Nowadays, among the very young, to go about being disillusioned is quite the thing. "There is no Santa Claus," we cry, and rejoice in stark drama and morbid novels. Nevertheless, even at the risk of being stamped conventional and behind-the-times, the TOWER LIGHT maintains that Thanksgiving is really something to celebrate. Aside from its significance in our national history, Thanksgiving can have a personal meaning for each one of us. We all have at least one little thing to be thankful for. The beauty, the good-will, the friendliness that surrounds us is infinitely precious. There are many, many things we can rejoice in.

Because we are not all Pollyannas we need not stop at "being glad." Why not build on the little things? That's Thanksgiving, old-fashioned, with a new-fashioned improvement!

ESTHER MILLER.

Armistice Day

ON November 11, 1918, the World War ceased. How little that means to the majority of the younger generation of today! After years of hatred and bloodshed the great nations of the world agreed to lay down their arms. Now, in a saner moment, great men ponder over the question—What did the war accomplish? The only answers that can be supplied are these:

Veteran hospitals all over the world are filled with men forever maimed and crippled both in mind and body, unable to ever again take up their work in the world.

Great war debts are still making their demands on the people of all nations.

The chief offenders who instigated the war are living in the lap of luxury, unscathed by the war.


A few weeks ago Ramsay MacDonald, the Premier of England and leader of Englands' Labor Party, was our nation's guest. The visit of MacDonald was a most noble effort to mobilize the agencies of peace. In consultation with Mr. Hoover, steps were taken to smooth out various angles for an arms parley. The meeting was a friendly gesture between both nations towards a mutual understanding regarding their countries' need of a disarmament program.

While the results of this conference have not as yet been made public, it has no doubt paved a way for a world-wide disarmament program. Such a program would, unquestionably, prevent such wars in the future as that which had its closing on Armistice Day eleven years ago.

KATHERINE CHURCH, *Senior Six.*



The Glory of the Follow up

FTEN, in the course of my duties as an officer of the Boy Scouts of America, I have the opportunity to observe the behavior of boys in camp. Now, one of the most common of the various duties incidental to life in the open is that of gathering fire wood. In the ordinary woods of this section, the numerous windfalls and deadfalls make that task comparatively simple and light, and most boys are quite ready to take their turns at gathering fuel with which to start a fire. But, after the fire has been kindled and is burning briskly, no one seems to want to gather wood to keep the blaze going. Only after they have pointed out to them the possibility of dire consequences, in the form of doughy biscuits or an unduly rare steak, can some boys be persuaded to go forth in search of the all-important timber. The first preparation is quite readily made, but the follow up work always seems irksome.

* * *

This difficulty of finding someone willing to follow up is not restricted to the camp in the woods, however, and it seems that there must be some underlying reason for it. Is it that there seems to be no creative element in the follow up? Is it that he who finished what someone else has started so seldom gets any credit for his work? There must be some reason for this aversion to take part in the carrying on of the job.

My personal belief is that not enough credit has been given to those who do the detail work in the larger jobs. All too often we heap praise on the leaders of a large undertaking, while those who were responsible for leaders' success, the privates of the armies, go unhonored and unsung. We gaze with wonder upon some great engineering feat, perhaps a gigantic skyscraper or a mile long suspension bridge. A wonderful accomplishment, the brain child of a master mind, evidence of a stupendous amount of planning on the part of the architect or the chief engineer. Most of us think of those things.

But what of the draftsmen who labored for months over T square and triangles, executing the drawings that were to guide the construction foremen? What about the structural steel workers who risked their lives daily and thought nothing of it, as the girders climbed nearer the clouds, or the stringers of the bridge crept slowly across the river beneath? What of the "sand hogs" who drilled rock and poured concrete in caissons, far below the surface of the river? How many of us think of that part of the job?

The sanitation work in the Panama Canal Zone was truly a magnificent accomplishment, and all of us have great praise for the medical men who were responsible for it. But few of us stop to think that much of the oil that was spread over the mosquito breeding places was sprayed with hand pumps by Negro workmen who carried tanks on their backs.

The people who plan the great projects deserve all the praise we give them, to be sure. Far be it from me to discredit the work of the man who thinks things out, but doesn't it seem only fair that we should give some attention to those who carry out his thoughts, to those who follow up?

JOHN H. FISCHER.

Days

*Generous and selfish are the days of time,
Now, leading us into the land of our dreams,
Now, holding us in the thoughts of the past,
Now coming with gifts in glorious array,
Now leaving us, ne'er a word to say.
Some smiling, some frowning, some pensive and wise
Each in its turn as it waits in its place
Anxious to follow and enter life's race.*

EVELYN SCHAEFFER, Sr. 7.

American Communal Literature

MOST OF US think of songs as the compositions of individuals. We seldom, if ever, stop to think of the many songs or ballads that have been composed by whole groups or communities. It is an accepted fact that many of the old English and Scotch ballads were composed by communities as a whole. The general trend of thought is, that modern ballads were composed by individuals. This is not entirely so. It is true that many were written by one person, but it is also true that even in our modern times ballads are composed by groups of people.

The conditions under which these ballads are composed are very much like the conditions under which the well-known primitive European ballads were composed. Perhaps the truest example of this is represented by people in the mountains of Tennessee, the Carolinas, North Georgia, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, and Missouri. This region is not easily accessible. The roads are few, most of them being little better than mountain paths, and there are very few railroads. The inhabitants have been called "our contemporary ancestors." There are no class distinctions. The people are simple, hospitable, primitive and hearty. They lead self-sufficient lives and have no need nor desire to associate with the outside world. Reed Smith says of this section: "Here the conditions for ballad preservation were (and are) ideal. Almost every characteristic of place and people seemed made to order for that purpose. Racial purity and integrity; intense conservation of language, customs, and social background; comparative isolation—in many communities complete isolation—from the chaotic impact of modern civilization; primitive conditions of life, simple habits of thought and naive standards of taste—all these have persisted in combination, forming a social fabric wonderfully tenacious of the lore of the past."

A good example of the group composition of these people is the following: A young mountain girl was accidentally burned to death by the explosion of a lamp. On the night before the funeral a group of her friends gathered in the house where the body was lying and composed a song which they sang at her funeral the next day.

Another instance of this kind of composition was when the ballad "Bessie Combs" was composed. A bride of two months was one day found murdered. There was a great deal of excitement when it was discovered that her murderer was her husband. A group of young friends and schoolmates gathered, and together composed a song of lament. The general character of the song may be conceived from the following:

*"It was one beautiful night in May,
Sweet Bessie was singing in glee.
She did not know it was in Reuben's heart
To take her sweet life away.*

CHORUS

*"Oh Bessie, my darling, come home;
Bid Reuben alone adieu.
His hands are stained with your own blood;
He can never come up to you."*

Quite similar to mountain communities in the conditions giving rise to ballad composition were the cowboy camps of the Southwest. The ranch was sometimes situated hundreds of miles from any other seat of civilization. The men lived on practical terms of equality—their work, their daily experiences, their thoughts, their interests were all in common. "Illiterate people, cut off from newspapers and books, isolated and lonely—thrown back on primal sources for entertainment and for expression of emotion—utter themselves through somewhat the same character of songs as did their forefathers of perhaps a thousand years ago."

Sitting around the campfires at night, during roundups, during branding time, while on the trail—all these, were opportunities for composing songs. The most gifted man would start a song. It would be changed, revised and sung again by the rest of the men. Then the leader would sing another verse, and the others would repeat or take up the refrain. The songs were even utilized for practical purposes. A sharp, rhythmic yell was sometimes beaten into verse and employed to stir up lagging cattle. Then some of the night guards, as they rode round and round the herd, improvised cattle lullabies which they sang to quiet and soothe the animals. One of these songs is "The Cowboy's Dream," which is sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Part of it is as follows:

*"Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to the sweet by and by.*

*"Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on," etc.*

Two other well-known cowboy ballads which were composed by groups are "The Old Chisholm Trail" and "The Ballad of the Boll Weevil."

Perhaps of all modern communal compositions, those best known are the ones composed by the negroes. The spirituals are composed in a highly charged emotional atmosphere. "They are the inspiration of a moment of ecstasy, the expression of religious elation intermingled with emotion of an intrinsically barbaric character." The outstanding characteristic is the refrain. It is sometimes repeated to the extent of producing semi-intoxication like a spell or incantation. A striking rhythmic phrase from the preacher, the leader, or a worshipper, is taken up by the whole group and repeated over and over again.

During the World War, in a tense moment, a spiritual was composed. As described by a Negro on that occasion "Somebody shout out, O Lord, we g'wine t'row dat Kizer down; and den somebody else catch 'em and t'row 'em back, and befo' you know it de whole chu'ch was a-rockin' an' a-prayin'. It was a gran' hymn." There are many other similar incidents.

An example of plantation group composition is the following. A group of Negro women were working in a bean field, ranged in rows down the long aisles of the glossy bean vines. They had been working since sunrise. All of a sudden one woman raised her voice in a chant. Her mind was a medley of reminiscences, and thinking aloud, she fitted her fancies to a plaintive melody. The other women joined in at unexpected intervals and supplied the harmony. The work became rhythmical and handfuls of butterbeans were dropped into the baskets with each cadence so that they were working rhythmically. This is part of the song which they sang.

*"Chink, pink, honey,
O Lulu.
Chink, pink, honey,
One ol' faded hankchub.*

*"Chink, pink, honey,
O Lulu.
Chink, pink, honey,
Washed in de bayon," etc.*

The following shows just how spontaneous the composition may be. A university dean was once listening to a Negro road gang as they were working and singing in front of his house. Wishing to hear the words more clearly and possibly to take them down, the dean strolled

down the road and seated himself on a rock beside the workers. He was thinking how intent the Negroes were and how oblivious to him, when, without any change in rhythm, tone or expression, he heard these words from the leader:

*"White man settin' on wall,
White man settin' on wall,
White man settin' on wall all day long,
Wastin' his time, wastin' his time."*

Communal composition is not limited to certain definite groups. After the World War a group of soldiers, while waiting for the order to leave for home, gathered at the end of their barracks and began singing. After the rounds of the old favorites they started vying with each other in composing words to the tune of "Hinkey, Dinkey, Parlez Vous." Before long seven or eight stanzas were composed and a new ballad had been made.

From this it will be seen that although community composition of ballads may be dying out, it is far from dead. At any opportunity, when the occasion arises and the mood is on the group, a ballad may be composed.

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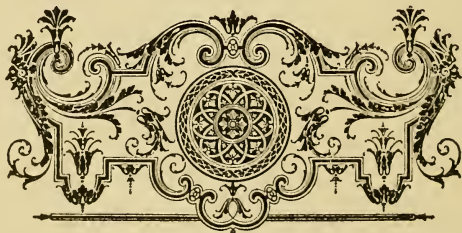
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The ballads mentioned in the story can all be used to illustrate community composition and to give a more vivid picture of the life and characteristics of the people who composed them.

IDA MILLER, *Senior Eight.*

"A Close-up" of Pittsburgh

PEOPLE call it the smoky city. It does not take long to find the reason. Mills, mills, and more mills, with the fire and smoke making a most unique setting against the coal black sky which covered the smoky, iron city the first night I saw Pittsburgh. To the right and to the left—not mere, gradual hills like the one Normal rises on—but steep, rocky mountains with tiers of houses adorning them; because if houses weren't built on the mountains, either Pittsburgh would be twice its size or non-existent. Those in the dormitory, who live on the sixth floor of Richmond Hall, may be able to conceive the idea of walking up fifty to seventy-five steps to reach home after a full day of hard work. However, if one does not have many steps, then one, if so fortunate as to have a car, may drive around and around (as though dizzy) to reach the middle "layer" or even the top of the houses. Of course, the street cars are available—but from some of the steepest mountains in the city it takes nearly an hour to travel from the top to the bottom—so they have built "incline." One night, just for the novel experience, we drove up a mountain. Then we drove on a platform which was protected with a roof and walls on either side. Upon glancing back, I could see the street as it was a few minutes ago; looking straight ahead I could discern the lights and buildings in the distance, but pedestrians were barely visible; directly below was darkness. Slowly we began to descend, and turning my head a little to the left I saw another car like the one we were on, coming up. In another minute we were at the foot of the mountain, the motor of our own car running—just waiting for a break in the traffic before we started. "That," my dear reader, "is what is known as an 'incline'."



SCHOOL NOTES



We Welcome Junior Mothers

"Welcome Junior Mothers" in three inch letters was the first thing which greeted the mothers when they arrived for Junior Mothers' Week-end on Friday, October 18, and this spirit pervaded the whole week-end. First on the program was the candle light dinner on Friday evening. One could go into rhapsodies over that alone! It stands out along with the Old English Dinner as something we anticipate. After dinner the mothers were entertained by several members of the girls' and men's glee clubs.

Bright and early Saturday morning the mothers and daughters gathered on the steps of Newell Hall, where they posed for the cameraman, following which, they were taken on a sight-seeing tour to points of interest in Baltimore and the suburbs. On Saturday afternoon another delightful time had been arranged for the mothers. They had the privilege of meeting all the teachers and consulting with them about their sons' and daughters' progress in health and studies here at Normal. In Richmond Hall Social Room at three o'clock Miss Tall, Miss Osborn, Dr. Abercrombie and Miss Sperry gave short talks. After this a pleasant social chat was had over the tea cups. These are the main social events of the Junior week-end, but just read between the lines a little and you will see what a happy time each mother had in being the guest of her daughter or son, whom in most cases she hadn't seen since school opened!



Normal Takes Her Place In the Social World

*"School days, dear old golden rule days,
Readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick."*

Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic aren't the only things that enter into one's life at Normal.

There's never a day in our school calendar that every student doesn't have something to look forward to in the social world. Already there have been many important social functions taking place during the months of September and October.

Never before have we had a Junior class feel so much at home. We say, "Why is it that the Junior class is so different from those of past years?" The Seniors consoled themselves by saying, "From the first day of school they were made to feel as though they were one of the group. As soon as they arrived, social activities were arranged which appealed to them. This served as a magnet—it drew them in.

On Monday afternoon Senior seven held a tea dance in the auditorium for the purpose of raising money for their assembly program. The radiola was used to furnish splendid dance music and last, but not least, refreshments were served. Both Juniors and Seniors took advantage of this tea dance.

As in previous years, Miss Tall charmingly entertained the members of the faculty at her home, Wednesday, October 2, extending to them her heartiest welcome for the coming year at Normal. A most appetizing dinner was served, followed by games and a social chat.

The birthday parties for the dormitory students have been somewhat different this year, and we can truthfully say they are better than ever. Picnics have been held in the Glen. Every student having a birthday in favorable weather celebrates with a meal cooked out of doors in the evening over an open fire. What could be more delightful than this!

Regular monthly dances have started. The October dance was held in the Auditorium on October 12, 1929. The setting was autumnal, with golden rod and autumn leaves to give this effect.

ALTHOUGH it is early in the year, Junior four is quite an organized group. We have already elected our class officers, and have met with our section adviser, Miss Daniels.

One of the interesting events of our short life at Normal, was a hike, which we all greatly enjoyed.

Junior four is now busy planning an assembly under the supervision of Miss Crabtree, and we are sure it is going to be a great success.

When nature suddenly stops stirring and begins to shake off the confining bonds of a laboring summer, when she lies in that half-slumberous state called fall; when her verdant carpets lose their greenness; when birds are expending all their efforts in a last-minute song, who can resist her appeal? Surely not those in the schoolroom. This period of Nature's last frantic pleading is the signal for suspension of activity for a few hours, and Junior eight heeded her admonitions by going for a delightful hike down to the "Meadow" by way of Burke Avenue.

It was on September twenty-sixth that we had our first taste of out-

door life as it presents itself in and around Towson, and needless to say, we were so pleased with it that we want to try it again. The supper which the dietitians provided for us was delicious, and Miss Medwedeff was indeed a most delightful hostess.

Orchestra

The orchestra is growing rapidly in size—and ability. The membership is twice that of last year, and with more variety of instruments—saxophones, trumpets, French horns, violins, cellos and drums are uniting in the “production of harmony.”

The orchestra made its debut this season at the Junior Mothers’ dinner on Friday evening, October eighteenth, and is now engaged in the preparation of three other programs, including that for the Christmas festivities.

Officers were elected this year for the first time. They are:

<i>President</i>	LILY ERNST
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR McDONALD
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	JACK KRAVITZ
<i>Librarian</i>	LEROY ROLLISON

Miss Prickett, the director, appears enthusiastic over the prospects, believing the present orchestra to be *one of the best if not the best* Normal has ever had.

May we hear from it often!

Glee Club

The Glee Club has good news. Its membership has increased considerably since last year, and we regular “assembly-givers” need not be told how well it can perform.

The Club is hard at work—as usual—under Miss Weyforth’s direction, rehearsals being held regularly and in between times. Just now it seems to be in-between times, since special preparation is being made for its program to be given at the meeting of Maryland State Teachers’ Association at Baltimore City College on Saturday morning, October the twenty-sixth.

Officers are:

<i>President</i>	GERTRUDE ROSEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	BERTHA KAPPLER
<i>Librarians</i>	MARGARET ADAMS AND ROSE CHAKIN

Notes From The Campus Elementary School

At a recent assembly, Miss Tall presented to the Elementary School a beautiful colored plaque which she brought from Italy. It is a copy of the bambino medallion which ornaments the facade of the Foundling Hospital in Florence.

Frogs, turtles, salamanders crawfishes, praying mantes and various other live things are to be found in the third grade. They are behaving so naturally that the children are able to observe and learn much about their habits.

Miss Katherine Noel, student teacher in the third grade in the Elementary School gave a demonstration lesson on the study of the salamander for the county and campus training teachers. It was followed by a most profitable discussion.

The Sparkler is the fourth grade weekly newspaper, reflecting the activities of the school. The inspiration for the name came from THE TOWER LIGHT.

There seems to be an epidemic of map-making and map-reading from second grade to seventh.

The Elementary School Student Council has elected officers for the year, who are now well started on an ambitious program. The seedlings planted on the hillside last Arbor Day are being cared for by the children, and with the help of Mr. Ehlers the ground on either side of the south entrance has been graded and grass seed planted. One more step toward making our school attractive.

The girls of the Elementary School recently entertained their mothers at dinner in the cafeteria. The program consisted of reports of Autumn work, Autumn stories, poems, songs and playground games.



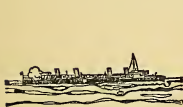
"Storybook Europe"

THE CLASSIFICATION of teachers, like all Gaul, may be divided into three parts—those who have been to Europe, those who are going very soon, and those who "may go if they ever get the money." The first are unmistakable. They have a sureness in tone, a firmness in tread that is typical. The second kind, too, one knows easily. They have an eager look in the eyes, an anticipatory curve to the mouth. The last group, the great majority, we all recognize. They have a wistfulness, a weary, faint hopefulness about them that stamps them. For this last class, Miss Peck's book, "Storybook Europe," is a delight. It has all the charm and color of a steamship booklet with none of its disquieting information about rates. Miss Peck writes of London and Rome and Paris in an entertaining, intimate way. She is friendly without being slangy. She is enthusiastic without being gushing.

"Storybook Europe" is a book for light reading and for interesting bits of information. The teacher of intermediate grades will find it valuable for reports by special children and for reading to the entire class for enjoyment and knowledge.

"Storybook Europe," like all the other new travel books, is demoralizing. We are seized with a desire to "go places and see things." We decide that joining the Navy may be a good idea. Only because that "weary, faint hopefulness" persists do we suppress ourselves.

ESTHER MILLER.





Link Athletics of Normal School With the Elementary School

THE LAST YEAR for the first time, a project which has formed a connection between the athletics of the Normal school men and the elementary school boys, was introduced by Athletic Director Minnegan. The plan called for an organization of the athletics of the elementary school boys with the Normal men serving in capacity of adviser and official. This provided an opportunity for the Normal men to gain practical experience in drawing up tournaments, officiating, and advising, and also enabled the elementary boys to have supervised play.

The sporting program was divided into five branches, namely: dodgeball, track and field, indoor baseball, tennis, and golf. The boys were divided into four distinct and permanent teams, each team under the guidance of a captain. To arouse interest, the names given to the teams were those of colleges which have made great strides in the athletic world. One team was known as Yale, another as Brown, still another as Princeton, and the fourth as Harvard. The teams entered in the dodgeball, indoor baseball, and track and field tournaments went through the double round-robin competition, or, in other words, the teams faced each other twice. As tennis and golf necessitated individual performances, the elimination type of competition was used in these branches of the sport program. As an added incentive, ribbons were awarded to the winning teams in the speedball and dodgeball tournaments and to the boys finishing first, second, and third in the track and field meet, tennis tournament, and golf competition.

As one phase of the Physical Education course, Coach Minnegan assigned individual men students of Normal to take charge of one specific branch of the sport program and to solve any problems which might arise among the children. The men who participated were: Mr. L. Cohen, who had charge of the track and field activities; Mr. E. Goldstein, golf; Mr. P. Aaronson, dodgeball; Mr. G. Neumeister, tennis; and Mr. J. Denaburg, indoor baseball. Others who took part either in the capacity of coach, timer, or official, were Mr. J. Fisher, Mr. L. Huff, and Mr. Peregoy. Discussion of the various problems which confronted the

men was held in the regular Physical Education period and in this manner everyone present profited through the experiences of one person.

Mr. Minnegan expects to follow the same plan of organization with the Junior and Senior men this year, and if the same results as the previous year are brought forth, then Mr. Minnegan will consider his venture successful.

The soccer team is now well on its way to completing their schedule for the year. Considering the high caliber of teams met by Normal and the fact that Coach Minnegan had to build his team around two veterans, the soccer performance for the year may be called successful. The team has emerged victor in four of the seven games played to date. Navy, Blue Ridge, and Western Maryland are yet to be encountered and it is hoped that the record of the team will be improved.

Basketball is gradually coming to the fore. The schedule being prepared by Coach Minnegan and Manager Brose, promises to furnish first-rate competition for the basketballers. The coach has introduced a new policy of scheduling college teams only. Games have already been arranged with Gallaudet College, Catholic University, State Teachers' College of Philadelphia, Beacom College and Blue Ridge College. Games are also pending with several of the colleges in Maryland. Coach Minnegan has held a conference with the new candidates and has given them an idea of the methods of offense and defense used by the team in the previous year. Serious practice will begin at an early date.

The Mixed Doubles Tennis Tournament which has been under way here at Normal for the past few weeks is now completed. The success of the tournament was due to the splendid cooperation of the participants, the manager and the coach. At an assembly on Tuesday, October the twenty-second, gold medals were awarded to Jean Loveless and Morton Lipsitz the winning doubles team; and silver medals were given to Maxine Fowble and Milton Dickman, the runner-ups in the tournament. Most of the participants of the tournament played a good brand of tennis and as a result the outlook for the 'varsity tennis team is encouraging.

Soccer Results

Normal Plays Host to Western Maryland

On Friday, September twenty-seventh, Western Maryland visited Normal school and defeated the local team in an exciting and hard fought contest by a score of two to one. Unfortunately, Harper, Normal's left end, suffered a broken leg in this game. The soccer team will feel his absence throughout the year.

Normal Visits Franklin-Marshall Academy

The Normal eleven took a trip to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, October fifth, and played the Franklin-Marshall Academy team. The Academy eleven played a superior brand of soccer, and outclassed the Normal school team by a score of six to one. Startt, who kicked Normal's lone goal, played his usual good game for Normal.

Normal Three, Blue Ridge Two

At Blue Ridge, Maryland, on October seventh, the Normal Profs, encountered Blue Ridge College in a soccer game. The final score was three to two with the Profs. ahead. The toes of Startt, Nicodemus, and Fitzell, tell the story of Normal's victory. The teams played 25 minute halves.

Profs Lose to Williamsport Three-Two

On October sixteenth, the Williamsport soccer team played the Normal eleven on the North Campus. The Profs outplayed the Williamsport team, but failed to produce the final drive which would have enabled them to emerge victorious. The final score of the game was: Williamsport three, Normal two, Startt and Nicodemus again produced the goals for Normal.

This happened during a current event period.

Teacher: "You said Ramsay MacDonald attended what?"

Pupil: "He attended a stag dinner."

Teacher: "What is the meaning of a stag dinner?"

Pupil: "Why a stag dinner is a deer dinner."

The other day an excited little boy ran to the teacher and told her that a boy was so bad in the other class that his name and keep out was on a sign on the door. When the teacher went to the door this is what she read—

TESTING
KEEP OUT

The following is a copy of how one boy completed a paragraph in the Intelligence Test.

Eskimos sometimes live in homes made of blocks of ice. Since ice melts rapidly when exposed to a temperature above 32 degrees, it is necessary for Eskimos to keep the temperature of the room below *Eskimo* degrees to keep the house from *temperature*.

A junior was asked to give a definition of "good sportsmanship." The following was her reply:

"Good sportsmanship is a girl who plays hockey, tennis, basketball, etc."



Answers of Select Six

The following question was asked the SELECT SIX (Senior seven boys) and the d——dozen (Industrial Arts Group). Below are the answers received to this question.

What would you do if you had a girl that really loved you?

Philip J. Aaronson: The same as I do now. (I have one.)

Edward H. Goldstein: I'd keep her near me while in school. (Put her in Shephard Pratt.)

John H. Fischer: Utilizing past experience, I'd keep her miles away from a certain member of the "Select Six."

George Neumeister, Jr.: Make the most of a lifetime opportunity.

Louis Cohen: Why bring that up?

Jerome Denaburg: I'd put her in an insane asylum.



Industrial Arts Group

Milton Dickman: I'd ask her to show me how much.

Isadore J. Dalinsky: What wouldn't I do(?)

Manuel Goldstein: All my life I've been without you; now I can't do without you.

Wolfe Joffe: Why speak of impossibilities?

John G. Preis: If I had a girl who really loved me, I would love her in return.

Michael Kitt: I would like her to show it. I do not care for indifferent people.

Harry Chayt: What would I do? Love her tremendously if she is suitable.

Samuel Goldsmith: Oh boy! I guess I'd have a pretty good time.

Samuel Acree: If she had everything, I'd pop the question.

John Horn: Yes.

The other two members of the d——dozen were either too sentimental or did not wish to give an answer to the question.

Phil Aaronson, while spending a few days in Atlanta, Georgia, mailed one of the fellows a post-card with a view of the Federal Prison. On the back was the notation—"I wish you were here."

The joke editor has suggested that all contributors sending jokes to this magazine accompany same by a photograph of themselves. We would enjoy laughing at them as well as with them.

Seen on Entrance Tests—By Way of Enlightenment

An *angel* is a kind of heavenly body, having a long nebulous train or tail.

A *pledge* is the base or support of a statue.

A wooer or lover is called a *sheik*.

National Park is the seizure of private property for public use.

The last part or end of anything is called its *rear*.

A wooer or lover is called an *expirer*.

A *kiss* is a courteous expression of commendation.

A *grin*, like a simile is a figure of speech based on similarity.

The saxophone is the only instrument in the world that sounds as well when you're learning to play it as it does afterward!

Bigamy is having one wife too many—

Monogamy is often the same thing!

Liza: "Is yo' sho yo' wants to marry me, big boy?"

Rastus: "Absolutely. Ah's even made arrangements to quit mah job."

If you buy stock it's a speculation but if it makes money it's an investment.

"That tenor reminds me of Lou Cohen."

"But Lou is not a singer."

"Neither is that tenor."

Teacher: "Why must we keep our houses fresh and clean?"

Pupil: "Because company may come any moment."

"I want to leave the world better than I found it."

"It should be better after you leave it."

Bobbie had been late to school.

"Why are you late today?" asked the teacher.

"I started too late," came the reply.

"Yes, but why did you start so late?"

"It was too late to start early."

A clever girl is one who makes you think she is taking dinner with you and not from you!

No manufacturers will ever name a car the "Coolidge" because it might not choose to run.

Not This Generation

"And now, children," said the school-teacher, "since we've finished the lesson in public speaking for the benefit of those who may become transatlantic aviators, we shall devote an hour to public silence to train you for the presidency."

Teacher: "What were the epistles?"

Little Boy: "Wives of the apostles."

"I wonder why they say 'Amen' and not 'Awomen', Bobby?"

"Because they sing hymns and not hers, stupid."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr.: "Banks is a well-known promoter."

Mrs.: "Well, I wish you'd speak to him about our Willie. He's been in the third grade for three years."—*Detroit News*.

Getting out a school publication is no picnic.

If we print jokes, readers say we are silly.

If we don't, they complain we are too serious.

If we write all our own stuff, they say we lack variety.

If we clip from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stick to the desk, we ought to be about digging up news.

If we are not digging up news, we are letting things go hang in our office.

If we don't print contributions, we aren't showing proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not, some one will say we swiped this from another magazine.

We did.

Spoken by "Jerry" Denaburg

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is easy if your clothes
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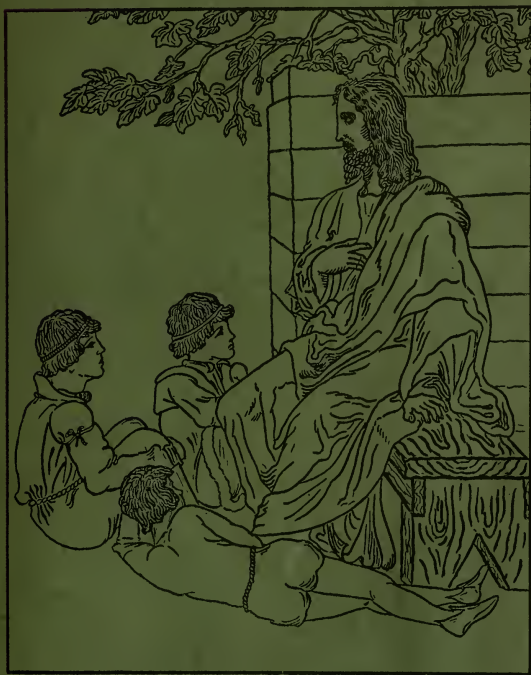
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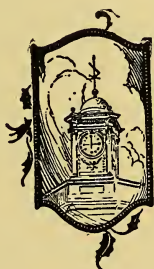
The TOWER LIST



Christmas Number

RYAFFE

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

DECEMBER

No. 3

"Unto Him That Hath"

MR. McDONALD, president of the Stewart Hotel, turned and glanced at his private secretary.

"Miss Kandon!"

"Sir!"

"As soon as you finish that letter you may go, that is, of course, unless you prefer to work tonight until the usual time."

There was a merry twinkle in his deep blue eyes, and Alice Kandon, looking up quickly, saw it and immediately replied,

"Thank you, I'm finished right this very minute," and rising, she took from the coat-rack a small hat, and pulling it over her short, black locks, exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. McDonald, just look how it is snowing. Isn't that lovely! We really are going to have a white Christmas."

"Yes, surely looks like it," agreed her employer. "Miss Kandon, here is a little remembrance from the Hotel." He got up and laid a small white envelope in Alice's hand.

"Oh! Mr. McDonald, I——"

"Never mind," he interrupted cheerfully. "Just a small reminder of Christmas. Good night." He shook her hand cordially, and in another moment a very much surprised and delighted young lady was standing on the other side of the large plate-glass door.

Excitedly, Alice tore open the envelope and counted out four crisp five-dollar bills. With sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, she ran down two flights of steps, not even waiting for an elevator, as she saw in her mind's eye an exclusive shop window with a charming, stylish little hat which only yesterday she had admired—and now—with those nice new bills tucked securely away in her handbag—it was blue, too, and wasn't there an expression that said something about "Alice blue?" And hadn't it been but yesterday that Tom, her kid brother, had said, "Gee, sis, you look great in blue," and that, from a brother, meant something—well, Tom was a dear boy.

By this time she had reached the ground floor, and pushing open the heavy swinging doors, stepped out into a world covered with glistening white flakes, sparkling lights and cheerful people, hurrying this way and that. Through and above it all the Christmas spirit prevailed.

On the opposite corner a large department store's window fairly shouted for recognition with its wonderfully decorated pine tree and its jolly, stout St. Nicholas. From somewhere near came the soft sound of Christmas music, and Alice hummed the familiar tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," as she joined the crowd and was swept along with it.

Glancing at her watch, she discovered that it was nearly four o'clock. Already the street lights were lit, for night was rapidly descending over that large, throbbing metropolis.

As she stepped briskly along in the invigorating air, she mentally calculated the amount of time she could allow for every errand that she intended doing. Of course, first she would get the hat, and then would stop in to see a sick friend. Then probably it would be time to go to the Auditorium, where all the large Glee Clubs of the city would try out for the honor of singing Christmas carols over the radio, on the first hour of Christmas morning. The chosen singers would have their pictures in the early morning paper. Alice felt sure that her group had a fine chance of winning.

Suddenly a small voice burst upon her thoughts. "Holly, lady! Only fifteen cents."

Glancing down Alice gazed straight into large brown eyes, set in a pale, thin face, upon which was plainly stamped lines of fatigue and hunger. She was in the act of opening her handbag when a small white hand clutched at her coat, and stooping quickly, Alice was just in time to catch the small swaying figure.

"Feel sick, Sonny?" she asked gently.

"N-n-no Ma'am," came a low reply, through chattering teeth, as the boy pulled himself free from Alice's encircling arm.

"Guess I'm a little hungry, because I didn't have time to eat today." Then hurrying on, as if to convince his hearer, "Would you like to buy a bunch?"

Alice smiled at the pluck and courage of the little fellow and asked, "How many bunches have you left?"

"Three."

"All right, I'll take them." As Alice slipped the coins into the eagerly outstretched hand she made a sudden decision.

"Look here, Sonny; you've sold all of your holly now, and as I haven't had much to eat today, suppose you and I get something." And then, seeing the blank look of incredulity and wonderment growing in the child's wide open eyes, she added—"You know we could call it a Christmas Eve Surprise Supper."

For a moment the child turned a delighted face to Alice, and then the joyous look slowly passed away, and he said:

"I'm sorry, lady, but I can't. Mother told me to come right home

as soon as I finished selling the holly. She wants me to keep my sister company while she does some sewing. My sister is sick, you see, and we are afraid she might get the fever."

Alice was surprised at the answer, for she had expected an eager assent. Yet—she looked again at the child's worn clothes. There was something mighty fine about the little fellow, and he didn't talk like a street urchin, either. He was standing motionless before her, rather expectantly, Alice thought. Oh! how stupid of her. Why hadn't she thought of it before?

"Sonny, suppose we get the supper anyway, and you can take it home." "Oh, thank you so much," and a small hand was slipped confidently into her own warmly clad one. That little act went straight to her heart. Holding the cold hand tightly in her own, she led the way to a doorway, and then said:

"Suppose, Sonny, you tell me all about it—your home and mother and sister." Then, as the child spoke, Alice could see a bare little room at the top of an old house. She saw a mother sitting beside a sickly child, managing to snatch a few minutes now and then to sew, and in that way add to the small amount that her little son brought home.

The child continued, while Alice pictured exactly what he was saying, and more, too, although no word of complaint or of discouragement passed his lips.

As he finished, Alice said nothing, but taking his hand again, she proceeded to a delicatessen store situated in the uptown district. Passing a certain hat store, she turned resolutely away in order not to see a little blue hat that was still on display in its window.

An hour later a very happy little boy and a young girl, laden with packages and a heavy basket, climbed the last of numerous steps. The door at the top of the stairs was suddenly opened, and a joyous voice cried, "Mother, come here, quick," and Alice caught a glimpse of the room behind; bare, but immaculate, just as she had imagined it would be.

Two hours later, when the Glee Club of Mt. Vernon Church was receiving the honor of being the selected group, a young girl was singing to a group of three all the Christmas carols that the winning club had just sung. There was joy in her heart and in her eyes as she looked around the room and realized not only the cheerful Christmas atmosphere, but also the joy she herself felt reflected in the face of the mother who sat before her, with the head of her little girl in her lap and an arm around Sonny.

The next morning in the early Herald there was a picture of the carol singers, but in the hearts of three people were engraved the face of a girl whose picture was not in the morning paper and who wore no new blue hat as she walked briskly to early Christmas service, radiating joy and good will at every step.

MARIAN G. HOLECAMP, *Senior Eight*.

Christmas In Pictures

"CHRISTMAS" has a fascinating appeal for each and every one of us. Christmas! Christmas! What varied pictures that word calls to our minds!

First of all, we see the interior of a rude stable. Our gaze is drawn to a beautiful young woman, with a madonna face, who is holding in her arms a tiny babe. Behind her stands her husband, gazing with adoring tenderness at the beautiful child. At her feet three shepherds are kneeling and worshipping, in the beauty of humility, the dear little baby.

Then the picture changes, and we are looking upon the chief thoroughfare of a city. Crowds of people, some beautifully dressed, others poorly clad, but all with very happy faces, are thronging the street, gazing into brilliantly lighted store windows, or "pouring" in and out of the already crowded shops. At the side of the street stand many Santa Clauses, who, ringing their bells, look wistfully at the happy "passers-by." They are the Salvation Army men, who are endeavoring to make the Christmas season happy for poor families. A well-dressed man steps to the side of the pavement and puts a crisp, new dollar bill into the box. He is followed by a radiant-faced child, who drops a dime as he shakes hands with Santa, and then is lost in the ever-moving crowd.

Again the picture changes, and we see a group of carol singers standing before a magnificently illuminated house. They are lustily singing—perhaps the song is "Silent Night." We notice green and red wreathes on all the windows, and red candles, burning brightly.

Then we see the interior of a crowded church. Standing in the center of the large platform is a tiny child, with long, golden curls. She makes a timid bow and walks from the stage amid a great shower of applause. Then a fat, jolly, red Santa Claus quickly mounts the steps to the platform, and after a few words of greeting, passes out gifts to the eager little children, who file by him.

Possibly one of the last pictures we see is a comfortably furnished sitting room. In one corner is a large Christmas tree, trimmed with beautiful balls and dazzling in the splendor of myriads of tiny, colored electric bulbs. In a little rocking chair, which seems surprisingly new, is seated a dark-haired girl, holding, tightly-clasped in her arms, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed dolly. Near her, on the floor, is a boy absorbed in the manipulation of an electric train. Somewhere in the room is the loving mother, who is tenderly watching her children. Beside the table is seated the father. Perhaps he is smoking, as he, too, watches the little ones. An atmosphere of contentment pervades the whole scene. There is "*Peace on earth, good-will toward men.*"

VIRGINIA McCAULEY.

Christmastime Ballads and Carols

*Adam lay bounden,
Bounden in a bond.
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.*

*And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok
As clerkes finden
Writen in here bok.*

*Ne hadde the appil take ben
The appil take ben
Ne hadde never Our Lady
A ben heavene quene.*

*O blessed be that time
The appil take was!
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gracias!*

This lovely carol, with its quaint theology, written in England in medieval times, is a good example of its kind. As we read it, we wish to know more about carols. How are they made, and how did they originate? The dictionary traces the word *carol* back through meanings of a *song*, a *dance*, a *circle*, to the root-word, *move*. Carols probably originated as songs accompanied by dancing, when all the people formed a ring, singing as they went 'round. Bishop Taylor says that the oldest carol was that sung by the angels to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem.

Before Christianity had been introduced into the world there was, both among the Romans and the Gauls and Britons, a time of feasting and merriment at the turn of the winter solstice, near December twenty-first. It was connected with pagan religion, and was a period of riot and barbaric sacrifice. The Church tried very early to suppress these revels, but later decided that the theory of substitution was better, and miracle plays and religious music were given to the people. Carols and mystery plays were two important steps in the popularizing of religion, and are sometimes related in treatment.

Although some of the early carols may be traced to given authors, most of them are traditional. They are found in several slightly different versions; sometimes stanzas are added or omitted or misplaced; sometimes the sense is confused by forgetfulness, or misunderstanding or faulty hearing; sometimes whole lines or groups of lines are lost

except their rhyme-schemes, which often are filled out with quite a different meaning. These changes are caused by their being handed down from mouth to mouth over a long period of time. All the early carols had the story of the birth of Christ, but after the Reformation more importance was put on Christmas mirth and jollity. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries many carols were republished in broadsheets, and recently many authors have copied old carols and have constructed others in a newer style.

But in the characteristics of carols, we are reminded of another form of verse. Many of them have all the characteristics of the ballad. While they are traditional, it is true that most of them were originated by the Church and changed by the people. Some, such as "*Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day*," were folk-songs made into carols. Ballads and carols, of course, were both made to be sung, and the oldest carols are of the greatest simplicity.

Ballads have a rhyme-scheme more or less rigidly adhered to, while the forms of carols are less limited. However, there are many carols which follow exactly the rhyme-scheme of ballads. Very often the rhyme is faulty, or diversified, or internal rhyme is found.

They show the preternatural influence in the marvelous appearance of the angels, and the speech of the animals, which is continued to this day. This is what they say, according to a medieval writer:

The cock—"Christus natus est."

The raven—"Quando?"

The cow—"Hac nocte."

The ox—"Ubi?"

The sheep—"Bethlehem."

There is much repetition, including that of Latin or English phrases, or both intermingled, as the word *nowell*, meaning the shout of joy at the birth of Christ.

A very unusual ballad is "*The Holy Well*," beginning—

As it fell out one May morning,
And upon one bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear mother,
If He might go to play.

"To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
And to play, pray get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint,
At night when you come home."

So Jesus went out to play, but none of the rich children would play with Him, and He went home to tell His mother. She begged Him to punish them, but He replied that He had been sent to aid sinful souls.

Many of the familiar carols we love to sing are ballads. "*The First Nowell*," "*We Three Kings*," and "*Good King Wenceslaus*." The greatest Christmas hymn of all, "*O Come All Ye Faithful*," has many of the characteristics of a ballad.

And finally, let us close by quoting a carol by a lady dear to all who know her or who have read her poems.

A Christmas Folk-Song

*The Little Jesus came to town,
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would shield Him from the cold?*

*Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."*

*Up rose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.*

*The little Jesus came to town,
With ox and sheep He laid Him down,
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!*

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

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MARGARET TICKNOR, Senior Eight.



"The Light That Shineth In Darkness"

A LONELY MAN trudged down a deserted street of a big city. The night was cold, and the streets were slushy with melted, dirty snow. The man looked away from the ugly pavement and looked up. He saw only towering buildings and a dark gray sky. The lights of man's city hid the light of God's stars. The man half-consciously turned his collar up and then jammed his hands in his topcoat pockets. Could this night be the eve before Christmas? Christmas—the time when everything should be beautiful. Christmas—the time when all the world should outwardly manifest its joy over the anniversary of the birth of its Savior.

"And here is a world," said the man to himself, as he walked along, "ugly and damp, cold, unresponsive. And here is a city with thousands upon thousands of people not realizing the miracle of the birth of the Shepherd of mankind." And in his heart he blamed the people.

Out of one of the buildings a woman came. It was Christmas eve, so the man took the liberty of bidding her, partly as a matter of habit, "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry!" cried the woman. "Yes, for you. But in that building my child lies dying, and you bid *me* a merry Christmas!"

The man was surprised. He had not expected any reply like that. He helped the woman down a curb.

"Thank you," she said. The man felt that he should say something.

"I'm sorry about your child. It seems to me that death should not—could not—possibly occur on the eve of Christmas. There should be birth—birth of life, of better ideas and ideals—not death."

The woman felt a kinship to this man. Then she told him of her child; how this was the time of the crisis, and how she was not allowed to go near her own child, how the strain was wearing her down physically and mentally.

"But what are you—may I ask where you are going now?" the man queried.

"To the Cathedral," she said simply. Then they were there. The man walked into the church with the woman. They sat in the back.

The priest was talking in a soft, inspired voice. "In a *manger* in the crowded, and perhaps evil, town of Bethlehem in Judea, the Child Jesus was brought forth. The place had been ugly, but His presence made it more beautiful than any place in the world. There was sin in the country 'round, but He purified the very atmosphere. He was the Son of God, and God is everywhere. He was the Light of the world."

"Joy to the world the Lord is come!" sang the choir.

The man and the woman left the warm mellow-lighted church and proceeded together down the street in the direction from whence they had come. They were silent until the woman reached the building where she lived.

Then, "I *know* my child is better," she said. "His presence has purified the place. Good night!" She disappeared into the blackness of the doorway.

"Faith," quoted the man thoughtfully, "the evidence of things not seen!"

He continued down the street. A light snow was falling now; three small boys passed him chattering. The world was beautiful to the man now, and its people were good. In his heart he blamed no man.

ANNA E. BAGWELL, *Junior One.*

Christmas

Vitality,
Penetrating warmth,
Colossal anticipation.
Mildewed, yet
Refreshing customs;
Segregation—
Superfluous secrecy,
Incorrigible curiosity.

Sanctity,
Spiritual reanimation,
Ineffable contemplation.
Transitory, yet
Soothing chimes,
Wholeness—
Unrestrained adoration,
Peaceful worship.

Christmas.

DOROTHY HAYS, *Senior Five.*

Christmas Recollections

At this time of the year our thoughts turn to Christmas and all that goes with it. They may also go back to the time when Santa Claus and fairies were "honest and truly" people. Can you remember the secret conferences that were carried on, the mysterious packages that came into the house, and the mysterious way the older people stopped talking when you entered the room?

When I was very small, I delighted in going shopping with the older people. They complained of the rush and the trouble that Christmas was, but to me it was all wonderful. Being pushed and pulled meant nothing when there were the lovely toys to be seen in the toy department. Then, too, Santa Claus, who very kindly consented to see the children, was sure to have a gift for the little girl or boy who had been good. The odd thing about this person was that he seemed to be everywhere at once. I think a law should be passed limiting the number of St. Nicks. It would save small children from trying to figure out how many brothers he had.

Even though my belief in Santa is a thing of the past, I still look eagerly forward to Yuletide. I am as much interested in it today as I ever was. I have my own shopping to do, my part in the planning of how the holiday is to be spent, and play Santa by trimming the tree, yet I enjoy it more than ever. I hope I shall always have the Christmas feeling, no matter what happens.

ANNA RISCHKA

Anticipation

?

What am I?
I hardly know.
Or into what I'm going to grow.
But I know what I'd like to be
If I could pick out my own me.
A slim, silver sliver of the moon,
Whose life is beauty,
Whose death is soon.
I'd slip from the moon and I'd silently float,
With my silver nose and my silver throat.

MARY LOUISE ZSCHIESCHE.

Wishes

[Into the class of Senior Two,
Miss Crabtree brought a fairy crew.
The queen of the fairies held her wand,
And led us all into fairyland.
For only one hour we could stay,
And one little wish was our only pay.
So we each made a wish (for we all wanted to go)
Some of our wishes you may see below.]

To be for an hour—a wild rose,
With the delicate pinkness that is her very soul,
And offer up my honey on a rose-white altar
To scarlet butterflies.

GERTRUDE ROSEN.

I'd like to be an actress
And live the lives of many.
One day a queen, and then a maid,
And then a beggar without a penny.
Oh! the gorgeous gowns I'd wear,
From head to foot in lace or fur.
Huge headresses will be my crown,
And upon all the people I'd look down
Who sat in the audience place
And admired my poise and grace.
I would make people laugh or cry,
And sometimes make believe I'd die.
Then I could wake all over again,
And this time be the Queen of Spain.
My pages would all bow to me;
I'd live a life of ecstasy!
This is only a wish, you see,
And so I must come back and be just me.

FANNIE LEVIN.

I'd like to be a brownie,
Go hopping through the leaves,
And step upon the mushrooms,
And play beneath the trees.

I'd like to wander in the woods,
And play with others, too.
I'd like to find the fairy hood,
Be of the fairy crew.

ROSAMOND MORTIMER.

I should like
To be a tree.
To lift my branches
High into the air;
To watch the silvery birds
In their flight.
To see the shining stars,
And almost touch them;
To be swayed back and forth
By the breath of the wind.

MILDRED FINE.

To Be a Little Girl Again

I'd like to be a little girl again,
And jump and romp and play again.
I'd like to take my fairy book,
And scan the fairy's favorite nook.
See castles high, with towers gray,
Against the span of baby blue;
Or perhaps their homes in woods,
With apple seeds for cushions spread.
The deep-piled velvet underfoot,
Keeps fairy feet from undue hurt.
Just to live a fairy life,
And be a little girl again!

F. SINKER.

November Trees

I walk between columns of high trees,
That make me want to bend upon my knees
And worship their tall, silent aloofness,
Their black straightness that to me is loveliness.
They are such proud, pathetic, unadorned old men,
Awaiting resurrection—new life again.
Their gentle, bony hands seem on my head,
Not envying my youth, but promising instead.
Of laughing, singing, shining, crimson, gold.
The gentle, sure serenity of being old—quite old.

MARY LOUISE ZSCHIESCHE.

Inarticulate

What wordless pain
To hear the low murmur of pines
Beside a moon-swept lake;
To hear the tempest's roar
And feel the rain;
To view the burst of dawn
From some lovely
Promontory;
To live through a fragrant, flowery
Summer day,
Watching barest wisps of cloud
Skim high above
To see the skies
All glorious with setting sun,
And dusk descend—silent, soothing;
Its breezes soft, caressing.
To feel the stars
And deep blue night;
Then to tread, an Autumn day,
Deserted paths;
Leaves crackling underfoot.
To feel the tang of Autumn air;
Crisp and cool.
The lure of distant smoky hills—
The urge to go.
To live all this
And be inarticulate!

LILLIAN ERNST



To My Friend, the Steam Shovel

I love the blow of whistles
On ships going out to sea.
But yon grey filthy monster,
I have no love for thee.

I hate your constant shrieking,
Groaning, puffing and crashes.
I hate your terrible clanking,
And your nasty flying ashes.

You may think you have talent,
And do wondrous work for me.
But I can't think of you as gallant,
I'd sooner let you be.

I loathe the grinding of your chain,
You distract me now and then;
But then, old scout, you're not to blame,
'Cause you were made by men.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE.

"Odes" to a Steam Shovel (On York Road)

It is a monster,
A giant monster;
It snorts and grins and spits fire.
It seems to be licking its lips,
As it gulps huge mouthfuls
Of men!
Workmen! All sacrificed
To the insatiable appetite
Of a machine.

S. K. C., Senior Seven.

In Self-Defense

You call me a monster,
Selfish gormand, grasping,
A dragon breathing fire and smoke.
I am a thing of man;
I do his work.
Where I have been
New beauty comes;
A reaching road,
Progress, dear homes.

C. C. L., Senior Seven.

To a Steel Magnate's Daughter

*Your beauty is a lily,
A delicate lily, a fragrant lily.
Soft as the summer night,
Fragrant as summer incense.*

*A lily
Bending in the breeze, tender, quiet,
A breeze you do not understand.*

*How many dark souls
Ploughed with suffering
In a steel mill
Have made the soil rich
Where you flower?*

*Always the winds
Are not so kind.*

CATHERINE C. CARROLL, *Junior One.*

This poem was awarded honorable mention in "The Current Literature Contest."

The Cathedral

*In the Middle Ages men built cathedrals.
They built them to the glory of God.
But they also built for the future—for us.*

*We are building the cathedral of civilization.
We may glorify God by making it possible for others in the future to
praise Him.
We are glad that their work will be better than ours.*

*Each one of us will make a change in the cathedral.
We each may do what no one else can do.
We must care, not for gold nor praise, but for the beauty of the
cathedral.*

*Why must we hate others, when they are making the cathedral, too?
We must help the less-knowing ones.
We must keep anyone from tearing it down.*

*There must have been people in the past who built it wrongly.
But we have no right to destroy their work.
We are not doing perfect work ourselves.
But we hate for others to hurt what we have done.*

*Teachers help others make the stones of the cathedral square and straight
and level.*

*Thereby they make their own more beautiful.
But it is hard not to help too much,
And it is the greatest thing in the world to do.*

*It is hard to build the cathedral.
But it is the greatest work there is.*

MARGARET TICKNOR.

We Offer Thanks!

*Frosty nights, chilly nights,
Corn stalks withered and brown;
Hills of fire and scarlet;
A partridge drumming a drowsy tune.
Behind the ridge a fox barks
Out of this New Hampshire peace.
A Harvest Moon rises
Over closed stockade gates,
Adding to its contentment.
A voice is heard,
"For these we offer thanks."
The voice carries—
Awakes a nation.
Each year we offer thanks,
Because—
The harvest is richer
In happiness,
In material prosperity,
In the joy of living.
And so—
We bow our heads
In prayer—
In thanks.*

AMIE BELLE DUWALL, Senior Ten.

Radio Music

*I recline comfortably in my armchair;
The smoke from my pipe moves lazily upward.
And at my feet, Ted, my dog,
Snuggling close, dreams peacefully.*

*From over the ether lanes comes music—
The music of many lands;
And on a magic carpet,
Drawn by a hundred winged elves,
I sail out into the night.*

*I hear the clack of castanets;
And dark-eyed Senoritas tell me
"This is Spain."*

*Lo! My fairy guides move swiftly.
E'er I know what I'm about
The lilting strains of a waltz fall upon my ears.
I am in gay Vienna.*

*Neither seas, nor mountains, nor deserts,
Halt my magic flight.
Far above the moonlit clouds I sail;
My elfin escort bears me onward.*

*I hear the quaint, exotic notes of a Japanese love song;
I am in a Nippon garden.
Lanterns glow dimly, and the tinkle of a fountain
Fills my ears.*

*But I must haste on;
For e'er long the moon will set,
And my fairy company will be no more.*

*On wings of silver they bear me through the night;
The golden moonbeams scintillate on the waters below me.
There comes to me now the stirring, yet sweet, sound
Of Maryland, My Maryland.
These waters are the Chesapeake, and I am home once more.*

JOHN H. FISCHER.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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A Real Beginning Towards Peace

THE LEADERS of great nations are striving for peace. The horror, the awfulness, the utter futility of war is apparent. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of such a trend in thought is the recent meeting of Premier MacDonald and President Hoover to confer on disarmament. But are such meetings valuable beyond a gesture of international goodwill? They are dazzling and awe-inspiring, but perhaps really transient in their benefits. Is anything done to carry over into the daily lives of the populace the ideals voiced at the conference?

The real work toward peace depends upon the schools. Need we have a program of disarmament? How much better would be a program of unarmament from kindergarten through high school; definite work to build a feeling of respect and fair play towards other nations.

Someone has said, "Women do not need rights; they need only use their power." Our having a woman president soon is doubtful. But I have seen a kindergarten teacher do in a quiet, sincere, deeply thrilling way, a bit of work toward world peace that makes one wonder whether being president could accomplish much more.

It was Armistice Day. One child said, "Armistice Day means not to fight." The song to the flag was sung, because the flag tells us to be "good and kind and brave." The Bible passage was the verse that begins, "Praise the Lord, *all ye nations*." Then the bell rang at eleven o'clock, and the teacher led the children in a short prayer. After the prayer some very attractive pictures of children of all nations were shown. The idea that people are fundamentally alike was stressed by the interesting little verses under the pictures. No idea that other races have "ways that are dark and ways that are strange" was evident. The entire program was intended to establish two ideas—that America is made up of all nations and that friendship between nations is good.

Is it too much to hope that such a program, believed in and worked for by every teacher from kindergarten to high school will banish war?

ESTHER MILLER, *Senior One*.



This Thing Happiness

By MAX S. WOLFE

THERE WERE few men who had more reason to be contented than Robert Mason, movie magnate. A large income, good health and a fine home should have been enough to keep him satisfied with life in general.

Yet the elderly head of the Mason Pictures Corporation was far from being happy. Indeed, he was miserable. Everything was as it should have been. Nothing whatever had gone wrong. He, in his heart of hearts, could not understand the cause of his unrest, but he was not complacent. Something was missing, and he knew not what it was.

The making of movies was his pleasure, as well as a profitable business. He had a yearning to take actual part in some of his productions, but natural limitations would not permit. He satisfied himself with garnering in the profits derived from the talents of others.

Not always had he been wealthy. It wasn't so long ago when he was but a hand-laboring shoe cobbler. Many hours he spent at the last, hammering pegs, cutting leather, sewing shoes, from early morning until almost midnight. Callouses grew on his fingers; in his muscles there was a perpetual ache.

One fine day Dame Fortune smiled, nay, she laughed with him. A dying relative, a will, and the rest. He left his laborious trade and became one of the idle rich.

A life of labor had put its stamp on him. He thought of increasing his wealth; so when the moving picture industry was in its infancy, he saw its potential possibilities, and formed what was to become one of the greatest concerns in the business.

For a little while he had been content. Everything his heart desired he had or could get. He really believed that his wealth could keep him from worry of any kind forever.

How soon, though, he was disillusioned. There crept into his heart a thief in the night. Slowly he began to analyze various factors of life. Things which had seemed excellent began to show flaws. People who had seemed friends were soon found to be friends, yes, but of his money. For him they cared not a whit.

Now, he endeavored to find a way in which to gain real happiness.

Riding in his private car, he sat for hours in deep study. Those near him thought he was pondering ways to further increase his worldly goods. They thought their chief to be happy. What had he to cause him any grief? Nothing, so far as they could see. He was rich; therefore he must be content, reasoned they.

His mind was trying to pierce the veil of despair. Beyond there was a solution. Once that was done and followed out, no matter what it meant, Robert Mason would cease thinking. But not before then.

He arrived at the little town where his company was filming a picture. Here he had come to get some rest from his humdrum existence.

Somehow, he thought that something would suggest itself at this quiet spot.

Conditions were excellent. The sun shone brightly. The scenery was appropriate to their needs. The players worked with enthusiasm, and the scenes were nearing completion.

Mason was watching the work from a chair back of the cameras. Someone tapped him on the shoulder. He ignored the summons. That someone tapped more vigorously. He turned and saw a most miserable looking male human.

There was not a clean spot visible on the man's face or clothing. His coat and hat were torn, but not much more than the rest of his scanty apparel. A week's growth of beard had accumulated on a face that perhaps had not felt a drop of water in weeks. In polite circles, he would have been termed a tramp. More commonly, he was known as a "bum."

From behind the beard came a voice, which asked, "Say buddy, got a match?"

As he stopped, someone ordered the stranger to move on. Mason, for some reason, asked him to stay.

He gave the unkempt man a box of matches. A broad grin illuminated the features back of the hairy growth, and the man again spoke, "Thank you," he said. "Now me and my pards can have some mulligan stew. We got potatoes from one farm, a "kittle" from a store, and some beef from a smokehouse. Now we got a match, and we gonna have some stew. Whoopee! Say, whadda you say to joining us? We've got enough for you, too. Come on! You'll have to gobble from a tin can, but we are not sticklers for etiquette. When you are hungry, you want to eat, not show off."

Here was something out of the ordinary, thought Mason. To eat with some Knights of the Road out of a tin can. He thought for a moment, and joined the man. After a little walk they found two other gentlemen of much leisure sunning themselves and awaiting the return of the "heat bringer."

With the camaraderie of the road, the two others did not think it unusual for a dignified, well dressed man to have "dinner" with them. One rinsed four tin cans in a nearby stream. A kettle, supported by

sticks, was placed over a fire. It was slightly leaky, but that was speedily fixed with some moist earth.

Some of the actors had followed their chief, and were looking, mouths agape, at the very strange sight. Their boss, a man who could buy a chain of restaurants and hotels with little thought, was eating half-cooked beef stew from a slightly rusty tin can. He was seated on a tree stump near three hoboes.

It had been a long time, thought Mason, since he had had such a fine time. Here he didn't need to pretend. Here he was a man, slightly hungry, and invited to dine. The correct knife or fork, napkins or other usages of polite society were the least of his thoughts.

He had found the way in which he could be happy. He could be content as a bum, or as you might have it, a tramp.

The meal finished, he rose and proffered a bank note. To his surprise, the men seemed insulted, and then they assured him that he had been their guest. They couldn't think of accepting pay for the repast. But, of course, if he insisted and wished to aid them along the thorny path of life; why, they might consider taking it.

He arrived soon after at his town house. He debated with himself the idea which he had conceived on the long trip back.

Here, he argued, he was not happy. He had already accumulated enough money to keep him the rest of his days. He had no one to take care of, so his disappearance would not cause any real harm.

Out there he could do as he please; go where his fancy dictated, up in the morning, no business worries before him, no meetings, conferences or arguments would confront him, the sun overhead, his feet on the road to everywhere. Free and happy; contented forever he would be.

It was settled then. He would join the ranks of the wanderers. He would be a hobo. Yes, but a happy hobo.

Cleverly he managed the transfer of his interest to a trustee, who didn't notice anything extraordinary. The reins of the huge concern he turned over to his subordinates, with the excuse that he was to take an extended vacation.

But his face? Wherever he might go, his anxious friends would be able to find him by that. Ah, that too, was thought of.

There was a skillful surgeon who was willing to listen to reason and forget immediately afterward. He changed the nose of Robert Mason, who was under the influence of ether. A skillful hand guiding a scalpel here and there changed the lines of the face. A sharp needle

grafted much hair in the eyebrows. A bone remodeled in the chin completed the work.

Robert Mason was gone as far as his features were concerned. The same heart and feeling was beneath, but the face was that of an entirely different man. No one would ever be able to recognize him. He had vanished under the surgeon's knife.

Recovered, he gathered a few belongings and started out. The surgeon would send him sums of money at his request. Money for his own needs? No, money for aid in good deeds and worthy charities.

The farmer who heeded his plea for a bit of food and a drink of water was astounded to find a sum of money under a plate, with a bit of paper on which was written, "A happy man appreciates your charitable heart." The poor orphans, the bewildered widow left with an aching heart and despair at the thought of facing a cruel world alone, the young man anxious to carry on his education, the young woman in dire straits, the man who had sinned but who wanted to begin all over; each in a mysterious manner received just enough to do the worthwhile things he desired, and each read the only message he ever received from his unknown friend, "To make you happy is the wish of a happy man."

From town to town, from country to country, roams this vagabond. He makes happy faces, light and cheerful hearts, instead of gloomy, despairing mortals. These are the handiwork of a happy rover, formerly cold-blooded money-maker Mason.

Panama Via the West Indies

LAST APRIL, during the Easter holidays, I went to New York to apply for a job on one of the United States' Army Transports. The secretary to the general superintendent was a good friend of mine, and promised me she would wire me if an opportunity for a trip presented itself. I thanked her, returned home, and forgot about it.

On June 4th I received a telegram stating that two positions as bellboys were open on the U. S. A. T. Cambria, which was leaving for Panama June 6th. I wired a reply, saying that I would call at her house June 5th. Misunderstanding my poorly worded message, she told the steward that we were unable to come; to cancel the jobs. This was the state of affairs when we arrived. (I went with a friend from Hopkins.)

Imagine our surprise! We passed through a stage of greater distress than I can make clear, but, thanks to political manipulations, we received the jobs.

We found in our quarters three other college boys, two fine fellows from Oglethorpe University and an excellent companionable chap from North Carolina State University. We all became fast friends.

On June 6th, the Cambria, a twenty thousand-ton passenger boat, carrying commissioned United States officers and their families, non-commissioned officers and their families, and ordinary troopers without their families, set sail for Porto Rica and Panama. The ship's purpose was to take newly enlisted troopers and officers of the U. S. A. Foreign Service to Porto Rica or Panama for a term of three years and to bring to the United States those soldiers who had served their three years or were on furlough.

Well, here we were sailing. Would I get seasick? Were the meals good? Would the work be hard? What would I see? All these questions continually appeared in my mind; however, they were soon answered. I did not get seasick, the meals were excellent, and the work was too easy; that is, for the first week.

Now just what were my duties? I was to be on watch from 6 A. M. until 10 A. M. and from 2 P. M. until 6 P. M. The rest of the time was my own, to be spent as I pleased. My "labor" consisted of sitting before a bell board and answering the room calls. I polished brass and swept the alleyways to pass the time away.

The time elapsing between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. I spent washing my soiled linen, or watching the white-capped waves as they gracefully climbed the sides of the ship, or chatting with the talkative troopers. After six o'clock I would take a bath, box with some of the crew, and at eight o'clock be ready for the evening moving pictures on the after-will deck.

After four and a half days of calm sailing we passed through the tropics to San Juan, Porto Rico. I shall never forget the inspiring sight of those brownish green hills looming out of the distant horizon, the many-colored ancient Spanish fortress guarding the entrance to the bay, and the striking army band that greeted us at the docks, playing not the customary patriotic songs, much to our amazement, but a medley of popular jazz tunes. Add to this a huge crowd of soldiers, American civilians, pretty native girls, cab drivers and stevedores, who formed the reception committee.

I had never travelled on the sea at all; therefore, it was exceedingly blissful to feel solid ground under my feet after having been on water only four and a half days. Armed with cameras and films, my cabin mates and I set out to explore San Juan. When we returned, four hours later, we had pictures of the ancient Spanish fortress, the various old and new office buildings, churches and typical tropical homes. Need-

less to say we had snapshots of a few of the pretty native maidens, who willingly posed for us.

We remained in San Juan for two days, and at one o'clock of the last pulled anchor, tooted our sirens in farewell, and were off for Colon, Panama. We sailed along the Porto Rican coast for approximately six hours, until it faded in the horizon. Three and a half days later we reached Colon, which is on the eastern side of the Panama Canal. We docked here for four hours, and then started through the Panama Canal, an event to which we had all eagerly looked forward.

It was seven miles from the Caribbean breakwaters to the entrance of the Gatun Locks. At this point we were lifted eighty-five feet to the level of the Isthmus Lake. The ponderous double gates at the outer end of the lock swung open, and the stately Cambria, taken in tow by four electric engines ("Iron Mules"), was guided into the lock chamber. The big gates closed, and the water began to bubble up through the many holes in the bottom of the chamber. This process took exactly five minutes. In this manner we passed through the second and third chambers into the lake.

Here we were afforded a rare opportunity. Up until now we had been given only salt water for our shower baths, but since the lake contained fresh water, the tanks were replenished with it.

We sailed through the broad channel of the lakes for a distance of thirty-two miles. The dense tropical shrubbery and trees, the screeching of parrots and monkeys, and the beautiful scenery were indeed thrilling. We passed Culebra Cut, the remarkable engineering feat, and saw on one of its huge rocky sides a bronze plaque to commemorate its famous chief engineer, G. W. Goethals. After passing through the single thirty-foot lock of Pedro Miguel, we were lowered again fifty-five feet to the level of the Pacific by means of the Miralores Locks. In less than an hour we reached our terminal point, Balboa, which is a few miles from Panama City.

It was at Panama City that we saw evidences of real Spanish life. I was somewhat disappointed in the maidens. They did not have brilliant combs in their hair (there sometimes were flowers), nor did they wear brilliant colored Spanish shawls. Oh! the pity of disillusioned youth! However, almost every yard contained a cocoanut clustered at the top of the tall, meager-foliaged trees. Old women, smoking pipes, peddled tropical fruits, peanuts, monkeys and parrots. The quiet, peaceful atmosphere of the city during the day gave way to a wild, intoxicated, "jazz-crazed" mob of revellers at night. Panama City is a quaint and interesting place to visit in the day, but a fine place to stay away from at night.

We spent three days here, and then moved back to Colon. The two days here were devoted to taking on troopers and freight. I met new and interesting personalities among the new boat-load of troopers, many of whom related their amazing and pitiful experiences in the disease-ridden jungles of Panama.

Seven days later we arrived in the good old U. S. A., after an absence of twenty-three days. I found that I had gained little money, but the experiences were priceless. I made many friends, travelled nearly five thousand miles, but I doubt whether I shall ever fully forgive my good friend for leaving open the porthole at sea one night and almost drowning us by the great influx of water.

P. AARONSEN.

A "Who's Who" I Know

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

FROM THE "Who's Who in America," 1928-29, we find:

Childers, James Saxon, writer; b. Birmingham, Ala., April 19, 1899; a. Hayden Prior and Pattie Undine (Goldwire) C.; grad. Central High School, Birmingham, 1916; B. A. Oberlin College, 1920; Rhodes Scholar from Alabama, Oxford U., B. A. 1923, M. A. 1927; unmarried. Prof. English, Birmingham Southern College since 1925; columnist for Birm. News. Served in Naval Air Force as pilot, 1918, Mem. Alpha Tau Omega. Episcopalian. Mason. Club: Birmingham Athletic. Author: *The Uneducated Poets*, 1925; *Prose Tales of Mother Goose*, 1925; *Robert McAlpine, a Biography*, 1926; *Laurel and Straw*, 1927. Home: 1300 N. 31st St., Birmingham, Ala.

I entered the study of Mr. Childers and encountered a most attractive young man, dark, sleek hair, deep-set eyes, and an extremely boyish countenance. This was one of Birmingham's idols, "Jimmy," the writer, and English "Prof" at Birmingham Southern. He was very cordial and showed me his interesting and fascinating collections of books. He is said to have one of the finest collections of "first editions" and rare books owned by anyone in that section of the country. To one who is attracted by books. Mr. Childers' study is enchanting. There are rows upon rows of books all about the room. In one of the spaces where there are no books he has two oars which he used in two races at Oxford University. He holds no small place in the heart of an athlete.

As a boy Mr. Childers played in the streets of Birmingham, Ala. He graduated from the Central High School and attended Oberlin Col-

lege, where he took both scholastic and athletic honors. He was chosen a Rhodes Scholar from Alabama, went to England and spent four years at Oxford. Oxford's method of study appeals to me greatly. Mr. Childers spent six months in the study of books and six months traveling in various parts of Europe. This is done alternately throughout the four years. While at Oxford he made a record in tennis, rugby, swimming, and his work on the rowing crew. His book, "Laurel and Straw," gives a most interesting insight into the real Oxford life. One does not soon forget his vivid description of the race on the Thames.

Mr. Childers is a columnist for a Birmingham paper, conducting a column, "By the Way." In July, 1928, he took a trip around the world, continuing his column during his travels. He spent most of his time in the East, but had cholera while in China, and was in the hospital. This hastened his return home to take treatment at Johns Hopkins.

His last book is "Hilltop in the Rain," which is an interesting portrayal of young Morgan Henley, who married on the hopes of what the royalties would bring from his first book. To make ends meet he becomes a professor of English. Besides the struggles and adventures of Morgan Henley, there is a startling viewpoint of education in the South, discussing the State law which demands summer school work from the rural teachers, at a tremendous sacrifice on their part, bringing forth a remarkable contrast to our teaching and training facilities in Maryland.

Mr. Childers is now writing a travel book which will be published some time next year. He has a mystery story, to be released in January, 1930, in which I have no little interest. There is also promise of another novel to be published some time in 1930.

Briefly I have sketched this most interesting life. I have learned this since I met Mr. Childers. I am the proud owner of a copy of "War Birds," which he gave me when I met him, and autographed copies of "Laurel and Straw" and "Hilltop in the Rain." My meeting him, hearing about him, reading about him, and perusing his novels has culminated into one of those things that Briggs appropriately calls "A Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime."



SCHOOL NOTES



WAES HAEL! WAES HAEL!

Old England in pomp and revelry will live again within our portals! On Friday, December the twentieth the Earl of Richmond and his noble lady will welcome to their castle hall all their vassals and their retainers, all the villagers, mummers, maskers, tumblers, wrestlers and merrymakers—all who would share the bounty of royal hospitality at this great festival of joy and good will. Bury your feuds and forget your troubles. Don your best wimples and kirtles. Come with jollity into the realm of the Lord of Misrule, where the jesters crack their jokes, the dancers crack their heels, and all sober countenances must crack into a grin.

Glee Club

At our Armistice Day assembly the Glee Club sang "Lovely Appear," by Gounod. The Club's program for December follows:

- 1 At the Govans Club Community Singing December 17:
Jeanette-Isabella. (Old French Carol) (Girls' Glee Club)
In the Silence of the Night. (Norwegian Carol) (Girls' and Men's Glee Club)
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night—Praetorius (Girls' Glee Club)
Cantique de Noel—Adam (Girls' and Men's Glee Club)
- 2 For the Christmas Pageant:
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night—Praetorius (Girls' Glee Club)
God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen (Men's Glee Club)

ORCHESTRA

In Assembly, November 18, the orchestra played the selections "Longing" and "Humoresque" from the Tschaikowsky suite. At the Govans Club Community Singing, December 17, it will play "Selections from the Messiah."

Rich Opportunities At Normal

That the faculty and staff are always thinking of our welfare is evidenced by the way they are continually making it possible for those students who will take advantage of the opportunity to see and hear the best in the artistic world whether it be drama or music. The dates for the remaining concerts by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra are December 11, January 22, and February 19. Five very good tickets have been reserved for these. We are to be given the privilege of hearing the Philharmonic Orchestra on December 17, January 8, January 29, and March 5 if we only will. Here is just the news you've been waiting for, so read carefully! The Theater Guild presents in the near future, dates to be announced later, "The Strange Interlude" and "Wings Over Europe." These are two plays you can't afford to miss and still belong to that select group who see and hear the best. Twenty tickets have been reserved for these occasions at only one dollar each. All tickets procured at the Dormitory Office upon request. Do you appreciate these opportunities? Then give them your support!

Back To Those Good Old Normal Days

IT was a thrilling experience for everybody in the whole school during the week-end of November ninth. It was "Homecoming."

On Friday afternoon some of the Alumni returned to Newell Hall with the same old smile of last June. It was beginning to be a family re-union, but with Saturday came many more.

On Saturday morning all the new teachers, who had been in the field for the past ten weeks met together, with the instructors of Normal to give an account of what had taken place and what is taking place and to discuss the problems that may confront them in the future. Then followed luncheon.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." With that in mind the Alumni with our students gathered together on the Front Campus to show us that they had not forgotten how to play hockey, how to make a home run and to carry a soccer ball skillfully down the field.

But we must include the dance. Music could be heard throughout the corridors of the "Ad" Building arousing that deep desire to be on the floor immediately. The floor was crowded with happy, smiling faces which seemed to say again without speaking a word—

"In those dear old Normal days—

In those dear old Normal days

Free from sorrow, care and strife

The happiest moments of our life."

Thus ended the evening.

New Ideals For Old

The class of nineteen-thirty is changing an old custom of Normal School. Heretofore, the Juniors have worked very hard, decorating the graduation platform for the Seniors. Often it rained, and it was no joke to climb barbed-wire fences and gather arm loads of wet daisies infested with all kinds of queer, crawly bugs that immediately deserted their former homes for new ones. Our class is overcoming this inconvenience as well as improving the appearance of the platform by planting shrubbery.

First, we shall raise the lattice work at the back of the platform and plant white wisteria at either end, training it to spread across the back. At the base of the wisteria, there will be creamy weigela, a honeysuckle-like flowering bush, that will obscure the woodwork.

Across the front of the platform, there will be a different type of shrubbery. At each end we shall see the tall *Kerria Japonica* with its bright, yellow globe-shaped flowers as these shrubs are not attractive near the ground, lower bushes will nestle almost under them. Covered, early in June, with a tiny bell-shaped white flower, the *Deutzia*, interspersed with that happy, yellow daisy, the *Coreopsis*, will curve around the *Japonica* and make a brave attempt to stretch from one side to the other. However, they will be hindered by the old-fashioned bridal wreath or *spirea* which, as far as I can tell, intends to hold the place of honor.

In this manner, the class of nineteen-thirty will preserve the white and gold, in a more lasting way, not only by giving us a more suitable background for our own graduation but also providing an ever increasing place of beauty for each class in turn.

MILDRED LEE DAVIS, Sr. 3


Appreciating Heroes

On November 14, Mr. Minnegan asked the Seniors in their class-meeting what they thought of the idea of establishing a fund for the benefit of those people who may be seriously injured in any way while engaging in athletics here at Normal. Everyone unanimously agreed that it would be a very worthy thing to do and when it was announced that Victor Herbert's "*Madame Modiste*" could be had as a theater benefit to start the fund everybody was still more enthusiastic over it. The date for this benefit will be December 9. Come back after the Thanksgiving holidays with a full money bag ready to help along this worthy cause.

Chi Alpha Sigma Program

The first regular meeting of the Chi Alpha Sigma was held on November eighth at Mt. Royal Inn, 1309 N. Charles Street. The speaker of the evening was Dr. Buford Johnson of the Psychology Department of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Johnson has a nursery school for children from three to five years run in connection with her university work. Everyone was most interested in her talk which was entitled "The Pre-School Child in Relation to Social Progress." Dr. Johnson feels that the nursery school may have grown too fast for its own good. One of the most pressing problems is in connection with the training of the people who are to work with these young children. Dr. Johnson suggested that valuable assistance could be given by girls of Junior High School age and training as something best described as a "Mother's Helper." The training of the supervisor, or actual teacher of these children, has not been successfully worked out yet. The main aim is that these teachers should know the method and technique of helping children to learn to help themselves.

Our Hallowe'en Party

H! YOU should have been at the party. "Gee! we had a good time." "Wasn't the monkey funny?" "Wasn't Gene's costume original?" These and many other questions and exclamations were heard, all up and down the corridors of the "dorms" and the "ad" building, on Monday.

But the monkey wasn't the only thing that was funny and the costumes weren't the only things which were original. The curtains on the stage were all covered with very ghostly looking objects, and at the side of the stage was the "graveyard." Here were the graves of some of our best friends and some of our worst enemies. We even found the grave of "Mr. Unit" the old fellow who has been frightening some of the Seniors. The witches' well was quite an attraction. Can you imagine why? It was full of delicious cider which tasted so good when you were real hot after playing some very exciting and enjoyable games. Even the Jack-o-lanterns seemed to enjoy our games because they had broad smiles on their faces. Then, too, the ears of corn all around the walls nodded their approval.

These people won prizes for their costumes:

First—Mr. Walstine (a monkey).

Second—Mr. and Mrs. Woelfel (grave-diggers)

Alas! when 11.30 came none of us wanted to go to bed because we were all so much excited. Why everything was so enjoyable and original that it might have been called "an original party."

HELEN F. MAXELL, Jr. 7

The Mummers' League of 1929-30

The Mummers' League is well under way aiming toward a most successful year. We added thirty-five new members of the Junior Class to carry on the ideals of the Mummers' League next year.

Since that beginning, we have accomplished three things. The first of these you do not know about for it was a treat for our members. This was a welcoming party for the new-comers in our organization. The theme of the party was a "Night in the Bowery" and this theme was carried out in the entertainment and refreshments. The other two performances which we have presented you have seen. The first was our presentation at the Hallowe'en party of a weird, ghostlike show developed from the idea of a colored mammy's cabin on a Hallowe'en night. The last performance was the "Ghost Story" which was termed one of the best and most humorous plays given at the school, recently.

The Mummers' League is planning a full and varied program for the rest of the year. We are expecting to present two or three one-act plays during the course of the year. We are, also, hoping to present one three-act play toward the end of the year, for which admission will be charged.

E. ROSENBLUM, *Secretary*.

November Birthday Party

The foyer recently looked like the night before Thanksgiving with all the turkeys, pumpkins and other decorations necessary to make a Thanksgiving party complete.

Everyone was down by the time the warning bell had rung, dancing began, but not long before someone called out "Will all the birthday people come this way?"

Soon they returned with various shaped caps. It was beginning to be a real party.

By this time it was time for the last bell—Gong! Gong! went its voice throughout the "dorm".

The dining room doors swung open, the tables were charmingly decorated with baskets, flowers and appropriate napkins.

After dinner games were played which everyone enjoyed immensely.

But, there is something most important that we cannot forget. In the background there was the most attractive table with a large, round, smiling faced pumpkin. After all the other people had gone to their rooms we were served with coffee and delicious pumpkin pie.

Original Stories

Suggested by pictures used during story period.

Kindergarten

Once upon a time there were three little fairies. These fairies went out one day. They ran around and around, and saw something big and orange. It had a green stem to it. It had a mouth and eyes and a nose. It had something in it. They got real close. It was a Jack-o-Lantern. The lid fell off, and the fire burnt the grass, and the fire engine came and put it out.

LINDSAY STEVENSON

Once there was a big black cat. He lived on the curb. One day he was walking along the curb and spied a house. No one was there. He peeped in—no one was there. He went in—no one was there. He lit a fire. Soon, a mother and three kittens came in. He said "Do you want a home here?" They said "Yes, yes, yes, yes". There was plenty of food. They had supper. They went into the garden,—no one was there,—only a grasshopper. They had found a home.

FRANCES BLACKBURN

Once there was a little squirrel. This little squirrel lived in a nice house. It was a nice squirrel home. The tree was not cut down. The wind blew, but the squirrel did not care. He was nice and warm in his little house.

JEANNE OLNEY

Once there was a little squirrel. He lived under the ground. It got too dark one night, so he climbed a tree, and then down he fell and dead he went.

BILLY McGRATH

Campus First Grade Poetry

*Get on your scooter
And go to school.
Don't be late,
It's against the rule.*

WILLIAM TIMBERLAKE.

Our Hallowe'en Song

*It's Hallowe'en night.
It's pumpkins' night.
It's witches' night.
It's witches' night.
When goblins come around.
When they all go through town.*

FOURTH GRADE POETRY

THE VIKINGS BOLD

*We are the Vikings bold
We sail the sea,
We harry the coast
We go to distant lands
We are the Vikings bold!*

*Our swords do bite
Our shields do hit
Our dragons fly.*

SAM COOK

HAROLD'S FIGHT

*King Harold shall kill the dragon
And send it to Ran tonight.
We shall feast in our own feast hall
But they shall feast with Ran.*

DONALD WILSON

The Te Pa Chi of Maryland State Normal School held a delightful card party in Richmond Hall Parlor on Tuesday evening, November nineteenth, for the purpose of raising money for a lantern and screen set for the Elementary School.

A student teacher gave the following question in a history test:
Two generals who fought in the Revolutionary war are———
and———.

Following is the way a child in the class answered this question:
Two generals who fought in the Revolutionary War are *dead* and *gone*.

In our history class we had just finished studying about prehistoric man, a new assignment was given in which we were to go back to the days of our great, great, grandfather. Hardly had the teacher finished the assignment when one of the students called out excitedly,—“What, do you want me to go all the way back to the monkeys?”

Baltimore's New Market

By CHARLES WOLFE

THE MUNICIPAL MARKETS in Baltimore have not materially improved in so far as installing modern and sanitary equipment is concerned irrespective of the fact that the people of Baltimore have always had the market-going habit and it is commonly known that the percentage of people purchasing their food at public markets in Baltimore is far greater than it is in any other municipality in the United States.

With the above facts in mind, a group of Baltimore business and professional men arranged to finance and erect the finest and largest privately owned retail market in the United States. This market has every modern and sanitary convenience and equipment that could be placed in this type of an institution.

Some of the most prominent features in the new North Avenue Market are as follows: all meat, dairy, and delicatessen stands are equipped with refrigerated display cases; each stand is provided with hot and cold water; fans have been installed; the fish department is segregated in the rear of the building; there are two hundred and fifty-eight stands, selling every kind of food needed by the average housewife. As an extra convenience, there are twenty-four stores on North and Maryland Avenues which sell other commodities needed in the average home. The basement of the market is equipped with a modern refrigeration plant as well as a heating plant; it contains one hundred and sixty cold storage and dry lockers, and a vegetable cleaning room. The North Avenue Market is furnished with a modern incinerator, and the whole building is heated in the winter.

The North Avenue Market Company have provided their automobile patrons a free parking space on Twentieth Street between Oak and Maryland Avenues, with several attendants in charge.

This market is indeed beautiful and is one of the most interesting new ventures in the city of Baltimore. Teachers of various schools have realized of what educational value this market is and have brought their pupils here to visit. One can readily realize the value of the aforementioned features to the community.





Basketball

NORMAL'S BASKETBALL team is gradually rounding into shape. Coach Minnegan has, as a nucleus for the team, three members of last year's varsity; namely, Aaronson, Peregoy, and Denaburg. Newcomers who have shown good form in recent practices are Trupp, Block, Jansen, Himmelfarb, and Davidson. Mr. Minnegan has prepared a difficult assignment, in the form of a schedule, for his basketballers. On the basketball court this year, the Profs will encounter mainly college basketball teams. The first part of the schedule consists of games played away from home against first-class college teams. In order to prepare for this hard grind Coach Minnegan has arranged a series of practice games with various independent teams in Baltimore and vicinity. Two of this series of games have been played and Normal has been victorious in both. As matters look at present, Normal's basketball team should have a great season. The schedule for the year is as follows:

Date	Day	Place
December	2—MondayArundel Boat Club—Baltimore
December	13—FridaySusquehannocks—Normal
December	18—Wednesday	..Catholic University—Washington
January	10—FridaySusquehannocks—Normal
January	15—Wednesday	..Blue Ridge College—Blue Ridge, Md.
January	24—FridayGallaudet College—Washington
January	25—SaturdayElizabethtown—Normal
January	31—Friday	..Beacom College—Wilmington, Del.
February	1—SaturdayShippensburg T. C.—Pennsylvania
February	8—SaturdayGallaudet College—Normal
February	12—Wednesday	..Blue Ridge College—Normal
February	21—FridayShippensburg College—Normal
February	28—FridayBeacom College—Normal

Soccer News

Normal Defeats Sparrows Point

On the North Campus, Normal School met and defeated Sparrows Point by a decisive score of 2 to 0. Eddy Goldstein, Normal's diminutive

outside right, and Nicodemus scored goals for Normal. The teams played 30 minute halves.

Prof's Play Well Against Blue Ridge

Blue Ridge College journeyed to Towson on November 1, and met defeat by a score of 2 to 1. The Prof's displayed a superior brand of soccer. Startt kicked both goals for Normal and displayed all-around ability. The game was played in uncomfortable weather conditions.

Prof's Hold Navy Plebes to Tie

On Wednesday, November 20, Normal's soccer team battled Navy Plebes to a 1-to-1 tie. Darkness halted the contest after two extra periods of five minutes each had been played. Navy scored its first goal in the first ten minutes of playing. Normal tied the score in the second quarter when Startt made good on a penalty shot. This game closed Normal's soccer schedule.

The lineup:

Plebes		Normal
Davenport	G.....	Bowers
Barnum	R.B.....	Huff
Gallery	L.B.....	Woolston
Higam	R.H.....	Silbert
Gamon	C.H.....	Brose
MacDonald	L.H.....	Henry
G. Ferguson	O.R.....	Goldstien
J. Ferguson	I.R.....	Nicodemus
Price	C.....	Nichols
Masterson	O.L.....	Startt
Barclay	I.L.....	Peregoy

Score by periods:

Plebes..... 1 0 0 0 0 0—1

Normal..... 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

Time of quarters—15 minutes.

Junior Men's Activities

Various tournaments, with Junior men as participants, are under way in the regular physical education period under the supervision of Donald Minnegan. These tournaments give the Juniors a knowledge of the major games used on school playgrounds. The speedball and touch football tournaments have already been completed; and soccer and American ball, which is a combination of soccer, football, and basketball, are yet to be played. The four teams competing in the leagues are the Weenies, under the leadership of Siedenberg; the Buttercups with Block

as their captain; the Aggies under the captainship of Trupp, and the Pattersons who have Harris for a leader. Captain Siedenberg's Weenies were the victors in the speedball tournament, and the Buttercups under Block were victorious in touch football. The games were played in a sportsmanlike manner and much interest was displayed by all concerned. The final standings of the two leagues are as follows:

SPEEDBALL

TOUCH FOOTBALL

	W.	T.	L.	Points		W.	T.	L.	Points
Weenies	2	1	0	8	Buttercups	3	0	0	9
Buttercups	2	0	1	7	Weenies	2	0	1	7
Aggies	1	0	2	5	Aggies	0	1	2	4
Pattersons	0	1	2	4	Pattersons	0	1	2	4



Singular Things In Plurals

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes;
 But the plural of ox should be oxen not oxes.
 Then one fowl is goose but two are called geese;
 Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice;
 But the plural of house is houses not hice.
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
 The cow in the plural may be cows or kine;
 But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine,
 And the plural of vow is vows, not vine;
 And if I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
 If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
 If the singular's this and the plural is these,
 Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
 Then one may be that, and three would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
 And the plural of cat is cats not cose.
 We speak of brother and also of brethren;
 But though we say mothers, we never say methren.
 The masculine pronouns are he, his, and him;
 But imagine the feminine—she, shis and shim
 So the English, I think you all will agree,
 Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.



HEARD FROM A RESPECTED SENIOR

My idea of a thief is one who puts tin foil between the pages of his unit to make it weigh more.

A first grade boy while being examined was allowed to listen on the stethoscope to his heart.

Doctor: "Bobby, do you hear your tick-tock?"

Bobby: "What are you talking about, that's static."

Peg: "Liz, don't you call duck feathers quails?"

Liz: "No, you fool, quails are birds, but feathers are quills."

Lady: "Do you take children's photos?"

Photographer: "Yes, madam, we make a specialty of children's photos."

Lady: "How much do you charge?"

Photographer: "Only five dollars a dozen."

Lady: "Well, I shall have to see you later. I only have eleven children."—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Some motorists are in such a hurry to get into the next county that they go right on into the next world.

A baby in Prague lived for two months without a brain. Looking around us, it is not a record.

It would be interesting to know how many more people in restaurants would order filet mignon if they were sure of the pronunciation.

Betty: "My dear, I've just heard the most awful piece of scandal!"

Alice: "I thought you had. You looked so happy when you came in."

At a college examination a professor asked, "Does the question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the student; "not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

Mrs. Gordon (to husband who is "listening-in" on Sunday evening): "Tammias, Tammias, ye mustn't laugh like that on the Sabbath."

Tammias: "Laugh, wumman! The minister has just announced a collection, an' here I am safe at home!"

"You big bonehead," shouted the construction superintendent to his immigrant foreman, "I told you to fire that man and you hit him with an ax!"

"Vell, boss, dose ax, she have sign, 'For Fire Only'."—*The Mutual Magazine*.

Teacher: "Use 'statue' in a sentence."

Abie: "Ven I came in last night my papa says, 'Statue,' Abie?"

READY RECRUIT

Recruit: "Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?"

Lieutenant (sarcastically): "My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir. Clocks do it."

THEIR FAVORITE HYMN

In a Southern mission Bible school, where the little darkies were allowed to choose their own hymns, the favorite hymn we read in Musical America, had a chorus ending with the lines:

"And we'll all swell the harmony in heaven, our home."

They sang it so often and with so much gusto that the teacher's interest was aroused, and she decided to listen instead of helping them. Then she understood their partiality; with rapt faces they were voicing their belief:

"And we'll all smell the hominy in heaven, or home."

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10 cents—1 dime

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HURRY, HURRY!

A grocer advertised apples and nuts for sale. He put up the sign:

SHOP EARLY

THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM

"What is college bred, pa?"

Pa (with son in college): "They make college bred, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of all ages."—*West Point Pointer*.

THE LONG TRAIL

Mrs. Willikins had just paid the last instalment on a baby carriage. "Thank you, madam," said the clerk. "How is the baby getting on now?"

"Oh he's all right," replied Mrs. Willikins. "He's getting married next week."

A MILLION MILES

A negro employee was being questioned during an investigation after a trespasser had been killed when he fell from a moving freight train.

"Did you see the man on the train?"

"Yes, suh."

"Where was he?"

"Bout thutty cabs back from de engine."

"Where were you?"

"On de back of de tendah of de engine."

"What time of night was it?"

"Bout leben o'clock."

"Do you mean to tell me that you saw that man thirty car lengths away at eleven o'clock at night?"

"Yes, suh."

"How far do you think you can see at night?"

"Bout a million miles, I reckon. How fah is it to de moon?"—*Forbes Magazine*.

Porter: "Miss, yo' train coming?"

Passenger: "My man, why do you say 'Your train' when you know that the train belongs to the company?"

Porter: "Dunno, Miss. Why do yo' say 'mah man' when yo' knows Ah belongs to mah wife?"—*Pathfinder*.

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JANUARY 1930

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1930

No. 4

The Immortal Smile

THERE IS an old story that lingers in my memory, and constantly haunts me with its sweet, sad tragedy. Where I heard it, or by whom it was told, I do not know. Perhaps I heard it from my old silvery-haired grandmother, or perhaps I only imagined it. However, no matter whence its source, I shall repeat it once more.

One warm, sun-kissed day in June, a young man walked slowly along the streets of Naples. He was bareheaded, and the soft wind played with the black, unruly locks of hair. His picturesque garb betrayed the artist in him, and many an admiring glance was sent in his direction. As he walked he thought about his former life, and gave himself up to reminiscences. He had been born of poor parents in the dreamy little town of Anelino. As a child he had shown a great aptitude for painting, and had spent many hours modeling figures out of clay. As he grew older, he had little time for this, for his help was needed in the fields. However, when he attained manhood, the urge to paint grew greater and greater within him; so, gathering some clothes and a little money, he set out to see the world, and to follow the dictates of his heart.

He had traveled much and seen many things. He eked out his pitiful existence by selling his paintings—usually landscapes and scenes in which nature predominated—yet he was not satisfied. His great ambition was to paint a masterpiece—a picture that would bring him fame and wealth. Thus far, he had found nothing to inspire him, and therefore he had come to Naples.

So absorbed was he in his meditations that he did not notice where he was going, and suddenly, collided with two men who were coming towards him. Then he saw that he was standing in front of a flower girl, whose tempting wares were spread about her on the corner of the street. As he stood there staring at her, she raised her eyes to his, and a dimpled smile stole over her face.

That smile! That bewitching, angelic smile! In it he saw the light of heaven. It held him a prisoner; he stood spellbound, and gazed and gazed and gazed again.

The girl modestly dropped her eyes and blushing said in a soft, clear voice: "Do you wish to buy my flowers?"

"I wish to buy your choicest flower," he answered, boldly.

"But signor, I do not understand?"

"I wish to immortalize your smile, forever, on the canvas."

"Then you are an artist?"

"Yes, and will you sit for me?"

"Yes, signor, signor——."

"Call me Ferdinando," he said smiling, "and come to-morrow to my humble studio."

She assented, for already she liked the young artist who smiled at her in such a friendly way, and wished her to sit for him. She eagerly noted the address he gave her, and watched him as he disappeared into the gay throngs that crowded the street.

Thereafter, every day found Angela in Ferdinando's studio, posing for the great masterpiece—"The Immortal Smile." Just as the picture neared completion, so the love in Angela's heart reached its fullness. Day by day she grew to love him more, until she worshipped him as her God. She was supremely happy.

On arriving at the studio one bright morning, she found the door barred and the shutters closed. While she stood there perplexed, the landlady came out, and recognizing her, told her that Ferdinando had left Naples never to return.

"But—why?"—the question came falteringly from Angela's lips.

"He could not pay the rent, and so——," she shrugged her shoulders expressively, and went indoors to resume her work.

The tears welled up in Angela's eyes. Was this the end of their love? Was her dream over? He was gone, where, she did not know! he would Perhaps return to Naples. Maybe he could sell her picture and become famous. She could not tell.

The years came and went. Father Time, the most skilled artist of all had left his mark upon her once beautiful features. Her beauty withered just as her flowers, after a day in the hot sun. Only her lovely smile remained, and it lit up her dark eyes, the fading lamps of a lost beauty. She had loved and lost, and the wound could never be healed. Of Fernandino she heard nothing. It was as though he had vanished from the face of the earth.

One day an incident occurred which altered the whole course of her few remaining years. Reading the newspaper, she saw the following article:

September 21, 1899, Rome

It is with much regret that we announce the death of one of the foremost artists of this age. The renowned Ferdinando Pizzario, painter of the famous masterpiece, "The Immortal Smile," now in the possession of Baron Palma of this city, died last week at his home, here. It was through this painting that the late artist first won recognition and fame."

The paper fell from Angela's hand. He was here no more! Death had claimed him!

She reread the short paragraph. It was through her picture that

he had become famous. A great desire seized her to see this masterpiece. She wanted to behold again the loveliness that had been hers in the days of old. She counted her meagre savings—just enough to purchase a ticket to Rome.

A day later she stood in the streets of The Eternal City and inquired of the porter the way to Baron Palma's Villa. With difficulty the distance was covered and she mounted the broad stone steps with faltering steps.

The servant who opened the door asked her what she wanted, and she boldly stated the object of her visit. He ushered her into the waiting room, and went in search of his master.

A few minutes later, the Baron stood before her. "My good woman, what can I do for you?" he asked, while his eyes travelled over her shabby costume.

Angela curtsied low. "With your lordship's permission, I should like to see the painting, "The Immortal Smile."

The Baron looked again at Angela. "Why do you wish to see it?" he asked, "did you know the artist?"

"Yes, I was his model."

"You! You, the model!" he exclaimed looking at her face marred by age and poverty.

A glorious smile illuminated her face. "It was I," she said softly.

Something in her smile told him she spoke the truth, so in a kind voice he said, "Come with me, you shall see the painting." He led her into the drawing room, and slipped quietly away.

The room was furnished in old mahogany. Huge crystal chandeliers hung from the ceilings, and the wax tapers sent their perfume into the heated air. Amid all this regal splendor, draped with a velvet hanging from head to foot, stood her portrait—the flower girl and her immortal smile!

She fell on her knees before it, and worshipped her own lost beauty. Then she arose, and kissed the lips that smiled that angelic smile; she murmured incoherent words of love, and great tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked at the fresh, young face that smiled at her. Long she remained before the picture and she prayed as though it were a holy shrine.

When the wealthy Baron entered the drawing room again, Angela lay prone, her hand clasping the frame. And, as he looked upon the painting he started in surprise!

The "Immortal Smile"—the smile that reflected all the sun's radiance and glory had vanished! It was gone—forever!

SYLVIA W. LUDWIG, Jr 4

Towson Town Tavern

HAVE YOU PAUSED to gaze at the last of "Ye Old Towson Town Tavern?" What a wealth of historic memories are embodied in that heap of sturdy old pioneer stones, in that row of crumbling pottery, in those ancient pine beams.

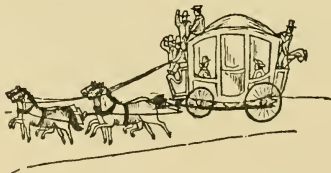
How well I remember my delight as a child in listening to the tales woven about the tavern. There was the story of Ezekiel Towson, who left his home in Pennsylvania and plodded along an old Indian trail in quest of fertile land for his home. A brave and fearless man was Ezekiel Towson, one of a vast army of brave and fearless men who were destined to be the Pathfinders of America. He, finally, chose the crest of a Maryland hill for the site of his new home. It was an ideal situation, for Ezekiel's log cabin home commanded a view of three of the most beautiful valleys in the South.

Ezekiel found his home was frequented by travelers going to and from Baltimore—just eight miles down the old country road. It was to accommodate these visitors that, in 1768, Ezekiel built a tavern of huge stones quarried in a nearby valley. Many an old stage-coach pulled up to the quaint, old-fashioned door and its dusty travelers climbed out to partake of ale and the genial hospitality of the host.

The old tavern played an important part in the heart throbs of the Civil War. One of the most romantic legends told about the inn is that concerning two little boys who played soldier-boys on the cobblestone walk in front of the tavern. Day after day, the soldier-boys told their dreams and aspirations on the worn doorstep of the old building. Then came the call for young men with dreams and aspirations to go to war. Once again the soldier boys stood on the doorstep of the old inn; this time to say good-bye, for one wore a gray uniform and the other a blue. Together, they gave their lives for the patriotism each thought highest. They never returned to the old tavern.

So the old tavern, for a century and a half, watched a pioneers' wilderness grow into a progressive town. It seems to have absorbed some of the joys and sorrows of the town and those of us who have grown to look with sentiment at the unpretentious old tavern cannot suppress a feeling of regret as we watch our more progressive neighbors tear down its venerable walls.

BLANCHE I. PERKINS, Sr. 4



Helping the Teacher Improve Oral Reading in the Grades

I. JEWELL SIMPSON

Assistant Superintendent of Schools of Maryland

Continued from November Issue

Occasionally each pupil may choose one paragraph descriptive of a character and find out who can best make you see that character. It might be Irving's description of Ichabod Crane; or Dickens' Mrs. Fezziwig, who was "one vast substantial smile"; or it might be Joseph Conrad's description of the old North Sea pilot:

"His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galleys drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear sparkling at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble—couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my common sense, and my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways."

There may be a poetry reading contest to see who can best express the music of poetry. Much of the effect of poetry depends upon rhythm and melody. The special function of rhythm is to express emotion. Let us have children read poetry not merely to get ideas, but to please the ear. Carlisle defines poetry as "musical thought." If the lines are musical they must be said musically.

There is also musical prose—prose that is beautifully pictorial; for example, when Conrad, in his exquisite story, "Youth," describes the burning ship.

The meaning and the voice need to help each other. The voice must exemplify the meaning of the lines, their imagery, their music, their feeling and beauty. The voice must create an atmosphere.

"The ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the air,
They loop their lace mantillas, a red rose in their hair;
Upon the road Delicias their little horses run,
And tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go every one."

Or take Robert Louis Stevenson's epitaph:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will."

As Bassett points out, those lines give something more than business-like instructions for burial. They are a message of good cheer from one who welcomed life and what it brought with courage and gladness. Yet they can be read impotently. We need to feel the spiritual energy of Stevenson's lines.

So, in answer to the question, "How may pupils be trained in the art of reading aloud?" we decide that such training includes:

Helping them to understand.

Assisting them to feel.

Aiding them in picturing.

Showing them how to use their voices.

Helping them to appreciate an audience situation.

Training them in rapid recognition of words and phrases.

Making them conscious of their own individual reading needs.

WHAT ARE SOME COMMON ORAL READING DEFICIENCIES AND THEIR CORRECTIVENESS?

The teacher needs to discover, diagnose and classify oral reading deficiencies and plan effective remedial work. In other words, she needs to know what is the matter and what to do about it.

Gray's Oral Reading Test enables the teacher to locate the errors of pupils and to make comparisons with pupils elsewhere. Teachers may also devise their own tests to discover weaknesses. As a child reads orally and silently the teacher can observe his special difficulties. Through lessons in which each child's errors are explained to him and individual attention is given him some of these difficulties may be overcome.

The thing that I most commonly find in the classroom is that children are getting practice in reading, but it is bad practice because it is not practice with the attention of individuals focused on their special difficulties. Last week I observed a reading lesson with a third grade class. The children read aloud in response to good questions asked by the teacher. I talked afterward with the teacher about four of the children who read.

Marian was a fluent reader but she read with very little expression, with no imagination nor emotion. She was asked to read several lines. She therefore had practice in reading, but she had no real help. The teacher did say, "Feel what you read," and "Read with expression," but that did not help. The child evidently did not feel that others were dependent on her for the meaning. She may not have had a clear idea of the meaning herself. Perhaps a comparison between her monotonous reading voice and the style of speech in direct conversation would have helped, provided it could be shown that the difference was due to directness and clearness of thinking. This cursory kind of reading done "with the mouth open and the mind shut" should always be challenged.

Bruce was a word reader. He knew his words very well and read rather fast, but his reading was choppy; his words were not well joined. Often teachers are not conscious of what is the matter here. Bruce's

bad reading practice was worse than no practice at all. It accentuated his fault. What will help Bruce? Flashcard exercises, with a variety of phrases and correct thought groupings. Let the teacher, sometimes by reading aloud, set a reading standard. In response to a question let Bruce read silently the sentences which answer the question before he reads them aloud. Never permit an exception to the principle of reading aloud in thought units.

John lacked word control. Bruce knew all of the words. John didn't; but John could answer all the thought questions. What to do? Give much supplementary work with simple vocabulary; give work in phrasing; giving stimulating introductions; drill upon real difficulties in advance; have phonic practice. When John is reading to the class tell him the word he does not know. When he hesitates at a word he may be the only one in the whole group who doesn't know the word. Don't let the continuity of the story be spoiled for the others by stopping to apply phonics for one child.

Elizabeth stammered. What may the teacher do for Elizabeth? Work for freedom and self-confidence. Don't hurry her. Encourage her to believe that she can overcome the defect. Teach her to inhale properly before she tries to talk.

These children and many other children are getting practice in reading aloud but they are getting no practice in overcoming their particular difficulties.

In conclusion, I have several questions:

1. How determine the proper balance between oral and silent reading?
2. Will there be transfer of voice training from oral reading to conversational speech?
3. Will words and phrases read aloud tend to increase the reader's vocabulary more readily than words and phrases read silently?
4. Is it possible to develop reading tests which will measure the skills and abilities associated with a comprehensive, well-balanced reading program?
5. How much class criticism shall there be after a pupil has read orally?
6. Should the listeners, when either the teacher or a pupil is reading aloud, always be held responsible for something other than mere listening?
7. How may group reading be handled so as to give oral reading practice advantageously instead of disadvantageously?

A Friend That Was Real

ALTHOUGH a person may have numerous friends there always seems to be one or two that are considered as being nearer and dearer than the others. Such has been my case at least. It is with a feeling of remorse that I recall the happy times spent with a particular friend, for this beautiful character passed into the Great Beyond more than three years ago.

We live together in my memory, even now I can see that graceful, lithe figure coming down the steps when I returned home to greet me with a wistful welcoming expression in those soft brown eyes. We were real pals. In the dead of winter when the river was frozen over to join the skaters was our delight. Coasting pleasures my friend and I shared. We rushed down the hill on a sled or warmed ourselves by the big fire at the top. On crisp, frosty, moonlit nights we would tramp through the woods kicking the leaves as we went; in the twilight of summer evenings side by side we strolled along shaded paths stopping to rest on a stump or a fallen tree trunk. It was while we were resting that I used to stroke the soft, deep golden hair, fondle the delicate, sensitive ears and pat the shoulders of this lovely creature. All that my friend could do in return was to place her head across my lap, give an affectionate look from beautiful brown eyes and wag her tail because she was only a dog.

"Only a dog," as one writer has already said, "but the eyes were more lucid, loving and eloquent than those of any Lady of the Land and if the lady's eyes were as the dog's they would be as nothing without the tan spots over them." "Only a dog," but to find such devotion, beauty, intelligence, friendship and trustworthiness in a human being would be quite enough.

SAMUEL ACREE



The Legend of Lover's Leap

I CANNOT vouch for the truth of this legend, but I can verify the fact that overlooking the city of Cumberland is a very high cliff, quite picturesque in its stateliness which appeals to the imagination.

"Lover's Leap" is the name given to this historic old spot. It is historic, in that the story woven around it deals with the true sons and daughters of America, the Indians.

Years ago different Indian tribes made their homes among the Alleghany mountains. One tribe living on Bear Hills, and another, living on a cluster of small hills just opposite, known as the White Hills, are the two around which this legend is woven.

These two tribes were continually at war with each other, and the hatred between them was strong.

Now the chieftain of the Bear Hills tribe, had a very beautiful daughter, and the chieftain of the tribe of the White Hills, had a manly young son. And so, the legend is told, the two met by accident one day in the woods. And this was, by no means, the last of the meetings. In a very lovely spot, high up in the Cumberland hills, these two had their trysting place, and at an appointed time each day when each was the least likely to be missed, they hied to their rendezvous. The risk which they took was grave. They knew that if they were caught, the wrath of their tribes would be so great that death would be the sentence pronounced upon both. For this reason they finally decided that upon the following day they would meet as usual and run away together.

The next day dawned clear and beautiful, and the lovers kept their pledge and met as they had planned. But as they started, hand in hand, upon their flight, the Indian girl glanced back over her shoulder, and saw, in full pursuit, her tribe led by her father. Word had somehow reached the tribe of the Indian brave too, for suddenly this tribe, led by its chieftain, appeared in front of the fleeing couple, and all avenues of escape were closed to them. The only course left open was to turn to their right, and run to the very edge of a high cliff, overlooking a sheer drop of hundreds of feet.

The agonized young couple stood upon the brink of the cliff, and when the two tribes were nearly upon them, it seemed that instantaneously their minds grasped one ghastly way of escape.

The girl threw herself upon the breast of the young brave, and he, quickly gathering her in his arms, leaped from the cliff.

So heroic was the act, that all thoughts of revenge and hatred, were wiped from the hearts of the bereaved fathers, and a pact of everlasting friendship was established between the tribes of the Bear Hills and their former enemies.

MILDRED TWIGG, Sr. 10

Teaching English In China

IF FROM here, some of America's best men and women are teaching English today but instead of teaching it to English girls and boys, it is being taught to the Chinese.

To teach in the Chinese mission schools, one must have at least a college education if not a post-graduate course specializing in that subject which he wishes to teach. When the teacher reaches China he must take two years of Chinese.

I have the privilege of knowing one who taught English in St. John's University at Shanghai which is an Episcopal mission school for boys. From the personal journal that he has written, I have gathered some idea of the school.

From his writeup on the "Opening day" at school he begins by contrasting the school during the summer and the school on the opening day. The school rooms and the dormitories which have been still, hot and dark during the two months' summer vacation are now echoing again with the incessant chatter and hurrying feet and the Chinese violins of the students.

The students themselves are long gowned serious faced boys. In the class room they wear long blue cotton gowns, their trousers of white are gathered at the ankle, their shoes are of black cloth and pointed. Their hair is straight and black, short cropped save for someone who has been a sport and has let his hair grow long and slicked it down with grease. As the teacher approaches the door the chatter ceases and with courtesy the class rises in a body to greet him and remains standing until he takes his seat in the desk chair. They are most quiet and orderly and in dead earnest.

In teaching English to the Chinese first sounds and pronunciations of connected consonants are taught. I shall not go into the details of the fundamentals but I have the result of a year's instruction in English. Here are some of the compositions that the Chinese students themselves wrote. These represent some of the better work.

Foreign Etiquette at Dinner

You will be surprised if I tell you that there are many rules at a foreign dinner. Those rules are not written down, so many of us Chinese boys have no way to learn them. But here are some of them.

When we attend a formal invitation of foreign dinner which is usually on evening, we must wear a black suit called Tuxeusdo. The hat is high and long while the coat is wide open in front of breast and the sweat is white in colour. The trousers are perpendicular down to the

heels, while gloves and socks are used. The shoves are made of patent leather and is called pump. You also wear peral button and single layered color.

Coming to the house, press the bell and a boy comes to you, then he introduces you to a chamber waiting for the hostess. When the dinner is coming the collie will come say, "Dinner is preserved", and then all go from the reception room to the dining room.

By a glance you can easily see that the hostess sits by the end of the stable. It is a wise advice to follow the hostess in every thing. While the hostess offers you a set, you should not refuse to accept and set down after she has set, but you should not set before she has set. If there are any ladies we may set together with any lady except our wives.

After you have setted the next step for you to do is to take your napkin, unfold it and spread it in your lap, do not try to stick one end in your collar and spread the r a t over your abdomen, for it would make others say you are childish. Fork is used by the right hand and knife by the left hand. Fork pierces the meat which is cut by the knife and puts into mouth. Cleaness is one of the essences on a table and should be strictly observed. Refuses is to be placed in a plate not on the floor. Everyone should keep silently when he eats soup. In general the chief thing at dinner is steadiness.

When dinner is nearly finished the servant will bring in some cups of water with lemon liquid in them. We must remember that these cups of water are for cleaning hands and not for drinking. At the end, we clean our mouth with a piece of cloth put on the table, and we choose either the tea or coffee or mixture of them, as the host asks us.

Extracts from a Theme on Benjamin Franklin

In the year 1706 there was a Boston boy whose name called Benjamin Franklin. Franklin was differed from other boys. When he was in baby-hood he acquainted with a little friend named Collins, a mere book-worm. They were always founded to be at one place to read diligently their books. He was very clever and ambitious boy. He said, "To do whatever I think my duty and live with all my mighty while I live." So he began to develope some scientific work. As we all know it was very hard for a man who wanted to develop something without any book. At that time there was no book on telling about the science but Franklin developed the elastic by the kit and also by the cat. So he said, "There are no bound on the earth men may raise up and use the elastic."

E. LASELL RITTENHOUSE

Aristide Briand

DESPITE THE FACT that some may say Aristide Briand is more an opportunist than a statesman, he is, without doubt, the greatest statesman in all of Europe today. This great diplomat has been a member of twenty-one ministries, in eleven of which he has been prime minister. This proves his efficiency and ability to cooperate and appeal to the different parties which from time to time hold sway over the French Ministry.

The politics of France are very different from ours. In this country we have only two parties while in France there are some thirteen, all having distinct seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Their platforms range from the extreme radicals on the left to the extreme royalists on the right. If either of the two extremes should at any time vote a majority, the government would be overthrown. However, the greater part of the Chamber though of many different parties is of a liberal nature. The French do not support one particular leader as we do here in the United States, but with them group allegiance is dominant. Despite these rapid changes in the ministry of France there is little change in parties, although no one party may establish a ministry by itself. The group which lately overthrew Briand consisted of one hundred twenty-five socialists, described as brilliant radical statesmen, who had hitherto voted with the Prime Minister but who now on a minor issue chose to disagree. This great diplomat has during his entire career been inclined toward the left and the fact that he has been in cabinet after cabinet does not mean that he has at any time radically changed his policy.

Briand was born in March, 1862, and has had a life which tended to make him old beyond his years. He is a little, bent old man whose whole appearance gives proof of his long service. We have heard very little of his early life, we only know that he was desperately poor. Some say that his father was an innkeeper and his mother a serving woman, but as to this we have no actual proof. This statesman's early education took place in a small public school, whose curriculum did not allow for the benefits of higher education. His teachers recognizing his brilliance taught him Greek and Latin outside of school. He was able and willing to learn and backed by their loving stimulation he tried for a scholarship to the Lycee and, without apparent difficulty, won it. While here he made a friend of Jules Verne who described him as a lazy, brilliant boy who could get anything he wanted and who could sway hundreds with his speech. No one is able to resist his oratory, he has the spontaneity and ability to think which carries his listeners along.

After finishing his education and becoming an accepted lawyer he was unable to practice because of lack of funds. At last he succeeded

in raising a sum equivalent to about \$500 and with this he started a newspaper. He did everything himself, he was editor, errand boy, printer and typesetter. It is interesting to note that since Briand left this paper it has come out violently opposed to him. He enlarged his newspaper experience by going to Paris and first reporting for several radical publications and finally becoming reporter for the Chamber of Deputies. He ran for office in 1899 but was defeated. He entered the Chamber in 1901, at a time when French politics were highly unstable.

The Third Republic which was formed as a compromise in 1871 had been disturbed by shot after shot and was likely to fall at any time. The struggle between church and state was at its height when Briand was elected to the Chamber. As a radical he took sides with the state but at the same time had sympathy for the church. His creed has always been, "Understand your opponent. No settlement is likely to be permanent between parties unless there is some mutual understanding." A man who is willing to compromise is nearer success than a man who stands like a rock. Briand has this ability. In this instance he worked to save the church from humiliation and he succeeded, maintaining the dignity of the church and giving the control of education to the state.

In his own ministry of 1909 Briand faced an economic struggle. In one instance he called the strikers to the colors and when charged with treachery by the Chamber he asked to face it. "Gentlemen," he said. "There is economic peace in France. I look at my hands and I see no blood on them." This was characteristic of him. He served in many ministries before the war and has shown real genius since in his compromises with other nations. His enemies say that he has all of the luck but some great man also said that only truly clever people are lucky. Certain persons believe that it is unfortunate that France's great statesman did not serve in the Treaty of Versailles but others think that he is greater than if he had taken part in the Peace Pact.

When the discussion concerning the enforcement of the treaty came up between France and England, Briand made the fatal mistake of meeting Lloyd George face to face. He lacked the self-reliance to stand against England's statesman, and returned to France to find himself out of office and the people enraged with him for granting too much to Great Britain. France soon realized her inability to enforce the treaty and Briand was called back to meet and discuss the matter with the German representative, Stresemann, who also understood the situation, and as these two were willing to cooperate they therefore came to an agreement.

Austin Chamberlain as England's representative met with the others to examine the Young Plan. After the meeting they returned to their respective countries expecting that when the League met at The Hague

this plan would be approved and passed. When the time came for this meeting a terrible tragedy had occurred. During the lapse of time the government of England had changed and she now demanded a change in the proportions of the plan. Though England did succeed in slightly changing the treaty, she won but little. The result was unsatisfactory.

Briand has given back to all Europe health and self-respect because he understood the situation and was willing to go half way. He brought his own people to see what they might demand and how they might cooperate with Germany. And again, I maintain, that Aristide Briand is the greatest statesman in all Europe because he has won a cause that was beset by many possible dangers. He carried all the countries with him and has restored the health of the world by using cooperation instead of antagonism.

DOROTHY H. ROBINETTE, Sr. 12

Wants

*I only want a little patch of nature
 Out where the pure and fragrant winds may blow,
I do not ask for fences nor restrictions
 Just in and out the woodland paths to go.
I only want to share the healing sunshine
 And hear the happy birds in lilting song,
I would not bar the humble little houses
 Nor children from the blessings that make strong.
I only want an old house by the roadside,
 A friendly latchstring hanging from the door,
A little garden and a well of water,
 And, folks to help, dear God, I ask no more.*

INA DULEY OGDON

On the Beach At Waikiki

THE WAIKIKI BEACH is a paradise for the tourist and traveler who desires to see for himself that Kipling's idea that "East is East and West is West and Never the Twain Shall Meet" is not true.

What a sense of romance is felt in the very words "Waikiki." It brings to mind sweeping palm trees, the tinkle of a ukulele and the swish of a grass skirt in the moonlight, and recalls shimmering nights when the waters are bathed in the golden light of the moon, when the only sounds that can be heard are the moaning of the waves and the low whispers of lovers as they stroll 'neath the swaying palms.

Without a doubt Waikiki Beach is one of the most famous in the world, but the beach itself is not what makes it famous, as some one said "Waikiki is not a place but a sentiment." There is a sense of romance and mystery that seems to pervade the air.

The beach is only a few minute's ride from the center of Honolulu. The hotels that grace its shores are known the world over, principally "The Royal Hawaiian." People of all races and creeds may be seen swimming or lying on the beach trying to acquire a coat of tan. Far out where the breakers roll and the white caps break may be seen tiny specks that bob up and down, seeming at one moment to be entirely out of sight and coming up the next like a Jack-in-the-Box. They are the beach boys riding their surf boards. A great wave may be seen in the distance and high upon its crest, standing like a statue and hurtling towards the beach at express train speed comes one of these intrepid surf riders.

Let's take a walk along the beach and look over some of the throng. Here we see a rather old gentleman who may be a prosperous banker from the coast. He is dressed in the latest of beach style for men, trunks only, and does not seem to mind the amused glances of some of his compatriots. Here and there a group of children are digging in the sand while mother and dad enjoy a swim. A little farther on in a somewhat isolated spot we may see a society girl from the coast flirting with a beach boy. She knows that the folks at home will never know and why shouldn't she have a good time if that's her idea of one? Some of the beach boys are very charming and they can all swim and surf board to perfection, play ukuleles and sing love songs.

Princes and paupers, young and old from all parts of the world may be seen on the sun-kissed sands of Waikiki.

An Advance In Education

THE public schools are becoming public to all children. In former years only the healthy, normal children were benefited by the public schools—there was no place for the child who could not hear. Few of the blind ones were taught to read and those who could not walk never dreamed of entering a school.

Now through the supervision of Dr. J. E. W. Wallin, the *real* education of handicapped children has begun in Baltimore. These children will have the same chance to develop that has been given to normal children. Lack of proper facilities has stood in the way as well as scarcity of teachers trained in this work, but the work is beginning in earnest, with the idea that deep human sympathy is the key to success in this type of work. This also will free the city of the future from a great part of the burden that humanity has been carrying, because, with the aid of these schools, young people without sight or hearing are earning their own living, really happy, asking nothing more of the world than a chance to work.

Only a comparatively small number of those afflicted have had a chance to secure a training, because the efforts made by educators in behalf of such individuals really only date from the World War. The idea that physically or mentally handicapped persons are capable of being trained to make their way in the world is scarcely a generation old.

Mentally retarded children are recognized as claimants for special attention. Besides the school population there are more than a thousand children who do not fit into the easy, natural grouping, and who must be taken care of by teachers specially trained for this work. Statistics show that many children do not conform to the normal, and that this proportion is far in excess of the provision made for them in ordinary schools. This will be a part of Doctor Wallin's work to consider who the children are that need special help and once the child has been directed to the special class best adapted for it the instruction will be given by specially trained teachers. The Johns Hopkins University is presenting a training course for students who have a desire for this type of work.

Investigation has shown that work done in Baltimore compares favorably with that of work done elsewhere. But the School Board has made plans to remedy the situation before very long and Baltimore hopes to have one of the finest schools in the world for the education of unfortunate children.

GENEVIEVE HAYES, Jr. 8

Nature's Panorama

Churning waves, seemingly at variance with each other
Can be surveyed, close at hand, on either side
So indistinct,—and yet—so clearly defined.
“Oh waves! do you always quarrel so?”

Frothy foam, like heaped up, immaculate, pure white clouds,
Forms a pathway—outlined dimly—just a track
Disappearing, far in the distance, at the back.
“Oh boat! far stretches your watery footprint.”

Glorious reds and blues rimming the distant horizon
Fade to a dreamy purple halo for the earth,
As their nondescript rays are mirrored in the surf.
“I love you, water, that reveals the sky!”

One lone, but valiant gull, circles about, above us.
He, too, vanishes—as he came—into the graying sky
So like him in color, and none know whence he may fly.
“Oh, poor little gull, have you no home?”

Spirals of dense black smoke from our homely, cumbersome boat
Soil the sky, a minute before so soft and gray
With beauty and calm, equalled only by the bay.
“Oh smoke! can't you realize your cruelty?”

On the left, the smoke's power is greatly decreased
By a dazzling golden white path, splitting the gloom,
Through the heavens to a gorgeous creamy silver moon.
“Oh moon, you are so beautiful to see!”

Far, far, on every side, we see through the misty air
Flickering, tiny, firefly lights from towns so small
And from the buoys whose bells solemnly peal their warning call.
“Oh faithful lights! do you never grow tired?”

At last, our boat crawls into the dirty, dingy harbor
Toward the gleaming lights, yet with huge skulking shadows all around—
And our musings are rudely broken by coarse city sounds.
“Oh city, you seem so sordid and ugly now!”

VIRGINIA C. McCAULEY

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The One-Way Street

LIFE is a one way street and we're not coming back." A serious thought and yet, now and again we must stop and be serious. Every day is another foot-step on the long street but is it a step forward? Are we making each step point toward the goal or are we making circles? Here at Normal School we may test ourselves—in lessons, in social responsibilities, in character. We know that to do our work from day to day is the wiser plan; we know that the girl or boy who accepts social responsibilities, whether as leader or follower, obtains the fuller pleasure; we know that we are molding our own character and even influencing the molding of our friends' characters, but do we check up on these tests honestly? We must answer these questions for ourselves. Others may help us, but after all, we are living our own lives and the way we solve these problems will be the key to the way we shall live and travel the long road. Do you make each day count going forward?

Out of Season

THIS IS not a sign for seafood. It is merely a warning. The following paragraph has nothing to do with the New Year, as perhaps it should have, but is more a bit of reminiscence. At that, we might find a good resolution as a final conclusion.

It was midnight—and moonlight on Maryland's most beautiful river—the Severn. There was a clear darkness. A fresh breeze, salty and laden with the marshy odor of sea grass greeted us. As we walked down the pier we could see far down the river, the pin-point, scintillating lights of Annapolis sending gleaming, tiny fingers of gold toward us, and then directly across the river to the trees, that on the opposite side were etched against the sky in black silhouette, the moon spread a shimmering silver carpet. As we stood, trying to absorb the beauty of the night, a new figure entered our picture of peace. A canoe glided slowly through the adjacent vista. The canoe and its occupant made a symmetrical poem of motion in this symphony of nature. Another moment and it was gone. A perfect, even though fragmentary bit of beauty remained with us.

We turned and went back to the cottage, feeling that our decision to see the full moon on the river at midnight was well worth our while.

That is one bit of sleep I have never regretted losing—nor has my friend, for I am sure she agrees, and I may speak for her. Make this more than just another New Year's resolution and see a picture that Raphael would have delighted to put on canvas.

EVELYN WHITE, Sr. 9

The Lowest Level

PROBABLY nothing is more characteristic of the imitative childishness of most Americans than the fear of being different. A new idea, a startling originality, is anathema. The tendency is to get down to everybody else's level, not to create or establish a level of one's own.

Personalities, colorful individuals, are a joy to those to whom existence is something more than routine. But how rare they are! Most people, if not dull, are certainly uninspiring, and one might as well be in the presence of a wooden Indian. The majority accept their ideas readymade, pick up the current catch-phrases as their conversational basis, and limit their outlook to clothes, parties and small talk. Their fountain of knowledge is what Soandso said of Suchandsuch. Rarely do they advance beyond the oracular territory of the daily paper. If by any miracle a stray new thought enters their heads, it is promptly and

thoroughly suppressed. Conversely, the creator, the individual, the unusual personality is looked on askance as something more suitable for sideshows than the human scene.

In college, one must seek elsewhere than the fraternities if the rarer, higher types are to be found. Their function, whatever else it may be, is certainly not the development of restless spirits who sense the underlying mystery of things. There are exceptions, but the establishment of any level is almost a complete bar to the exceptional.

The status is as it should be, Gobbo associating with other Gobbos, Ariel winging to other exalted spirits. The unfortunate element is that there are so many Gobbos, so very, very few Ariels.—*Daily Iowan*.

A November Rose

Ali around
leaves sere and brown,
blown rustling
O'er the ground.
As they move
like scuttling mice,
a whispering sound.—

Everywhere
trees tall and stark
blackly etched,
of leaf dress bare.
Piteous creatures
shivering in
the frosty air.

Passersby
walk brisk and fast,
faces buried
in collars high,
The chilling wind,
"Farewell to Autumn,"
seems to sigh.

Bright red
against the brown,
blown leaves,
fallen, dead,—
bravely swaying
in the breeze,
a lone rose
raised its head.

A moral? No,
although it seems
a tale like this
should show
a lesson sure;
No seeds of wisdom
would I sow.

Like a call
of clear music
in a lonely room;
this dreary fall,
a bright rose
caught my eye.
That was all—

ELEANORA L. BOWLING '28



SCHOOL NOTES



IMPORTANT NOTICE

Dr. Carleton W. Washburne, Superintendent of Public Schools, Winnetka, Illinois, will speak under the auspices of the Baltimore District of the Child Study Association of America, Monday, January 13th, 8.15 P. M. at Catherine Hooper Hall. St. Paul and 24th Streets. His subject will be, "Three European Adventures in Education."

Dr. Washburne is widely known as the founder and director of the Winnetka Plan of Education which has vitally influenced progressive procedure in schools throughout the country. He is also internationally known as an investigator of foreign school systems and his books are among the outstanding contributions to educational literature.

Admission is free to all members of the Child Study Association on presentation of membership card. Non-members one dollar.

A Clipping From Frostburg "Frontline"

Faculty Studies Lesson Planning

A series of meetings is being conducted by the faculty to study the large problem of teaching lesson planning in the Normal School. Two meetings have already been held.

The first meeting considered the practices of the faculty in lesson planning. The second meeting developed the best present philosophy and practices of lesson planning. The subsequent meetings will be reports of committees covering a number of the elementary school subjects on general principles and types of planning, both from the view point of the Normal School instructor and the critic teacher.

The entire study should save considerable lost motion and confusion on the part of the student teacher during his two years of training to not only understand but to grow more efficient in the formulation of his lesson planning thus making for more successful teaching.

A SUCCESS

The Athletic Association of the Maryland State Normal School was greatly pleased with the overwhelming success of a benefit entitled "Mlle. Modiste",—starring Fritz Sheff. The benefit was held at the Maryland Theatre on December 9, 1929.

A PROMISE

Senior 12 hereby promises itself and instructors that they will maintain a happy and courageous attitude toward the work which will face them during this second term, encourage and sustain each other and set a new record of unit making in the history of the Maryland State Normal School.

Signed, SENIOR 12

Death of An Alumna

It is with sadness that we chronicle the death of one of our 1926 graduates.

The following was taken from the Chestertown Transcript:

"Ethel E. Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Coleman, of Crumpton, died last Friday, December sixth, in Wilmington of diphtheria, after an illness of one day. The death occurred at 1008 West Tenth Street, Wilmington, where Miss Coleman was teaching at The Friends School. She was in her twenty-third year.

"Services were held early Monday morning at the Friends Meeting House, Wilmington, and a further service was held in Crumpton in the afternoon, in which the Revs. Bradley, Jefferson and Clark officiated. Mr. Bush of the Friends School where Miss Coleman had been teaching made a short address. The Board of Education of Queen Anne's county sent a special representative to attend the services, as Miss Coleman had for three years been a teacher in that county.

"Interment was in the Crumpton Cemetery."

The Maryland State Normal School Program

Christmas in Old England

- I. Glee Club and Orchestra—God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
Trumpet
- II. Village Children—Deck the Halls
Trumpet
- III. Entrance of the Lords and Ladies
Trumpet
- IV. Carols of Small Children (one stanza of Here we Come a-Carrol-
ling)
Trumpet
- V. Earl's Greeting to his Guests
Trumpet
- VI. Carols of Older Children—
 - a. Ring Out
 - b. Good Christian MenTrumpet
- VII. Glee Club—
 - a. While Shepherds Watch
 - b. What Child is This?
 - c. I Saw Three ShipsTrumpet
- VIII. Yule Log is brought in
All sing—The Yule Log Song
Trumpet
- IX. Bout at Quarter Staves
Trumpet
- X. Tumblers
Trumpet
- XI. Bears
Trumpet
- XII. Dancers
Trumpet
- XIII. Mummers
Trumpet
- XIV. Procession of the Christmas Feast
- XV. Exit

Campus School Expressions

*Icy, icy on the grass,
Icy, icy on the window,
Icy, icy on the machines,
Every place, every place on the roof.
And from the roof
Icicles hang.*

MALCOLM CALDER, 1st grade

*The machines go on the road.
Tracks from the wheels,
Tracks from the tires,
On the white roads
As the machines go past.*

MALCOLM CALDER, 1st grade

*I saw a milk weed plane come flying,
Carrying his little seed.*

BILLY GREEN, 1st grade

SNOWY MEADOWS

*Snow is all around
Over the green grass,
Over the town,
Over the hills,
And over the meadows.*

CLAYTON RUTLEDGE, 1st grade

LEROY KIPP, 1st grade

ICICLE POEM

*Icicles hang on a snowy day,
They hang on the houses,
And hang on the trees,
They hang on the bushes,
And hang on the fences.*

BETTY JANE HECKER, 1st grade

DORIS MILSTEAD, 1st grade

December 18, 1929.

Dear Mr. Pryor:

I hope we can come up again and see the paper factory. I want to see it again. I hope you will let us see you fold the paper. I have never seen you fold it. If we come, will you give me a slug with my name on it? I have never had one.

Your friend,

HASKELL PEDDICORD,
Third Grade

"Christmas Celebration Notes"

NORMAL IS prettier and more enjoyable at Christmastide than any other season of the year. Pines, boughs of holly, mistletoe and Christmas trees adorn her halls and foyer, giving one the carefree, restful feeling that only a woods and the small pines can give. How it adds to the beauty of our school home, how happy it makes one feel!

Not only indoors but also out of doors we are again reminded of the season. A Christmas tree, planted long ago and for two weeks adorned with beautiful lights stands in front of Miss Tall's house, and seems to draw the other trees about her and makes them "cozier" than before, so that the campus is hushed and yet made radiant by her light and beauty.

"Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight" is the feeling that one gets at Normal at this time of the year.

"Ye Olde English Dinner"

ONCE MORE we were taken back to the time of long ago in England, where Lords and Ladies, Kings and Beggars, feasted, played and sang together to celebrate the coming of our Lord.

Never before was there a gayer, more beautiful group of people gathered in our olde castle, Newell Hall. Guests and faculty, seniors and juniors in gay colors, jesters popping up from nowhere, teasing, laughing and making merry—last but more radiant were the Lords and Ladies dressed in all their splendor. Never before was there a boar's head more enticing or Peacock pie more inviting. Such shield of brawn, shredpies with cheese and mulled ale as we ate.

After ye dinner, Ye Lords and Ladies entertained. Never was there such carolling, such story telling, such a play nor has such a dancing horse ever been seen or heard in our old Castle.

Last of all was the carolling round the Christmas tree and in Townson. We believe in merriment not only for ourselves but in spreading it so that all may feel the real Christmas spirit.



The Christmas Assembly

ON FRIDAY, December the twentieth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, the Maryland State Normal School stepped back again to "old times" in England. Even the traditional trumpeters were there to announce each event. Everyone was costumed in reds, greens, blues, pinks or purples, some as Lords, some as Ladies, all joining in the merriment of the day.

Behold! the village children are approaching with the village choir! Now the Lords and Ladies of the Castle come. Such carolling! In comes the Yule log while every one sings lustily! How the bears dance, and tumblers tumble. Some of our guests find partners and dance a jolly country dance. Now a pair of Robin Hood's men stage a bout with quarter staves most skillfully. The Mummers of Old England: Father Christmas, Holly Berry, St. George, The Dragon, Giant Blunderbore, and little Jack make gales of laughter for gentles and serfs. Look! the child carrying the candle, the Wassail bowl, the boar's head, and now come the fruit and plum pudding, and the peacock pie. What a dignified procession! Never have we seen one so beautiful and effective! The day of splendor ended with the Lord and Lady of the Castle distributing goodies to the children as the procession withdrew.

Such a fitting climax for close of school and the beginning of our two weeks' Christmas vacation!



DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

The birthdayers of the month of December had a very excitable and enjoyable party. Santa was there to teach them some new games and to present them all with little Santas that were stuffed with candies.



ATHLETICS



Girl's Athletics

GIRLS' ATHLETICS—hockey, hiking, swimming and riding are in full swing now. Every Wednesday, the members of the Hiking Club have been taking what you would call real, "honest-to-goodness" hikes—not mere strolls here and there, but long and peppy hikes,—the kind that you enjoy and that make you really earn the points that you receive. Riding and swimming have not progressed very rapidly, due to the fact that very few girls elect them. Both are newly added sports by which you can earn points, although the definite amount to be gotten has not been decided upon as yet. For riding, points will probably be given according to attendance each week and for swimming the points are to be gained by weekly attendance at the Y. W. C. A. pool each Friday afternoon and also by passing certain tests made out for this purpose.

Last, but not least, our real autumn sport—hockey—has progressed wonderfully. From elective hockey, which was held once a week for both Juniors and Seniors—two teams from each class were picked and on Wednesday, November 13, 1929, the first big hockey games were played—Juniors vs. Seniors. Despite fog and darkness, and an extremely small cheering section neither of which are favorable conditions, a rather exciting and peppy game was played. As a result of the games, which ended in a scoreless tie for the first teams and a Senior victory 4-2 for the second teams, a second and third game will have to be played by the first teams, and a second and perhaps a third game will have to be played by the second teams.

The lineup in Wednesday's game was:

TEAM 1

Seniors		Juniors
Brookhart	C. F.	E. Ruppert
Frankenfield	L. D.	Adams
Myers	L. W.	Carozza
Dunn	R. I.	Brice
Herold	R. W.	White
Miller	L. H.	Rullman
Scott	C. H.	Schone
Chiodi	R. H.	Gibson
Easter	L. F.	Loveless
Glock	R. F.	M. Martin
Helm	Goal	Streaker

TEAM II

Damm	C.F.	Kennedy
Ruthke	R.I.	Long
Williams	L.I.	Taylor
Gist	R.W.	Heilman
Merryman	L.W.	Powers
McCauley	C.H.	Santer
White	L.H.	Frank
Carter	R.H.	Neale
Martin, H.	R.F.	Sturgeon
Miller	L.F.	Blackeston
Royston	Goal.	Sweetman

With decidedly different and more favorable weather conditions the second Junior-Senior hockey game was played on Thursday, November 21. Whether these favorable conditions were the cause or not, it is hard to say, but this game was a very much more exciting one than the first. It seems as though the Junior and Senior first teams are very equally matched, for the score for the second game was a tie 2-2. The second teams however reversed scores to-day, for the Juniors showed themselves the superior team by a score of 2-0.

The lineup for the second game was:

TEAM I

Seniors	Juniors
Brookhart	Ruppert
Frankenfield	Adams
Merryman	Carozza
Baughman	Brice
Herold	White
Miller	Rullman
Scott	Schone
Chiodi	Gibson
Easter	Loveless
Glock	M. Martin
Helm	Streaker

TEAM II

Seniors	Juniors
Damm	Kennedy
Williams	Taylor
Meyers	Powers
Ruthke	Long
Gist	Heilman
Robinette	Ensor
McCauley	Santer
Harbaugh	Neale
Miller	Blackeston
H. Martin	Sturgeon
Royston	Sweetman

Referee: Miss Lehr. *Timekeeper:* Miss Roach. *Scorekeeper:* Miss Sammis.
Goals by: First team—Juniors: Ruppert and Adams; Seniors: Brookhart and Herold. Second team—Juniors: Long and Taylor.

Substitutes: First team—Seniors: Dunn for Baughman (second half). Second team—Juniors: Frank for Ensor (second half). Seniors: Wollen for Robinette (second half), Fishpaw for Williams (second half).

The third and final Junior-Senior Hockey game was played on Monday, November 25. After a hard-fought battle Junior Team I succumbed to the Seniors by a score of 3-1; and the second teams tied 2-2. Thus, the team I hockey championship goes to the Seniors and the second teams share honors. The teams followed the same line-up as in the second game.

Immediately after the Thanksgiving holidays, hockey was dropped, and our ever favorite winter-sport, basketball, began. Practices are held

once a week for both Juniors and Seniors. So far it seems that there are more Juniors than Seniors interested. Each class will have a first and a second team, as in hockey.

NORMAL SCHOOL's basketball team which has gradually been rounding into shape has finally reached the first part of its collegiate schedule. Previous to this, the Profs played four practice games with strong independent teams of Baltimore. Normal emerged victorious in three of these games, losing only to the championship Arundel Boat Club.

As a finishing touch Normal played the strong Susquehannock Tribe of the Baltimore Basketball League. The game was replete with thrills. The embryo teachers time and time again succeeded in tying the score, but in the end went down to defeat 24 to 21.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY 34, NORMAL 21

Playing its first collegiate basketball game in Washington on December 14, the scrappy Normal team went fighting down to defeat against American University. The Profs sputred in the second half to come within one point of tying American U., but the home team had too much in reserve for the light Normal quint. Summary:

Normal				American University			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Denaburg, f.....	2	1	5	Olson, f.....	6	1	13
Himmelfarb, f.....	1	0	2	LaFaure, f.....	3	2	8
Jansen, c.....	4	0	8	Colison, f.....	0	0	0
Aaronson, g.....	1	2	4	Lichliter, c.....	4	1	9
Peregoy, g.....	0	0	0	Selz, c.....	0	0	0
Silbert, g.....	1	0	2	Field, g.....	1	0	2
				Dargee, g.....	0	0	0
				Schloss, g.....	1	0	2
				Groods, g.....	0	0	0
Totals	9	3	21	Totals	15	4	34

Score by halves:

American University14 20—34

Normal 7 14—21

Referee—Metzler. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

PROFS LOSE TO CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

Normal traveled to Washington on December 18 and held the powerful basketball team of Catholic University to a 22 to 20 score. Entering the court a 100-1 shot against one of the East's best basketball

teams, the Profs surprised a packed auditorium by their excellent playing and gallant fighting.

Before the local team could gather its senses, the Profs started the game with a bang to forge into a 12 to 2 lead. The home team settled down and the half ended 14 to 10 with Normal still in front.

The second half was a thriller. Catholic U. found its eye and took the lead from the Profs. However, our boys still kept fighting and crept within two points of tying C. U. The last two minutes of the game were played in an uproar of yells from the followers of both teams. The rooters in the filled auditorium were on their feet when the final whistle blew.

Much credit goes to the new Junior members of the team. Jansen, Trupp, and Himmelfarb exhibited a style of ball, that, together with the players of last year's team, will bewilder future opponents of Normal. Summary:

Normal				Catholic University			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Himmelfarb, f.....	1	1	3	Guarmeri, f.....	0	0	0
Davidson, f.....	0	0	0	Peiffer, f.....	1	1	3
Denaburg, f.....	0	3	3	Hanley, f.....	1	0	2
Dalinsky, f.....	0	0	0	Oliver, f.....	3	0	6
Jansen, c.....	3	1	7	Hickey, c.....	1	3	5
Trupp, g.....	0	1	1	Swoids, c.....	0	0	0
Aaronson, g.....	2	0	4	Walsh, g.....	1	2	4
Silbert, g.....	1	0	2	Reilley, g.....	0	0	0
Peregoy, g.....	0	0	0	Clemens, g.....	1	0	2
				Papalia, g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals	7	6	20	Totals	8	6	22

Score by halves:

Catholic University of America.. 10 12—22

Md. State Normal School..... 14 6—20

Referee—Johnson. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.



Famous Sayings of Famous People In Sr. 3

To the readers:

I hope you will all get as much enjoyment from reading these pet phrases of our class as we had in compiling them. I also hope that you will read these sayings in the proper spirit and realize that they are meant only to make other people laugh.

Thelma Eanet (To waiter): "Pretzels, cole slaw, and a 'coke'." (coca-cola)

Mrs. Davis: "I don't believe that's true, because my little girls told me" etc., etc.

"Dot" *Bessel*: "Goody, goody gumdrop."

Sylvia Rosenberg: "I can't help it, and I'm not going to change myself over for you."

Lila Greenstein: "That's a funny doo-dad."

Dorothy Merwitz: "I'm talking from experience."

Ruth Fishpaw: "Great Doodle."

Margaret Murphy: "I'd be petrified if, etc."

Rosetta Horowitz: "Uh, let me think" (with what?).

Helen Dunlop: "Oh yeah?" (Originator in N. S.)

Isabelle Buckner: "My himmel! these street-cars!"

Louise Carter: "What am I going to do about it?"

Helen Kahn: "I can't say anything. I have a dreadful cold."

Ruth Willoughby: "Aw, heck."

UNFAIR

Father: "How is it you have not done your school homework?"

Son: "I have decided not to do any more. It's not fair. We children do the work and the teacher gets paid for it."—*Pages Gaies, Yverdon*.

It was one of those cold, slippery days and little Jimmy was late again.

"Well, why are you late today, Jimmy?" the teacher asked.

Jimmy replied: "It was very slippery outside and every time I took one step forward, I would go back two steps."

"Well, then, how did you get to school?"

"I turned around and started to go home."

"Is Tommy's new dog a setter, or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied Tommy's mother. "He's an Upsetter and a Disappointer."—*Youth's Companion*.

Won't you wear my pin? I want you to be mine forever. I may not be on the football team like Jake Smith and I won't have as much money to spend on you as Smith would; but, honey, I love you more than any girl I've ever met.

I love you too, sugar, but where is this Smith fellow?—*Carolina Buccaneer*.

A teacher in a school asked the other day: "How many kinds of flowers are there?"

Three pupils held up their hands. She chose one to reply.

"Well, Isadore, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed? And what are they?"

"Wild, tame an' collie."—*Exchange*.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

"I refused this poem six weeks ago," said the editor. "Why do you submit it again?"

"I thought perhaps your taste had improved by this time," replied the poet with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.—*Yankee Humor*.

Mary had a new baby brother. One day the baby was being weighed, and Mary asked what that was for. "Oh," said her father, "Uncle George has taken a great fancy to baby, and he's offered to buy him for a dollar an ounce."

The little girl looked startled. "You're not going to sell him, are you daddy?"

"Of course not," answered daddy, pleased at the child's affection for her brother.

"I'm glad, 'cause if we keep him till he gets bigger he'll fetch more."

Willing to Learn

"Does your bride know anything about cooking?" asked the old friend, meeting a recent groom.

"Well," he grinned "I heard her calling up her mother the other day to ask if she had to use soft water for soft-boiled eggs and hard water for the hard-boiled ones."

First Guest: "I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel 'The Palms' do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest: "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—*St. Louis Star*.

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The TOWER LIGHT



FEBRUARY 1930

A. STEIN

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1930

No. 5

Founders' Day Assembly

FOUNDERS' DAY is a day that has always been held close in the hearts of the Normalites. January 17, 1930, will, for many years, be held in no less esteem by those students who attended the Founders' Day Assembly. It was an especially worthy day in that we relived a yesterday and lived a new day in the history of Normal.

Senior 8 sponsored a most interesting program, which was an adaptation of the Original Program of November 19, 1915.

Musical Selection: Hope March—Papini Orchestra
Introductory Remarks MARIAN G. HOLECAMP
Presentation of Guests MISS TALL
Lovely Appear—Gounod Glee Club and School
Excerpts from the Speech of the Hon. J. Chas. Linthicum,

ROSEALBA WISEMAN

Excerpts from the Speech of Acceptance by Hon. Wm. T.

Warburton ESTHER C. BEIERFELD

Solo—Omnipotence—Schubert ELIZABETH HARTJE

Excerpts from the Remarks of State Supt. M. Bates Stephens

MARGARET R. SPELLISSY

Excerpts from the Remarks of Miss Sara E. Richmond,

Principal ANNA R. CAMPBELL

Music—America and America's Message Glee Club and School

Address WILLIAM JOHN COOPER,

U. S. Commissioner of Education

Violin Solo ELEANOR MACDONALD

Alma Mater School and Orchestra

March Orchestra

Among the guests present were: Mrs. Mary K. Tolson, who attended the dedication in 1915. Miss Martha Richmond, sister of Miss Sara E. Richmond, former principal of the Maryland State Normal School, and members of the present faculty who were formerly connected with the school as students, including: Misses Stitzel, Yoder, Logan, Snyder, Rutledge, and Medwedeff, and Mr. Moser. There were four members of the faculty who attended the 1915 dedication exercises: Misses Scarborough and Dowell, who were members of the faculty, and Misses Brown and Steele who were students at that time.

The address given by Mr. Cooper will not soon be forgotten. Having spent eleven years of his life as a teacher or supervisor, he spoke of teaching as a profession. Three points were considered: the medium through which teaching takes place, the training of a teacher in comparison to trades and other professions, and the reward in teaching. The medium of teaching is relationships with others, and training consists not only of a mastery of subject matter, but an acquired understanding of individuality. The reward is a result of a teacher's attitude toward his profession and Mr. Cooper stressed the importance of a proper attitude toward teaching. He concluded with a story of famous men who had been very successful, following up with the fact that after all, school teachers made those men. The entire address was an inspiration.

In addition to the announced program, Mr. Flowers gave a short talk, stressing the importance of well-trained teachers.

We are indebted to Senior 8 for this very successful program. The excerpts were given unusually well and I wonder if our faculty, as they heard the members of Senior 8 speak, thought, "We make them."

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Echoes

*I dropped a pebble from the cliff
And watched its downward flight;
Like a winged thunder bolt of Jove
It disappeared from sight.*

*I hearkened well, there on the brink,
Waiting for some refrain.
I heard, and wondered if far below
There laughed a maiden vain.*

*An Alpine shepherd raised his horn,
A lusty peal he blew;
Like a startled chickadee on wing,
O'er hill and vale it flew.*

*It smote the dewy mountain side.
And rattled through the gorge.
I stopped, and through my mind there flashed
A blacksmith at his forge.*

PAUL YAFFE,

Junior 3

The Fairy Poet Comes to Normal

WEDNESDAY, January 22, the Maryland State Normal School entertained as its guest and speaker that widely known "Creator of Fairies," Miss Rose Fyleman, who, through her charming verses has endeared herself to the hearts of grown-ups as well as children. Oddly enough, Miss Fyleman made the surprising announcement that although she is pleased and flattered that children receive her poetry as created especially for them, such is not the case. The fairies were conjured up by Miss Fyleman for herself, for, to quote her, she said, "You know I do believe in fairies."

Miss Fyleman stated also that while she believes the writing of poetry offers great creative opportunities and experiences to children, the results are of no great literary merit, and should have no claim to a place in the world of literature. They have been too easily obtained, and, consequently, lower the child's appreciation of art. It is for this reason that the poetess thinks publishing houses should not publish these verses as artistic compositions, tho' she does grant that occasionally a gifted child produces real poetry.

Contrary to popular opinion, the poet's art involves long and tedious effort, for, as she says, "Genius is composed of ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration." To prove her point, Miss Fyleman related an incident connected with her work on "A Fairy Went A Marketing". You recall the fairy in her crimson gown? You remember that she wore it all day long—

*"Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night?"*

Would you believe that this charming poem lay incomplete several weeks because of the little "frog"? It did. Miss Fyleman simply could not think of just the creature to receive the gift the fairy wished to bestow, in spite of the fact that she went about enlisting the aid of her various relatives and acquaintances. She assured us that it was only by dint of great perseverance and much perspiration that the poem was finally completed to her satisfaction.

Miss Fyleman concluded her talk by telling us that along with her interesting experiences, she was taking back with her to England some American slang and idioms, and we haven't the least doubt but that when Miss Fyleman greets her countrywomen with an "I guess", she will be received with eyes that look askance, and heads that nod in deprecation. We, too, found her manner of speech most interesting.

MARY P. BLUMBERG,

Junior 4

Our North Poles

IT WAS a hot day in May when the question first came to my mind. Such a question may seem strange to you for it occurred to me while we were studying about Eskimos. As I have said, it was a warm day and as the class went on, my thoughts began to wander. The North Pole always brought to my mind a picture—a level, icy plain, in the center of which stood a rough brown pole about four feet high and six inches thick, such a pole as is used in making fences in the city. Now as I mused, I thought of my North Pole and smiled inwardly, for, even now, although time and again I had been told of the North Pole and have read about it as it really is, I still had visions of an actual pole. I was wondering how many people, like myself, pictured a pole up there in those snowy regions, when, suddenly my name was called. Need I say more than that geography class had continued even though I no longer remained an attentive pupil? I resolved, however, on some future occasion to ask my friends about this question.

The first one I approached had pictured her North Pole entirely unlike mine. She had always imagined it somewhat like a flag pole, very, very tall. Another pictured the pole as I did but whitewashed, instead of brown. My sister, too, had a similar pole in her mind but taller, the size of a telegraph pole. Strange to say the next person I asked visioned a very thin pole, quite tall and pointed at the top. Recently I have found a friend who believed the pole to be about four feet high and thickly covered with ice and snow. But a still stranger one has come to my notice. Some one has confessed to me that her imagined pole is brown, very thin and tall, with a little red pennant waving from the top! And so it goes, tall poles and short poles, white poles and black poles, square and round poles, smooth and rough, pointed and otherwise, all kinds of poles are visioned by us who have been positively told there is no pole.

You, too, if you ask, will probably find another set of poles entirely different from those I have described. And to bring the question closer home, may I ask what kind of pole is your imagined one?

MARGARET GORMAN,

Junior 1



The Duty to Adventure

PERHAPS THE highest duty of man is to undertake adventures. When he has mastered his immediate environment and has insured reasonable comfort and safety—when he would like to settle quietly by his own fireside and cultivate his own garden—the call comes to leave his security and venture out beyond the frontier. With most men today the command to adventure calls for pioneering in the social or personal, rather than in the geographical world.

“There are men and women to whom adventure appeals more than security. In no other field of life is opportunity for adventure so universal as in the field of ethical conduct, and nowhere are the results more productive of well-being. Is the present cynical contempt of ethical adventure more than a defensive disguise of cowardice?”

ETHICS AT ANTIOCH

“The public would like to know what ethical standards actually prevail at Antioch. Here is an effort to answer that question. If Antioch freshmen are characteristic, it is because of the manner in which they are selected. Very careful study is made of each application. If marked limitations of character appear, rejection follows. Since members of the admissions committee feel greater assurance in judging scholarships than in judging character, evidences of intelligence and good scholarship weigh heavily.

“Most Antioch freshmen have good personal standards, but have twilight zones between good and bad, within which conduct is determined by prevailing custom. They are confused by the present flux of opinion as to moral standards. Among them are a few students of very commonplace outlook.

“College years bring many changes in ethical temper. Sometimes naturally weak students from sheltered environments quickly deteriorate in an atmosphere of freedom; they seem to select every undesirable element of their surroundings. In many other cases students grow steadily in purpose and discrimination—the fundamentals of fine character.”

—From *Antioch Notes*.



Who Stole the Necklace?

NO. 8 CAR stopped on Monday morning at the Normal School entrance. Passengers looked enviously at the flushed and excited student as she alighted, alone. There was a reason why Betty had come very early on that particular day. She had passed the week-end at home, and it so happened, her birthday at the same time. Rushing madly across the campus, she burst into Newell Hall and on up to the third floor without pausing even at the "Hellos" of her many friends. Straight to her room she hastened and flinging the door open exclaimed breathlessly, "Oh, Jean, I-I've had the best time! They gave me a birthday party, but that wasn't anything compared to what Dad gave me! Oh, guess, guess, what it is! No, no, you'd never! Just look here!" And Betty, with nervous fingers tugged at the lock on her neat black case, which easily identified her with its white and gold M. S. N. S. seal. And then reaching down among its flimsy contents, Betty drew forth a small wine-colored velvet box. Her cheeks grew rosier and her eyes brighter as she opened the case and held forth its glittering content for Jean's approval. In that instant anyone could have seen that Betty was no variant from her sex in her love of jewelry. But yet, who wouldn't have raved about a necklace like that one. Thus thought Jean, as she gazed wistfully, and yes, a little enviously at her friend's treasure. However, being rather a quiet, unemotional girl, she merely said calmly, "It is perfectly lovely, Betty. Your father must have spent a lot of money for it." Betty laughed, "Oh, no dear, Dad didn't pay a cent for it. That's what makes it so valuable. Money couldn't buy this. It's an heirloom. My great, great, great grandmother once sang in the court of Spain and the necklace was given her by the Queen. It has been in our family ever since. I am going to keep it locked in my trunk. I wouldn't lose it for the world." "I wish something like that would happen in our family, sighed Jean, "everything is so commonplace," and her eyes roved, unseeing, over toward Miss Tall's house.

Betty was still fondling her gift, when Jean jumped from the window sill and seizing an armful of books cried, "Did you hear that, Betty? Nine o'clock and Music first period! Miss Prickett will choke us!" The bang of the door cut off her last words. Betty reluctantly replaced the necklace in its case and locked it securely in her trunk, and followed her chum to class, tho' her mind was certainly not on her lessons. Several times during the day, Betty was reproached by the teachers for inattention, but even this could not dampen her exuberant spirits.

Next morning after breakfast, Jean, who lingered in the foyer to glance at the paper, reached her room a few minutes after Betty, to find the latter tearing about the room like a caged animal. Clothes were everywhere, bureau drawers ransacked, beds disordered, and in the midst

of it all, Betty, with wild eyes, shouted, "It's gone, gone, I say. I just opened my trunk to look at it once before class and it's not there!" Betty's voice broke in a sob. Then she shrieked hysterically, "My necklace, oh, Dad, it's gone! There's been no one in here this morning and I haven't shown it to anyone but you and——" As tho' an idea had just come to her, Betty grew suddenly silent and looked anxiously at the other girl; and Jean interpreting that look and reading her friend's thoughts, slowly turned white. With tears very near the surface, she left the room. All day long she kept thinking—"Is it true? Can Betty really think I took her necklace? What has happened to it? Oh, if only I could find and return it!"

Betty and Jean did not speak for several days and meanwhile Betty had spread ugly rumors so that now Jean was the subject of suspicious glances and rude remarks, too easily overheard. Clara Mae, across the hall, was very sad during these days when her two best friends were unhappy. Despite the way affairs looked, she would not believe Jean guilty.

Each day found Jean more perplexed and worried. She could not puzzle it out. It seemed as if she were living in a horrible dream. She grew thinner and her usually good marks fell below average. There followed sleepless nights after which Jean would be seen with dark circles under her eyes. And then came *THE NIGHT*.

Clara Mae, who had been tossing on her bed and dreaming of a diamond necklace, woke with a start. "Oh, I just imagined I heard something. I am letting my nerves get the best of me," she tried to convince herself. But as she glanced out of the window at the pale moon riding high in that cold and distant sky, she heard the same rustle and the creak of a board. Now, she became curious, and knowing certainly it was not Miss Sperry, or Miss Gross at such an hour, she tiptoed to the door and softly opened it. A little way down the hall, a slender figure, in night clothes walked stealthily along. Without thought, Clara Mae proceeded to follow it. When the night-walker reached Richmond Hall Parlor and bent over one of the chairs, her pursuer caught the moonlight streaming on her face and she almost screamed as she recognized Betty. Her first impulse was to call Betty, but she remembered that no sleep walker should be wakened. But then, what was Betty doing? She was lifting the seat from the chair and had brought into view a diamond necklace which she caressed lingeringly. Tho' Clara Mae had never seen it before she knew immediately what it was. Things cleared in her brain as she hastened noiselessly back to her room thinking how glad Jean would be in the morning when the mystery was solved.

RUTH BURTON,

Junior Seven

My Reaction to the Talkies

ALTHOUGH I do not profess to be a dramatic critic, I nevertheless, wish to express my candid views on the possibility and success of the talkie remaining a permanent innovation in our modern life.

This article was motivated by the lack of reply to the superfluous deluge of letters that have repeatedly appeared in the newspaper columns, vehemently "knocking" the talkies. The pessimistic writers of these letters remind me of the type of person who called the first street-car a diabolical contraption, who said the first airplane was an impracticable device and who regarded the advent of the radio with ridicule.

The talkie, let me remind these "knockers", is in its embryo stage and criticism should not be directed at it until it is given a fair trial. Considering the short time since the talkie was introduced, I think that it has spoken well for itself and has given genuine entertainment.

Like any other innovation that is newly placed on the market, it possesses defects which will, in time, be eliminated. Many attribute these imperfections solely to the sound-reproducing apparatus and not to the suitability of the actor's voice to the talking screen.

In the recent all-talkie, "The Dummy," all the facial movements of the actors were simultaneous with their voices except those of Ruth Chatterton. Her voice seemed to be a second or two behind the movement of her mouth. If this defect could be attributed to the mechanism, then why didn't it occur in the other actors? The trouble with many persons when criticizing is that they attempt to place the blame where it doesn't belong which indicates lack of forethought, concentration and judgment.

Before the advent of the talkie the movie fans weren't patronizing the theatres as previously. They were over-stimulated with silent pictures. They were becoming tired of seeing the feature presentations with the same plots; of seeing comedy degenerating into slapstick because old ideas were exhausted; of seeing newsreels that were uninteresting. The people were, in fact, relying upon the legitimate stage for genuine entertainment, and the movie seemed obviously doomed. Along came the talkie. It not only has regained the lost prestige the screen enjoyed years ago but has established records with such pictures as "The Broadway Melody," "Singing Fool," "Rio Rita," that the silent screen never attained.

So gratifying, thus far, have been the results of this innovation that prominent men of the cinema are investing fabulous sums in this field and are contemplating the rejuvenation of the motion picture industry.

In conclusion, I shall present an excerpt from William De Mille's comment on the talkie from Scribner's Magazine.

"If the talkie realizes its possibilities it may well become the greatest

of all popular arts; it will carry the full benefit of spoken drama to millions who otherwise would not see a good play properly presented, and at a price which will not tax the modest purse; it will make a real national theatre possible; it will become a standard of speech for the whole people; it will foster the growth of dramatic taste in the general public and will help them grow to be an appreciation of the spoken word."

It seems to me that the talkie is here to stay, but, as I admitted previously, I am no dramatic critic and I may be wrong.

J. J. BARANCO,

Junior 3

FACULTY NOTES

An Impression

THE LAST word in the field of education has not been said yet. To this statement I think we are all agreed. Even so, it is not my purpose here to predict from whence the last word is to come—that is far beyond my humble gifts. But I do believe that I have learned from whence my next lesson in education must come.

For five years I have been a conscientious apostle of "lives sublime" and "footsteps in the sands of time" only to have each youthful disciple depart from me more conversant with the intricacies of a popular make of automobile than the machinery of our government. Similarly the purity of our favorite brand of soap is without doubt much commoner knowledge than the principles of discount. He may still be hazy as to whether one removes his cap in a public building but everyone knows just what is a respectable distance to walk for a refreshing draught of nicotine.

Yes, for higher education I must doff my hat to the commercial advertiser. Catchwords and clever phrases in a land and era of slogans have been my undoing. But, like the Ancients, when I find an enemy too powerful to combat, I take him to my bosom and use him as a weapon.

This brings me to the original purpose of this paper—to give my impression of Normal. I present it now for your approval. Like most phrases it has been commercialized and perhaps you have heard it before—but to me Normal says, "I will take anything you have and give you anything you want".—Does it fit? Our slogan is Adaptation.

HAROLD E. MOSER

New Opinions

"It is no wonder that the grounds and buildings of the Maryland State Normal School have been made so lovely," I mused a few days after I became a part of its teaching staff. "An appropriate setting had to be created for the cordial and sympathetic attitude of its faculty, the splendid spirit of its student personnel, and the elevating principles for which this institution stands. Now I understand why my Peabody friends rejoiced with me over my new position."

PATTY BLAIR

The Honor Society

THE Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity of the Maryland State Normal School honors those students who show that they possess a combination of strong qualities. Selection is made from the list of students who average a "B" grade or more in scholarship if they meet the other requirements of good character and achievement in the student life of the school.

Some of the questions asked by the electing body are:

Which of the students in the list have shown the ability and disposition to assume responsibilities in extra-curricular activities?

Which students have given evidence of initiative and dependability as leaders?

Which students have used their influence in maintaining the high standards of the school?

Which students have shown a particular gift for working with children in the elementary school?

Five percent of each year's graduating class is eligible to election in the Honor Society. Six new members will be initiated at the February meeting. They are: Louise Benner, Charlotte Freeman, Mildred Jost, Evelyn Shaeffer, Helen Titter and Mary Louise Zschiesche.

Six more members of the senior class will be elected in the middle of the third term, as well as some of the outstanding Juniors.

There are three regular meetings during the year. In addition to the social side of the meetings, there is a serious side. Reports are made on the progress of the research being made into the history of the counties of Maryland. Interesting material not found in text-books is being collected for duplication. Three county histories are already completed and are for sale in the book-store and to members. Another project is being started for those unable to take part in the history project.

We have an interesting speaker for each meeting. Three assembly speakers of note have been provided by the fraternity each year. The Honor organization should be a real force in the school.

MINNIE V. MEDWEDEFF

Education In Russia

PERHAPS SOME of you will be able to recall a talk given by Miss Brown on her trip to Russia at an assembly some time ago. She described to us Russia's factory system, telling us that the factories were all run by the government. She told us a little about the schools, but not very much. In our recent History of Education classes we have been making a study of education in other countries. It was my good fortune to be assigned the educational progress in Russia. I found material so interesting that I felt I would be selfish unless I gave the information I have found to you. Would you also like to hear about how Russia is educating her people?

The new program for education was drawn up in 1918. It made pre-school education for children from three to seven years, elementary education for children eight to twelve years, secondary education for children thirteen to sixteen years, free, obligatory, and universal. Higher education is not free but provision is being made for poor students to attend. Russia has coeducational secular schools for everyone, but if there are not enough places in secondary schools for all who apply, preference is given to children of the poor.

They have done much, also, for the betterment of Rural Education. In the years 1928-9 in Ukraine 60% of village children were being educated. The curriculum is so organized as to meet the problems in the work of the local environment.

In Kaluga Gubernai is a volost in which is located a children's colony with its secondary school, a musical and social center, a museum, and library. Thirty-five villages depend for guidance upon the colony. Within a mile or two of each village there is a school. In all there are thirty-four village teachers for six hundred and seventeen village children, thirteen elementary schools, seven kindergartens, and a secondary school in addition to the colony school. The projects developed in this volost are the direct outgrowth of a very real living together. The director of the whole group is Stanislaus Shatsky, one of Russia's very fine educators.

The entire school program is under the direction of a peoples' commissariat of education. The commissariat has local departments. Each local soviet has a special committee on national education. The commissariat is subdivided into eleven different departments. Some of them correspond to our Boards of Education.

This experiment of Russia in her desire to educate the masses is succeeding so far. Time alone will tell whether she is placing her trust wisely or unwisely in her poor people.

DOROTHY R. MERWITZ,
Senior Three

A Pleasant Surprise

WERE ANY of you present at the meeting of "Young Voters' League" last January 7th? If you were, you will agree with me that it was a most enlightening experience.

The truth is we members could hardly wait till the meeting day arrived. We scented battle from afar. This was the situation—a month before we had listened to a Chinese youth defend his nation's part in the Sino-Russian controversy, at the same time attacking Russia. Now, a Russian youth from Hopkins was coming to us to tell about Russia's side of this question.

We were very much excited for the Russian student was to be present when the minutes of the Chinese boy's talk would be read. We expected fireworks!

More than that, we expected this Russian student would possess a ferocious black beard. Imagine then our surprise, shall I say disappointment, to see a mild, good-looking youth, slip quietly into a chair a few minutes after the meeting opened. In almost perfect English he told about Russia's attitude towards China and her reasons for her point of view. This is what he told us.

In 1924 a treaty was drawn up between Russia and China. It had two essential parts. First, that the Chinese-Russian Railroad was to be a purely commercial enterprise and in no way connected with the Chinese State. Second, that the officials of the railroad were to be mainly Russians.

The real cause of the arrest of the Russian manager of the railroad was not, as the Chinese claimed, because he helped spread propaganda among the Chinese, but because he refused to transport Chinese troops without pay. China has no right, he contended, to accuse Russia of spreading propaganda, as she has found no real proof of Russia's guilt. On May 29, 1929, the Russian officers of the railroad held a conference. The Chinese raided the conference and arrested forty men. The Chinese then searched for incriminating documents but found none of importance. They, nevertheless, arrested the Russian Consul, releasing him later because of lack of evidence.

A very interesting fact, which Mr. Tepper brought out, was that while China is accusing Russia of spreading discontent against the Chinese government by inciting the Chinese, the Chinese are permitting the White Russians in China to plot against the overthrow of the present Soviet Regime. China accuses Russia of breaking the Non-Propaganda Treaty, and Russia accuses China of breaking the same treaty. I wonder who is right?

After the raid, Mr. Tepper asserts that Russia took conciliatory

steps, but that China would not listen. Russia then sent an ultimatum demanding that China restore diplomatic relations to their former status and release all Russians held in custody. China replied to the effect that when Russia released the Chinese under arrest, the Chinese would release the Russians.

China accused Russia of raiding her territory, but Russia replied that it was only in order to keep her independence that she invaded Chinese territory. Russia says that though no formal declaration of war had been made, China has herself directed many petty attacks on Russia.

At present, a conference is being held to settle the dispute. Thus far, all settlements are in Russia's favor.

DOROTHY K. MERWITZ,

Senior 3



A Trip to the University of Maryland

PERHAPS you remember a particular Saturday when the weather had suddenly changed from mild breezes to icy winds. Maybe you had planned a trip away and were forced to postpone it, maybe you hadn't. At any rate, the Rural Club and Rural Life classes under Miss Brown's guidance, had planned a trip to the University of Maryland in order to understand better the work of the Extension Department, and with that in mind not a thought of postponement entered their heads.

On arriving in College Park the Normal School students were cordially greeted by Dr. Cotterman of the University. Since the weather did not permit an outdoor tour of the grounds, Dr. Bomberger, Dr. Patterson and Dr. Small told of the experimental agricultural work of the school, the history, growth and present status of the extension service and also the relation of this work to rural teaching.

When this work had been fully discussed, the students were taken to the temporary recreation building of the university girls. Here, Miss Curry Neriss, a senior, told of the very interesting Home Economics course which they offer. One phase provides for six girls to live in a cottage on the campus for six weeks at a time. During this time, they take complete charge of the housekeeping. Not only the selecting and

buying of foods is done by the girls but also the cooking. One girl acts as hostess each week and one in this time must entertain several members of the faculty at a dinner. This is a rich experience for the future housewife and a pleasure for the college girl.

On leaving the recreation building, we were taken to lunch in a guest dining room, above the main dining hall of the school. After luncheon Miss Gladys Bull, another senior, told the group of the many organizations of the University students.

Finally, farewells were said, and appreciations expressed by the Normal School students. A very delightful and enlightening trip was over.

MURIEL FOX, *Senior 10*

VIRGINIA BRANNON, *Senior 10*

CA Plea

*Life, we try to understand you—
Slow down a moment—help us—please—
You run so fast, you leave us breathless
You throw our questions to the breeze.*

*Can't you see our hearts are bursting,
Any second they'll explode?
Oh, Life, it is for you we're thirsting,
We beg for more, for more! for more!*

THELMA EANET

Senior 3

Super-Realities

WE ARE SO accustomed to the drab commonplaces of everyday life, that when one of the super-realities of life: art, love, or religion suddenly confront us, we are prone to take them for some sort of an illusion, for a sub-reality. It is only when we contemplate the eternal and the timeless that we recognize that what we take for realities, are actually ugly illusions that society is afraid to re-examine. The realities are the world of love, art, religion.

Take a typical example of a super-reality in art. On a cloth screen, illuminated by a projection lantern, an absurdity in collapsible shoes slithers through moonlit alleys lined with ashcans, rescuing kittens and waifs, foiling desperate villains, defying gargantuan policemen. As we watch, the incongruity of the situation vanishes. There slowly drifts into our consciousness the realization that the pirouette of that pliant cane, the fathomless shrug of those shoulders, the lifting of that smudge of a moustache are real in every sense of the word, far more real than the low whine of the crowd, the tinkle of the piano, the sputter of the projection machine. We rejoice in the deception. We praise the little comedian for the greatness of his comic art.

During the past Christmas, I ran into another super-reality—the world of children. We usually think of a child as an unfilled vessel, waiting to have knowledge poured into it. We forget, however, the child's freshness, his visions, his ecstatic joys. Only after observing a group of unspoiled youngsters do we understand the poets and the psychologists who urge that humanity turn from its worldly ideas to the fresh consciousness of the child.

In the world of children during Christmas, there are no hectic tours, no hypocritical messages, no giving of useless stereotyped gifts, indeed, nothing that smacks of sordid commercialism. Instead the children make gifts for their parents that are not the banal gifts of the everyday world. They are the fairy creations of child-land, works of art, conceived with a boldness of invention, and executed with a breadth of design that are staggering. What if to our eyes they are distorted, lack perspective, are queer little knick-knacks? The sincerity of their creators raise them above the tinselled sham of adult hypocrisies. It is with a sigh that one turns away from child-land to the baseness of adult-land. One is obsessed by the desire to see men and women take their world as unselfishly as these children take theirs.

DOROTHY GERTRUDE ROSEN,

Senior 2

Student-teaching in the kindergarten, Miss Thompson, School No. 63

THE TOWER LIGHT

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The Glamor of the Unknown

THERE IS a challenge in the unknown that appeals to all of us and a curiosity in all of us that keeps us interested. It is the haziness about the distance that makes it alluring. The most commonplace things remain keen points of interest as long as they are untried. The other person's life is fascinating; his daily chores are pleasures not drudgery, because we have never experienced them.

It begins when we are babies—this craving for the unknown. The bright toys in the store windows are much more desirable than similar ones at home. We forget that other wagons have become tiresome, and tops refused to spin, and that bright paint is easily scratched off. The new would act differently we are sure.

And so throughout our life always it is the distant lands that are fairest; the locked doors that shut in the wonderful treasures; the tomorrows that will bring the greatest surprises.

We would not change it, if we could, because it is our imagination's picture of the unknown that makes us advance. We try new things, we visit new places, because of the charm surrounding them. And when the glamour dulls around the once unknown, which has become familiar, we see other untried quests illuminated by the unknown's magic light.

MARY E. HANLEY,

Senior 4

Teaching As I See It

THROUGH MY contact with many teachers, books, and other authorities on the subject I find there are many fascinations and advantages in the teaching career.

Some of the many, as I see them, are given here. First, the teacher who holds a recognized certificate is able to get in schools nearly all over the country. Because of this she travels and through traveling she can study the geography before her. Second, teaching does not hold the teacher down just to reading, arithmetic, and writing, but it gives her room to spread into another field. If she chooses, she may write books, short stories, reviews, or magazine articles. While in the classroom she can study the children and there she has real cases for further psychology work and community health study. Third, as in most places, school is open ten months a year, this gives the teacher two months to do further study or to teach in summer schools. Finally, teaching is a source for a fair income upon which the teacher can live and to which she may always turn.

In the many, untold, fascinating experiences with children, which I have had in my student teaching I am, even now, ready to concede that "Teaching is the greatest profession in the world."

MILDRED JOST,

Senior 11

On Note-Taking

RECENTLY I read an article on note-taking which I think is enough worthwhile to pass on to you. According to its author, notes on lectures, hastily taken, are not worth the paper they are written on. He claimed that the very best thing for making notes is the margin of a postage stamp, and that the next best thing is the back of an old envelope. His argument was this: "The space for writing is too limited to encourage overdoing."

I suppose we have all found out, by this time, that he is right. I wonder how many of you have ever done this: started to take down, word for word, what some one of your teachers or a lecturer has said,

only to find that, by the time you have written the first four or five words spoken, the speaker has gone on and left you far behind. Then, in an endeavor to find out what has been said, you bother your neighbor by making inquiry. I know I have done this very thing. Confess, haven't you?

Well, what good does this sort of note-taking do you? Of course, you may say, "I manage to get some fine notes." But do they mean anything? Did you get the idea the lecturer was trying to give, or did you take down words only?

Think it over! What sort of note-taker are you?

KATHERINE CHURCH, Senior 6

In Disgusto

Rain—cold, drizzling, wet,
 Falling, stopping, ever-starting.
 Clouds—gray, dirty, filthy,
 Sticky, nasty, cloudy,
 Another Sunday shot—

Weather men—bums, loafers, incompetents,
 Joykillers, prevaricators, not to say liars
 Fair tonight—and Sunday—oh, yes!
 Today: increasing cloudiness
 Sunday gone again.

GEORGE NEUMEISTER, JR., Senior 7

Music of the Rain

There is something that delights me,
 In the music of the rain
 As it flits upon the pavements
 And reechoes down the drain.

 As it slips from the eaves
 Upon the earthen roof below
 Its steady drumming rhythm
 Seems to wake inside a glow

 Of something I cannot portray
 As I gaze through glistening pane.
 It makes me sigh for nobler things,
 The music of the rain.

CATHERINE C. CARROLL, Junior 1

Longing

And thou, my conscience, says do this I must
Or else lose all for which I daily pray
But still my outer self retains a lust
For that with which to lengthen the delay
To ponder this and that, to spend my time
In idleness, my thoughts toward pleasure bent
Until I start! and mournfully repent
To wish my time with duty I had spent.

JEAN McLAUGHLIN,
Senior 10

Dawn

Like the misty gray of dove's wing
Floats the smoky veil of dawn,
Then a faintly pink suggestion
Flashed a moment then was gone.
Then another softly stealing
Dared to fling a broader ray
Such a miracle of beauty
Heralds every opening day.
Soon a rosy mass of color
Shows upon the horizon's rim
Paling any master's canvas
Rend'ring man-made pigment dim.

M. C. WEBER,
Junior 2

POTENTIAL AUTHORS

The Fate of the Jell-o Rabbit

The old soldier and the rabbit sat
Having a little sociable chat
The Rabbit was Jello, the soldier was tin!
Bunny was fat, the soldier was thin.
The soldier was perched on a white marshmallow
He said to the rabbit, "I'm fond of Jello."

"Yes," said the rabbit, "I'm very sweet,"
But I'm not good for tin soldiers to eat."
I am here for the children and not for you,"
"I," sighed the soldier, "should like some, too."

Outside the children were running about,
Soon to the party they came with a shout.
The hostess looked, with shocked surprise,
The children stared with tearful eyes
It was clear to them, as plain as Fate,
There was nothing left on the bunny's plate.

CLASS 6B, HOWARD PARK SCHOOL

Written after reading "The Duel"—Eugene Field

The Terror

Behind the clouds the moon sank low,
The wind was whining o'er the moor.
The trees were bending like a bow,
All night long the gust did roar.

The Terror rode down the cobblestone street,
His spurs sank deep in the horse's side,
The sparks they flew from the charger's feet,
But still he kept on his furious ride.

He wore a dark red velvet cloak,
His rapier flashed like a streak of light
His white teeth glittered when he spoke
He sped like an arrow into the night.

Written by CLASS 6 B, HOWARD PARK SCHOOL

after reading "The Highwayman"—Noyes

A MUDDY BATH

One day I was playing with my dog on the front lawn. I had my glider. When I shot it in the air my dog was frightened and ran away. Finally I found him trying to get out of a mud puddle. I tried to get him out, and in doing so, I slipped, and fell right in the puddle. When I got out I looked at the dog and myself and wondered who was the muddier. When my mother had looked us over she suggested that we take a clean bath next time instead of a muddy one.

DICK RUTTER, 5B
School 218

A MUDDY BATH

My name is Mike. I used to live in Read's Drug Store. One day a little girl came in with her father. She was so attracted by my beauty and my beautiful golden hair that she bought me. She brought me to a beautiful house on Plateau Avenue and built me a glass house. (They say you're not supposed to throw stones if you live in glass houses.) There were stones in the bottom of my house, but I did not throw them. One Saturday (as they say Saturday is always the day for a bath) my mistress gave me a bath. She got some mud from the garden and put it in a pail. Then she put some water in. Then she put me in. I like mud very much. I like the bottom part best. I went to get some mud and got stuck. This experience was too much for me. The result was that in two weeks I was a little fish angel.

ROBERT SHEPHERD, 4A
School 218

A MUDDY BATH

Near Douglas Lake, where we go in the summer, there is a lake called Mud Lake. Now this is not like any other lake, for it is filled with mud, with little islands that one can step on. Between some of these islands boards have been stretched.

My father was on a collecting trip at this lake and saw some snails that he wanted at the end of one of these boards. He started to get them when he slipped and fell, down, down, down, into the mud till it was up to his neck, but he hadn't nearly reached the bottom yet. He was lucky enough to catch hold of the board. There he had to hang until someone came to the rescue.

Ever since that time, they call that spot Cort's Fall.
I think that was a pretty good mud bath, don't you?

DOROTHY CORT, 5B
School 218

Continued on page 25

SCHOOL NOTES



An Evaluation

"We gratefully acknowledge receipt of THE TOWER LIGHT for January. Our opinion of your magazine: It seems always to retain the fine level of high quality set by the first issue. The two editorials, 'The One-Way Street' and 'The Lowest Level' were high spots in this number."

Very truly yours,

INA R. LYMAN and LEE E. HOLT,
Exchange Editors of *The Tower Dial*,
Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Del.

January Birthday Party

DOES IT PAY to advertise?

Ask those who attended the January birthday party, or rather ask Margaret Brown. She will tell you it certainly does, because she won the prize of a cute little snow man, for "knowing her advertisements."

It was just another game, but oh, what a game and what fun trying to join the right advertisement with the right picture; resulting in something like this: The Skin You Love To Touch connected with a picture of a room covered with linoleum.

This was just one of the many delightful things that happened in Richmond Hall during the January birthday party. There was the funniest old snow man standing on a table in the back of the room and what do you think happened to him? Instead of melting like a regular snow man would, he pulled apart and was toasted over the fire in the fireplace, because he was nothing but marshmallows.

Little marshmallow snow men were given to all the "birthday people." Some were toasted, but there was one in particular who escaped the fire, and why—because whoever heard of toasting a man.

LUCILLE MILLER

Treasure Hunt

On Thursday, January 9, Senior 4 had its first social "get together" of this school year. The social side of this year has been delayed due to the fact that we were student teaching during the first term.

As a result of a section meeting directly after Christmas the entire section, including, of course, Miss Van Bibber, turned pirates. Clad in galoshes, sweaters and warm gloves we scoured the campus, the farm and the glen, for clues yellowed with age.

When the treasure had been discovered the entire group retired to appease their hunger. Songs, jokes and games were then in order.

Of course, even a Treasure Hunt has its educational values. If you doubt me—ask Miss Van Bibber about—"barns."

M. DUNN,
Senior 4

Potential Authors

Continued from page 23

A FALSE ALARM

One night about a year ago, I was awakened in the middle of the night by a noise. It sounded like light footsteps under the dining room window, which I had left open that night. In a minute they were in the dining room. They entered the kitchen and then suddenly stopped. I got up as quietly as I could. I called the police to have them send out some policemen. In about ten minutes the doorbell rang. I answered it and found two policemen. They looked in the dining room and found nothing. Then they looked in the kitchen and right under the stove was a big dog. The policemen came back and told us that it was a false alarm, for the only intruder was a dog seeking shelter.

BILLY MARVEL, 5B
School 218



Girls' Athletics

THE JUNIORS and Seniors seem to be going in strong for basketball. Judging from the practices, the Junior-Senior game this year promises to be a good one. Although basketball seems to be the main attraction at present, swimming has been progressing rapidly of late. Miss Daniels has organized a club, consisting of twenty-four girls, which meets at the "Y" every Friday, and it has been arranged that the pool be used exclusively by M. S. N. S. girls from 5 to 6 P. M. During this hour, Miss Daniels has full charge of the pool, and teaches swimming and diving. Points toward athletic awards are given for attendance and progress.

Another new sport has been added to our list—fencing. Let us hope it becomes as big a success as swimming!

SUSQUEHANNOCKS 29, NORMAL 21

The Profs lost a return game to the Susquehannock Tribe by the score of 29 to 21. The game was closely contested until the Tribesmen gained a decided lead by a barrage of deadly shots in the second half. Normal held its own during the remaining minutes of the game but could not overcome the lead.

The contest was played in the school auditorium on January 9.

JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

The newly formed junior varsity basketball team has gradually rounded out into a light but formidable quint. A large squad reported for the initial practice and the players have kept steadily plugging away.

After losing two close games to the Pine A. C. and Towson High School, the Jayvees struck their true stride against Franklin Day School in a game played at Cross Street Hall on January 18. The first half was closely played but the Juniors drew away in the second portion. So close was the defensive play of the Juniors that Franklin Day could garner only two points during the entire second half.

Lipsitz, Carliner, Cohen, Woolston, and Bowers exhibited a flashy style of basketball for beginners under fire. Summary:

NORMAL J. V.				FRANKLIN DAY SCHOOL			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Bowers, f.....	0	0	0	Irwin, f.....	2	0	4
Lipsitz, f.....	0	1	1	Guilly, f.....	0	0	0
Carliner, f.....	0	0	0	Sharf, f.....	0	0	0
Jansen, c.....	6	0	12	Read, c.....	2	0	4
Woolston, g.....	0	0	0	Nathanson, g.....	0	0	0
Silbert, g.....	2	2	6	Watts, g.....	2	0	4
Cohen, g.....	1	0	2				
Totals	9	3	21	Totals	6	0	12

Score by quarters:

NORMAL J. V.....	4	5	6	6—21
FRANKLIN DAY SCHOOL.....	6	4	0	2—12

Referee—Bonner. Time of quarters—Eight minutes.

Profs Defeat Blue Ridge

A WEAKENED Normal School quint traveled to New Windsor on January 15 and conquered the Blue Ridge Basketers, 22 to 20. The Profs entered the game without the services of Captain Aaronsen, Jansen, and Trupp, all of whom were suffering from minor hurts received during previous practice sessions.

The Normal School players jumped into an early lead and kept it throughout the entire game. There were times when Blue Ridge drew close, but the Profs always shot their way out of danger. Possession of the ball seemed to be the keynote of Normal's playing. The New Windsor team seldom had its hands on the ball.

"Kutts" Davidson showed his real style during the game, his defensive playing being of sterling quality. Summary:

NORMAL				BLUE RIDGE			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Himmelfarb, f.....	2	0	4	Baker, f.....	1	0	2
Davidson, f.....	1	1	3	Crone, f.....	0	1	1
Deneburg, c.....	2	5	9	R. Barnes, f.....	5	2	12
Peregory, g.....	1	0	2	Benedict, c.....	0	0	0
Silbert, g.....	0	0	0	Miller, g.....	0	0	0
Dalinsky, g.....	2	0	4	Engle, g.....	1	0	2
	—	—	—	G. Barnes, g.....	1	1	3
Totals	8	6	22	Totals	8	4	20

Score by halves:

MD. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.....	12	10-22
BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE.....	9	11-20

Referee—Jones. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.



Junior Three's Tea Dance was prepared in great style. Every detail was taken care of except the small, insignificant one of arranging for a place to hold it.

Phillip Aaronsen is said to have stated that he will ship away again next summer. The rich experiences which he gained, are supplied as the explanation for his desire to become a sailor. Ship a-hoy matey.

Much to the student's delight, a coat of snow welcomed M. S. N. S. on Saturday morning. Lois Helm and Muriel Fox put their efforts on making a snow man to let the world know that there is some artistic ability confined within the walls of M. S. N. S.

The girls forgot some of their calm indifference and stoical dignity when they participated in the joyous, but strenuous exercise of coasting from the Ad building to the barracks.

Edward Goldstein reminds us of John McCormick. This is based upon his attempts to give the children the pitch during the morning exercise.

"Pete" Harbaugh has a craving for 1917 Ford Tourings. Her words are as follows:

"A cold can,
A fresh wind,
Snow covered land,
With just him."

Dumbness: "How far are you from the right answer?"

Ditto: "Two seats."

'Tis rumored that Maryland State Normal School is getting extremely popular in the conduct of the monthly dance. There were no wall flowers!

HER GOOD PLAY

He (as the team goes by): "Look, there goes Ruggles, the half-back. He'll soon be our best man."

She (grabbing his arm): "Oh, Jack! This is so sudden!"

TIP FOR TIP

Old Lady: "I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant: "Lor', Mum, so was apples in the garden of Eden."
—Pitt Panther.

Believe it or not—by Chester Field.

There are twenty-five "E's" in the paragraph on the back of a pack of Chesterfield Cigarettes.

History Teacher: What was the Mayflower Compact?

Student: The Pilgrims used it to powder their noses.

"Words fail me," muttered the small boy, as he flunked the spelling exam.—*The Oriole*.

Fair Co-ed: How do you account for your basketball prowess?

Auggie: Well, from the day I was born it was bawl, bawl, bawl!

Last year gas killed 4,952 people. Thirty inhaled it, 922 lit matches over it, and 4,000 stepped on it.

TREAT 'EM ROUGH, SOPHS!

The young man walked down the street, one shoe off and his coat turned inside out. A policeman stopped him.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Well, you see, it's this way," replied the young man. "I'm taking a course at a correspondence school and yesterday those darn sophomores wrote and told me to haze myself."—*Buffalo Bison*.

Teacher: Can any little boy in the class give me a long sentence?

Little Boy: Yes'm, life imprisonment.—*The Quill*.

Yes, Thomas, freckles are made from sitting in the shade of a screen door.—*Register*.

Once a Scotchman, an Irishman and a Jew planned a picnic, and each was to bring something. When the day arrived the Jew brought sausages, the Irishman brought buns and the Scotchman brought his family.

THE LORD'S PROVISION

Maybe some time, somewhere, a husband taught his wife to drive the car without any exchange of harsh words. Such was not the case in this family:

After things had been going anything but smoothly for some time the gallant husband turned to his wife in exasperation and said: "I wonder why the good Lord made you so dumb?"

She sweetly answered, "Probably so you wouldn't have to die an old bachelor."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

He: "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

She: "I didn't get it."

He: "You didn't get it?"

She: "No, and besides, I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

ONE MUST BE CAUTIOUS

Sarah Whiffebaum was on a visit to the big city. Entering a drug store she stepped up to the drug counter and asked the clerk: "Excuse me, but are you a registered pharmacist?"

"Certainly, ma'am," he replied.

"You have a diploma, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long have you been in the business?"

"About fifteen years."

"You use the utmost care in serving customers?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, then, I guess it will be all right. Please give me a couple of two-cent stamps."

On one occasion Goldsmith, Boswell and Dr. Johnson were making merry in a hayfield.

Boswell: "Sir, how does a horse take his hay?"

Goldsmith: "Sir, a la cart. You might know that."

Dr. Johnson: "Why, sir, I don't know as to that. Some horses like it a la mowed."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Rastus: "Wheah you-all bin?"

Finney: "Lookin' foah work."

Rastus: "Man, man! Yoah cu'osity's gonna git you into trouble yit!"

Rakemann: "There is one thing I don't like about Stringfellow."

Rawkuss: "What is that?"

Rakemann: "Why, the confounded, lowbrowed, half-baked idiot is always calling somebody names."

Blue eyes mean you're true,

Grey eyes mean you're gracious.

But black eyes mean you're blue

In several other places.

—Penn State.

Teacher: "Your essay is very good, but it's the same as Johnson's. What shall I conclude from that?"

Pupil: "That Johnson's is very good, too."

First Sun-bather: "Heavens! My wrist-watch!"

Second Ditto: "Why did you bathe with it on?"

First Ditto: "It's not that; it's spoiling my sunburn."—*Punch*.

There had been a train wrecked and one of two traveling authors felt himself slipping from this life.

"Good-bye, Tom" he groaned to his friend. "I'm done for."

"Don't say that, old man!" sputtered the friend. "For Heaven's sake, don't end your last sentence with a preposition!"

"I've changed my mind."

"Does the new one work any better?"

You would not knock the jokes I use,

Could you but see those I refuse.

—The Editor.

—Tiger Tales





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The TOWER LIGHT



MARCH 1930

Alumni Number

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

MARCH, 1930

No. 6

A Message to the Alumni

(Retrospect and Prospect)

WITH THE publishing of the current issue of TOWER LIGHT, the Alumni Association of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson passes another milestone. What more natural than a backward look to see how far we have traveled during the past year along the course we charted, and then a forward glance to see what the next stage of the journey should be?

You who read the message to the Alumni in the March, 1929, issue of TOWER LIGHT, may recall the fact that the Association set for itself two goals (neither of which, however, it was sanguine enough to believe would be realized in a year): first, the creation of a fund large enough to justify the employment of at least a part-time general secretary and field worker, whose business it would be to take care of inquiries from the Alumni, compile lists of books and other instructional materials for their use, and visit them from time to time to help them with their problems and to bind them closer to their Alma Mater. The other goal—perhaps farther off, but none the less attainable if we think it worth striving for—was the endowment of a fellowship or traveling scholarship, to be awarded to alumni who have made a real contribution in the field of elementary education.

So far, no one has suggested either the impossibility of realizing these objectives or the advisability of substituting others. The Executive Committee of the Association, therefore, in the meetings which it has held from time to time this year, has ever kept these goals in view, and has been making plans for getting just a little closer to them. But of these plans later.

The report of the Treasurer last June showed a balance of \$500.00 in the savings account, and \$177.14 in the checking account of the Association. Expenses up to February 4, 1930, when the Treasurer made his last report, totaled \$323.74, including the Founders' Day Celebration, which cost \$152.78. Balance in the Treasury \$145.37, including dues for members, and excluding the \$500 in savings account. Up to this date also (February 4) 197 members had paid their dues for 1929-1930. At the time this article goes to press this number has been increased to 233.

Apparently, we are still some distance from our first goal—that of a paid secretary and field-worker, for our expenses this year have been heavier than usual, and the number of active members so far not so large. If we hope to endow a scholarship during the next few years, it looks as if we shall have to rely upon subscriptions and voluntary contributions from individual members and from classes, unless the plans of the Executive Committee bear richer fruit than we anticipate.

As a matter of fact, the officers of the Association have realized for some time that the solution of the problem of financing a field secretaryship lay partly at least in an increase in the number of active Association members, since the main source of income, after all, is in the dues. The Executive Committee last December, at the instance of Mr. Owen Thomas, Treasurer of the Association, made a study of the files of the Maryland State Normal School for all the classes for which the records are complete (the classes of 1923-1929, to be specific) to ascertain what per cent of the graduates of each of these classes had affiliated with the Alumni Association since leaving the Normal School and to see whether something might not be done to enlist them more actively in the work of the organization. Alumni, ask the treasurer to send you his report!

A committee composed of Miss Lida Lee Tall, Miss Mary Scarborough, and Mr. Owen Thomas (Chairman) is now at work completing plans for a membership drive in these classes, this drive to be launched some time during the month of March. It is the hope of this committee that an increase in the active membership of the Association will justify and make possible not only the secretaryship, but will carry us a little nearer to the realization of the other objective—the endowment of a fellowship or traveling scholarship. In the meantime, another benefit bridge and five hundred party to be held in the main ballroom of the Emerson Hotel on March 1, will, we hope, put between \$100.00 and \$150.00 more in the treasury.

Alumni Day promises to see the reunion of twelve classes: 1870, 1875, 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910, 1915, 1920, and 1925. A committee has already gone over the class rolls in preparation for these reunions, and has been much elated over the prospects for a finer reunion than we have had, largely because in nearly all of these classes—even the earliest—there are prominent people active and successful in various walks of life; and devoted in thought and act to the traditions of the Normal School. Last year the Class of 1919 laid \$40 in Miss Tall's lap, to do with as she thought best for the Normal School. For the present this has been deposited for the contingent fund. What better thing could this year's Reunion classes do than to follow the example of the Class of 1919, so that our dream of a fellowship may come a little nearer to reality? Perhaps next year the president of the Association may use these pages in TOWER LIGHT to sing a paean to classes who made possible the beginnings of such a fund.

The president appreciates the indelicacy of a greeting to the Alumni, in which the dominant tone seems to be a mercenary one. Yet she is sure the Alumni also realize the fact that in these days when it is almost impossible for any organization to survive without financial support, it is useless to contemplate a future such as we have pictured for ourselves without a sound financial foundation. Without money to go forward, the path to this larger usefulness and service is blocked.

LUCETTA SISK.

President of Alumni Association.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific and Home Again

Dear Classmates, School Boys and Girls, Fellow Alumni:

You all know that I was born and grew up in close proximity to the Atlantic Ocean and the Synepuxent Bay. They were my best beloved playfellows. I reveled in them. When we read the story of Balboa and acted it out in the old country school yard, the Pacific was the Atlantic as we knew it. Were they alike? Some day I should know.

Last summer this childish dream came true. I did see the Pacific at many points from Los Angeles to Vancouver. As this was my first cross-continent trip, I saw the places and did the things which most people usually include in their maiden trip. These experiences many of you have had and it will be like "bringing coal to Newcastle" to relate them here. However, I fancy, that you would be interested in reading some of the things which especially appealed to me, and which from time to time as the months go by, like Wordsworth's "Daffodils," "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

My itinerary included Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, and the Canadian Rockies.

En route to the coast I like to recall, in the notorious Chicago, an attractive children's Day Nursery built well within a city park; in Colorado Springs the climb to the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak, on July 3, by the cog-wheel railroad route; and the view from that elevation (14,109 feet) "of people and houses and cattle and trees" for thousands of miles; the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, with rocky walls extending almost straight up from the river for a distance

of over 1,000 feet (a suspension bridge, the highest of its kind, has just been built to span this canyon); in Yellowstone Park, Old Faithful Geyser ejecting a column of water from 70 to 150 feet high at regular intervals day and night, winter and summer; the lodge pole pines, the wild flowers, and lovely color schemes; in the desert of southern California, the interesting sight at one time of four means of travel; old wagon trail, the railroad bed, a state highway and a beacon light of an air route; in Los Angeles, my first sight of the Pacific Ocean, from such an elevation that I could look out over the water and forget for a moment the summer cottages of the movie folks on the beach below. It was like the Atlantic. It seemed very familiar.

On the coast, the best remembered and most enjoyable experience, is a motor trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and of the many delights of this trip the most delightful is a visit in Santa Barbara, "sun-kissed, ocean-washed, mountain-girded, island-guarded" Santa Barbara, "quaintly beautiful and typically Spanish." To see it at its best, stop at the Hotel El Encanto (enchantment) situated on the Riviera at an elevation of about 600 feet, overlooking the city, the mountains and sea. By day the warm sun's rays played upon the red tiled roofs, cream-colored stucco buildings, lawns bedecked with lovely flowers, and the sea beyond. At night the deeper fragrance of the flowers, and the moonlight added new charm and an irresistible air of romance.

Besides the beauty of the scenery there is much of historic interest. At Santa Barbara is the Franciscan Mission, the most impressive (I am told) of its kind to be found in California. It has been completely restored and is a monument of a pioneer civilization. One stands awed at the courage and endurance of men who in the face of privation and almost inconceivable handicaps, built like this upon a "primeval landscape."

When we reached Victoria, that "lyrical footnote to Canada" the tea cups laid out in the lounge as well as the sign "Please keep off the grass" made us sense that we had come to British soil. In Vancouver, sometimes styled "The Empire's halfway city" we felt the call "Westward to the Far East," as we watched a great liner steam out of the harbor bound for an Asiatic port.

The treasured scenery of the Canadian Rockies never ceases to bring me joy. If you have not been to Lake Louise and Banff, plan to visit them soon. Just how this "Switzerland of North America" compares in beauty with the Switzerland of Europe, I do not know, but some day, not far hence, I plan to see for myself.

As we journeyed homeward on the last lap of the way we were greeted by an all day drenching rain. It was especially welcome since it was the first real downpour we had experienced on the entire trip. Surely the great need of the West is water.

It was good to be in Baltimore again, and to settle down to the old ways of living. Soon, however, the restless spirit came upon me and I completed the journey from coast to coast by my annual visit to the county of my birth, and the beloved beaches of my childhood.

My First Love

"O I have come down to the sea again
To find the very edge of the sea
And find it the same on the other coast
And it is in my own countree.

"Now East is East and West is West
As Kipling once discerned,
But East is West and West is East
As far as the sea's concerned.

There's the same old smell of the tidal flats
And a breeze that's as fresh and free;
And a something else I just can't express
That comes up from the edge of the sea.

"If you've lived by the side of an ocean
Then the side of an ocean's home,
And the ocean a washing Green Run Beach
Is as good as the one at Nome."

Faithfully yours,

MARY HUDSON SCARBOROUGH

A Vision

I sat dreaming—alone one day,	As I stepped upon the first step
When I saw a golden stair,	I reached for a silver moonbeam
Saw how each step was shining	Lo! even as I grasped it—
Like the moonbeams in your hair.	I woke abruptly from my dream.

I held out my hands to see
If at last my dream were real,
But my fingers touched the empty space—
I gripped the barrenness in my zeal,
To just get a glimpse of your face.

CHARLOTTE FREEMAN, Senior 6

A Glimpse of Philippine Education

By SALLY LUCAS JEAN

WHEN I WAS asked last year by the former Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, Henry L. Stimson, to develop a health education program for the schools there I was very vague, as are most Americans, about the Filipinos.

After three months spent in travelling in the Islands I was impressed with the fact that the Filipinos are a splendid people and American educators have accomplished a magnificent task in establishing their educational system.

There are about thirteen million people in the Philippines with a million children in the schools and two million more children seeking admission. Eighteen normal schools scattered throughout the Islands have trained the twenty-seven thousand Filipino teachers now in service and though several thousands of American teachers have been engaged on the program during the twenty-nine years of American occupation, there are only about three hundred American educators there now.

As eighty-seven dialects were being used in the Islands in 1900 it was obviously advisable to adopt a universal language in the schools and as the American educators who were sent out to establish the school system were only prepared to teach English that language was adopted.

The Filipinos are self-respecting and ambitious and are willing to make tremendous sacrifices to secure an education for their children.

The schools vary as they do in this country from modern brick structures to small frame buildings. They are immaculately clean and well-kept and in most instances the children are responsible for this care.

Miss Edna Gerken, who went out with me and remains as a specialist in the Bureau of Education, is developing a splendid program under Vice-Governor General Eugene A. Gilmore, head of the Department of Public Instruction, and Superintendent Luther B. Bewley.

The University of the Philippines with thousands of students has recently engaged Miss Clotilde Patton as a professor of health education in the Department of Education and Department of Health, who will train supervisors of health education for the schools.

The educational system is centralized at Manila and supervision difficult, as there are thousands of islands and transportation requires three weeks of travel from the northernmost to the southernmost point of the country.

The opportunity for service in the Philippines is great and it has been a tremendous privilege for Americans to assist in working out

a system suited to the needs of the people. Every teacher in this country can feel that she is making a contribution through her own accomplishments that throw light on ways and means of teaching health to children as news of satisfactory procedures and good methods is soon heard and utilized by the Filipino teachers.

A Tribute

MR. R. HERBERT E. AUSTIN, a former member of the faculty of the Maryland State Normal School, passed away at his home in Greenville, N. C., December 16, 1929. He had been in declining health for more than a year and death was not unexpected.

Mr. Austin was a native of Massachusetts, and received his education in The Worcester Academy and Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He later did graduate work in Clarke University.

In 1892 he came to Baltimore and began his work as instructor in science in the Normal School, then located at Carrollton and Lafayette Avenues. For seventeen years he was associated with that institution. The years found him not only keeping pace but forging ahead. A man of ideals and high standards, his influence was keenly felt among faculty and students.

The spirit of helpfulness and fairness, the desire for the right were ever uppermost in his class room. Each class carried with them, as they left the school, something definite in character development, gained from contact with this fine understanding nature. The three principals, under whom he served ever felt the strength of his judgment and wisdom of his decisions.

It was with deep regret that Maryland gave him to North Carolina twenty years ago. The Greenville papers that have come to us have loving tributes to his memory. Not the least of these from Dr. Robert Wright, head of the Carolina Teachers' College in which institution Professor Austin taught from its beginning. He acclaims him as one of the greatest teachers he has ever known and asserts that his influence was stronger in the lives of the students than that of any other member of the faculty.

Professor Austin associated himself with religious, fraternal and civic organizations of Greenville. We who knew and appreciated him and are thankful for such a life among us can believe that the final judgment must have been, "This is true work, good work, square work—Enter and receive thy great reward."

HANNA COALE HAYWARD, '97

Notes from a Principal's Experience

A FEW IMPRESSIONS taken from my school life since I left the classrooms of Normal in 1915 may be timely for the TOWER LIGHT. I am greatly indebted to my coworkers for their splendid relief and to the boys and girls who have inspired me to do greater things. No school spirit can be established or long endure without the active participation of pupil, parent, and teacher. I early became interested in ways and means of bringing about such cooperation.

Through my colleagues the faculty has been placed on an organized basis. We meet regularly once a month. The regular monthly meeting is held on the afternoon of the P. T. A. meeting date. Interesting discussions are carried on and administrative policies are made clear. The meeting is socialized by a dinner arranged by a committee. At the P. T. A. meeting which follows later in the evening the teacher finds it convenient to meet the parents. Thus, the P. T. A. realizes more fully the situation confronting the teacher and many improvements find their way into the classrooms. Where parent and teacher understand each other, there is seldom trouble with the pupil. A third interest was a school Civic Club. Representatives from the classrooms meet at regular intervals to discuss ways of making school life better. These representatives inform classes of ways to assist us and special drives in the past have received their impetus in this way. Since the erection of our huge auditorium it is now possible to get the whole student body together. This provides for greater socialization. Already, a Dramatic Club has been functioning and soon regularly scheduled auditorium periods will be planned and executed. An added help to the school has been the formation of an Advisory Council of five members, three of whom are automatically members by virtue of their positions and two by selection of the faculty. This council often decides vital matters.

I have stressed the organization side of the principal's work since that is the most economical way I have found for getting things done. With a class of my own to teach, I find it convenient to have an attendance committee which does an invaluable piece of work in the school. Book and music committees may also be used with great satisfaction. Since my relations with the teachers are not of a supervisory nature I find it quite helpful to create conditions as far as possible by which supervision by regular supervisors can be accomplished more easily and effectively. In closing I might say that efforts with a definite purpose are bound to bring results.

GEO. W. SCHLUDERBERG.

Principal of Dundalk Public School.

The Principalship: Its Possibilities and Limitations

THE HAT HAS become of "The brisk wielder of the birch and rule, master of the district school", whose presence gave prominence to the political and literary discussions of the village store or neighboring wood pile and whose wisdom matched the learning of a Plato? Will the principal of today be held in the same high esteem and be sung in story and song as in the days of Whittier and Goldsmith? I doubt if the principal of today is unique in type, manner or tradition. Yet I am convinced that the school principal may be the same as the country doctor, a respected community character, loved and admired.

Is it much of an undertaking for a young man recently graduated from Normal who has conscientiously studied modern methods to go into a large rural consolidated school among teachers some of whom have taught both children and parents and be received into their confidence and friendship? Here lies inspiration, a challenge and an end which justifies all your effort.

A principal can do things, know things and think things. Assemblies, faculty meetings, supervisory visits, Parent Teacher Association meetings and the children themselves give a principal ample opportunities to "do" things. Lessons, teachers, summer schools, professional friends, and books give him a chance to "know" things. Irate parents, disobedient children, final examinations and unreasonable demands cause him to "think" things.

Our limitations are less than our possibilities. Small salaries, cheap buildings, poor roads and irregular attendance are fast becoming tradition even though people of Maryland are slow to give up those things which have served well in the past. Our elementary schools are still grouped once a year by grades but in many cases the ages of children in the same grade vary as much as five years. The same subjects are being taught as were exposed in the ox team days although the children ride to school in large comfortable buses. Some day I hope to start a class in "Thinking".

Certainly no principal of a large school can say that his life is monotonous. In this ten teacher school, I teach the seventh grade of forty-one pupils, have an assembly each week, a P. T. A. meeting monthly, an executive P. T. A. meeting monthly, faculty meetings and supervise seven bus loads of children morning and evening, a full time janitor, and two part time athletic instructors. This year our P. T. A. will spend between nine hundred and a thousand dollars for past debts and current expenses which average about five hundred dollars. Our school draws children and patrons from an area of twenty square miles, comprising eight country villages. In four years of operation, some of our buses have not missed a single day.

The principal has no time for direct classroom supervision, but his merits are judged by his ability to prepare pupils for promotion. Pupils from industrial or agricultural regions are given the same curriculum and instruction as children of a residential suburban community. All Baltimore County communities are proud of their school system. All parents are sympathetic with an earnest teacher. These qualities together with the willingness of good people to help support institutions for public improvement make the position of principal one of responsibility and importance.

AN ALUMNUS, '24

My Normal School Training As I Have Been Able To Apply It In My High School Training

THE TITLE suddenly suggested itself to me in a history group meeting during a discussion of several geographic questions not to be answered from a general fund of information. I remarked that my information in those subjects had been obtained in Normal School training and elementary school teaching.

This brought to mind other benefits derived from my Normal training. First came to me the most valuable advantage—that of observing skilled demonstration teachers at work in the class room. I not only observed the many problems of discipline, of varied individual differences, of limited material, and other situations connected with the class room procedure, but also I saw these problems met and adjusted in an efficient, methodical manner. Today I can recall how many times in solving my teaching problems I have gratefully referred to information and methods learned during my year of observation of demonstration teachers who patiently bore my stupidity, and regarded attentively all my questions. To many elementary teachers it may be surprisingly true that Normal school elementary methods carry over into high school teaching. The high school pupil varies little in general attitude from the elementary pupil. This I can verify from having taught the same students in both their elementary and high school grades, many for six years.

What is apparently my only accomplishment in my high school teaching, the ability to discipline, I owe to my training at Normal which indelibly impressed upon me the fact that poise, sincerity, and firmness of will are better than an iron hand.

I admit with much embarrassment that my training in methods of the teaching of different subjects came before the Morrisonian unit, and that since its origination I have had to revise my methods by thought, word and deed.

Training to teach was by no means all that my course at Normal School afforded me. My campus life gave me the same development of personality through contact with fellow students, and through participation in social activities that any college girl would receive. Indeed my sense of humor was remarkably developed on the event of a particular Hallowe'en night when I "jimmyed" Miss Scarborough and Miss Dowell's beds.

My desire to work in the high school with more mature minds, and my conviction that I could not do other than take advantage of my proximity to a university nearby, inspired me to attend George Washington University where I obtained my A. B. and M. A. degrees. But however important my advanced work has been, the technics that I have found invaluable in the classroom were formed in the Normal School. Naturally the state program of enlargement and improvement of Normal school facilities is of great interest to graduates and we hope that these added facilities will grow until Maryland will provide as amply for teacher training as any state in the Union. We feel that the splendid professional training afforded at such a school as Maryland State Normal is giving big returns to the state, and at the same time making it possible for graduates to go out trained to attack their problems intelligently and successfully.

ADELAIDE C. CLOUGH

Normal Trained Mothers Desire To Learn

MEMORY TAKES me back some years and paints for me a mental picture of M. S. N. S. and what it meant to me then. I visualize the many, many things it has meant to me during the passing years. When my diploma was handed me I felt as if I had reached the goal but soon I found that my goal loomed just ahead of me—always something more to be attained.

If we could have known how much help our training was to be to us how zealously would we have labored to make use of every moment's precious opportunity.

I wish I could tell you how my training has helped me to cope with the problems brought to me by my two fast growing boys. Each day brings something new. Children of to-day have more confidence in themselves and their own opinions. They are trained to express their individual thoughts and judgments. The knowledge that Mother has had training in the school they are looking forward to attending makes them more ready to accept advice which has been gained by experience.

My teaching experience gives me a better understanding of my children's teachers. Every mother can stand firm for her child but it is the helpful mother that can see her child with the eyes of the teacher.

Co-operation is the word that explains successful school life for your child.

Normal training instilled in me the desire to keep on learning. Being a mother has fostered this desire to the extent that I realize that I must grasp every opportunity to acquire knowledge that I may be of benefit to my children.

The spirit of progress lives in the hearts of the graduates of M. S. N. S.

ANNA SPICER BEAUMONT, '12

A Mother Looks At Normal School

A MOTHER WHO HAS had a Normal School education and years of teaching experience will find much of that former training valuable in the rearing of her own children. She will have many opportunities to recall the psychology, health education, and general subject matter which she studied and put into practice.

The psychology which aids in the understanding of a child's nature and in the guiding of it wisely through its various stages of development is of vital importance to a mother. To know her child is just a normal child passing through normal stages asking normal questions at a normal age gives her the utmost satisfaction. To know about when to expect these changes and to be prepared to meet them should smooth out a mother's problems amazingly. Out of an understanding of your child, grows unending patience which is the primary requisite in child training.

The health education which one studies at a Normal School does not directly apply to the life of a baby or to a very small child but it assists in the realization of the importance of the care of a child's physical needs. It leaves one's mind open to accept advice given by doctors and nurses without questioning present day methods and up-to-date medical knowledge. As the child grows older there is much concerning diet, correct habits, and proper clothing which carries over directly from health courses taught at a Normal School.

During the pre-school age life will be richer for a child whose mother has had a Normal School education. A mother with this education is more capable of selecting and presenting the correct music, literature and art that should surround a child from the time it develops the power of observation. It is difficult to over-estimate the worth of this ability as it may often be responsible for the cultural tastes which carry from childhood to maturity.

No matter what life work one may choose to follow, one will find Normal education is of great value and nowhere will it render better service than in the life of a mother.

CAROLINE R. RITTER, '23



CA Flying Teacher

A QUESTION everyone seems curious to ask a girl flyer is: What ever made you decide to become a pilot? Never, can I recall having made such a decision. One day I took a ride in an airplane and never before had I felt quite so interested and thrilled about anything as I was with flying. Naturally, the first ride was followed by others at every possible opportunity. The more flying I did the more interested I became and the more questions I found to ask about how and why planes fly. As a result of this interest, before long I found myself attempting to learn the mechanical control of a plane.

I have been flying for almost two years. The first flying I did was from the Hagerstown Airport. Last summer I was Hostess at the Pittsburgh-Greensburg Airport at Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Recently I have been demonstrating and selling planes for the Whittelsey Manufacturing Co. at Bridgeport, Conn.

A peculiar thing, which is an actual fact, is that more of the girl pilots in the U. S. belong to the teaching profession than to any other one occupation. So if you are looking for something just as interesting as teaching and a little more thrilling I would suggest that you take to the air and learn to fly.

HELEN V. COX '23.

Songs or Sanatoriums

SINCE leaving Normal School and beginning my teaching career, no phase of the work has given me as much real joy as my Music. My second grade class is composed of boys and girls who come from anything but happy environments. To see their faces beam when singing the bright, colorful songs adapted to beginners brings forth the same feeling that an artist must have when a beautiful picture unfolds under the stroke of his brush—a blank life made alive with song!

Then, too, when those who seem powerless to find expression in other subjects, can burst forth successfully in melody and rhythm, I begin to overlook their handicaps and feel that singing will keep them from being classed as fit subjects for the sanatoriums. The more songs in the classroom, the less children in sanatoriums!

Normal School, I shall always feel grateful to you for my music training, and especially for the inspiration and help received from Miss McEachern!

IVA HEATH, '28

Primary Teacher, Glenburnie, Maryland

Teach Geography!

ARE YOU interested in vital things? If so, choose Geography for your pet subject.

For a long time Geography has been called the broken crutch of the curriculum. When one views the subject for the first time it appears to be a series of uninteresting stories about places, the names of which you can't pronounce. Perhaps there is some vicious volcano which destroys homes and people. Maybe there is a story about people that are savages, but they live too far away to worry about. Maybe we read a list of uninteresting statistics telling how many people live here or there.

Then begin to search for the truths which can be found back of each of these dead statements. Those names become fascinating when you can pronounce them. Those vicious volcanoes work in a very odd way. Perhaps they do destroy now, but in years to come what can we find in mineral wealth that they have given us. Those savages who live so far away could teach some of our highly civilized peoples a fine moral sense. Back of dry statistics there is some geographical story. Do you know that Europe has a much larger population than Africa, yet Africa is second to the largest continent? These facts have a tendency to beckon one to know more and more.

Are you interested in vital things? Then teach Geography!

FRANCES GRIMES, '24

Music Outcomes

The Special Music Course, which I had the joy of taking at Normal School under the direction of Miss McEachern, has been of vast value to me since I began teaching.

I have found that through the medium of music, which is always one of pure pleasure, we are able to touch the child more readily, and to make deeper and more lasting impressions upon him than by any other means.

And the training which I acquired in Miss McEachern's course has enabled me to make desirable and appropriate selection of songs and singing games for all subjects and occasions. The correlation of music and the other subjects has brought greater richness and joy both to me and to my pupils.

ELIZABETH VAN SANT, '28

A Glimpse of Columbia's Campus

FROM OUR apartment at Morningside Heights, New York City, I can look out over a section of the campus of Columbia University. All day there is a continuous passing of students in and out of the many buildings that make up the University's group. At night the activities do not cease, for there are evening classes for the benefit of those who are otherwise engaged during the day. It suggests night turned into day to see the buildings brilliantly lighted and hundreds of students hurrying to the various lecture halls. Our activities connected with Columbia University afford me the privilege and pleasure of being on the campus frequently. I have been deeply impressed with the cosmopolitan make-up of this outstanding University. A close-up view of the student body, would, I believe, be a revelation to anyone. While passing in front of the Library recently, I made a few interesting observations. Laboriously climbing the steps leading to the Library was a young woman, a cripple, assisted by two crutches. From a limousine alighted a richly gowned young woman who hurried into Kent Hall. Seated on one of the near-by benches, evidently elaborating on notes taken in shorthand, was a most genteel looking gentleman who would be classed, I think, in the Advancing Age. Modishly attired and carrying a portfolio, a woman whose bearing suggested approaching middle age came from the School of Business. And there were all about me our own youth and those from many other lands. The Student Body of Columbia University numbered more than 53,000 for the year '28-'29. Of this number more than 13,000 attended the Summer Session, and approximately 15,000 were Home Study students.

Of especial interest to all of us should be the opportunity for Adult Education offered by Columbia University, either on the campus, or through Home Study.

MRS. HELEN LORT TEETER, '99

Library Larks

THE CONTEST for winning points conducted by the Parent-Teacher Associations of county schools has resulted in a number of visits by the librarians to schools, where talks were given on books and reading.

One of the most interesting was the Evna School, where Helen Stapp presides. I found it to be a one-room school in an old unprepossessing building, but it very much reminded me of the old saying about Mark Hopkins and the log. For, as I saw the caliber of the children and the fine spirit of parents and school, I recognized that real education was being carried on in this little rural school. The desks were placed in semi-circular fashion and movable. There were two reading tables on which library books were arranged for the children: the first of the primary material, the second with titles for intermediate and older children. I glanced at the authors and titles of these and found that every one was of recognized merit and suited to the children of the grades for whom it had been chosen.

The attendance record was especially good—over 95%—and it was pleasant to see the mothers smile when Miss Stapp complimented them and told them that it was due to their cooperation in keeping the children in good health and in sending them regularly. The little play which the children gave for Book Week was well done, and they received the book talk and the story very enthusiastically.

It is really a pleasure to see what can be done in a rural school with intelligent children, cooperative parents and a good teacher. Miss Stapp told me of little ways in which they imitate a good example without anything being said directly to them. Such a case was the improvement in school lunches; for just by watching her, the children have learned to wrap sandwiches and cakes in oiled paper and to bring a fresh paper napkin in the lunch-box each day.

On one of the very foggy November evenings, when strong men hesitate to take out their cars, Louise Lynch called for me. We went bowling along through the fog, up hills and down, until we came to Fork. It was curious to find the fog heavier and thicker on the hill-tops, contrary to most of our experiences. We hardly knew whether or not there would be any audience for the talk on the Christmas Book Shelf when we reached the school. However, a fair audience of adults and a few children had come, and they made up for the lack in number by a most cordial reception and a friendly spirit.

Another jaunt early in December was to the little Oakland one-room school where Nola Hale is teaching this year. Miss Stitzel drove her trusty Chevrolet to New Freedom after school. Here we dined, and after the evening meal, Miss Hale guided us through the wilds of back lanes, over half-frozen bumps and sliding clays, from New Freedom back into Maryland domains to the Oakland one-room school. This was a school similar to one where I presided in my own teaching

days, and I felt very much at home. There were some good books in the little school library, and Miss Hale reports that her pupils have excellent reading ability.

One of the largest meetings I have attended was that at Cockeysville, where Alvey Hammond is principal of a ten-room consolidated school. The auditorium must have held an audience of over three hundred adults and children. There were Christmas carols, and my talk and story, and then a fine little Christmas play given by the Fourth grade. The stage was decorated by a beautiful Christmas tree, and the grand climax was the appearance of Santa Claus, who gave a big candy cane to each child.

There were a number of other meetings attended during the autumn by Miss Yoder, or Miss Parrish, or myself. We went to Sparrows Point, to Fort Howard, to Timonium, to Glenarm, to Reisterstown High School, to the Cowenton School for William Hull, to the Back River school for Lee Martin, and to the Chase School for Frank Friend. Space does not permit details of all these visits, but each had some high point of interest.

For the benefit of those alumni whom we were unable to visit, I append a list of good juvenile books which will be as useful for the coming Christmas Book Shelf as for the last.

The White Cat and Other French Fairy Tales—

<i>Comtesse d'Aulnoy</i>	Macmillan	\$3.00
Hitty, Her First Hundred Years— <i>Rachel Field</i>	Macmillan	2.50
Noisy Nora— <i>Hugh Lofting</i>	Stokes	1.25
Lions 'N' Elephants 'N' Everything— <i>E. Boyd Smith</i>	Putnam	3.00
A Monkey Tale— <i>Hamilton Williamson</i>	Doubleday	.75
The Kitten That Grew Too Fat— <i>Clara V. Winlow</i>	Macrae	1.50
I Go A-Travelling— <i>James S. Tippet</i>	Harper	.75
Forty Good Morning Tales— <i>Rose Fyleman</i>	Doubleday	2.00
Nanette of the Wooden Shoes— <i>Esther Brann</i>	Macmillan	2.00
Rusty Pete of the Lazy A B— <i>Doris Fogler and Nina Nicol</i> ...	Macmillan	1.75
Holiday Pond— <i>Edith M. Patch</i>	Macmillan	2.00
Swiss Family Robinson— <i>Johann Wyss</i> (New edition).....	McKay	1.50
Where It All Comes True in France— <i>Clara E. Laughlin</i>	Houghton	2.50
A Buccaneer's Log— <i>C. M. Bennett</i>	Dutton	2.00
Drums— <i>James Boyd</i>	Scribner	2.50
A B C of Aviation— <i>Victor W. Page</i>	Henley	1.00
The Boys' Book of Coast Guards— <i>Irving Crump</i>	Dodd	2.00
Hobnails and Heather— <i>Clifton Lisle</i>	Harcourt	2.50
The Boy Electrician— <i>Alfred P. Morgan</i>	Lothrop	2.50

MARY L. OSBORN



What Is Progressivism In Education?

1. The progressive or liberal attitude is very old. Freedom of thought characterizes it, it welcomes change, and is tolerant of worthwhile tradition.

2. Progressivism in education is the spirit of approach to the educational problem rather than any method or set of methods. The true progressive recognizes that many roads lead to Rome. Each unit, school, child, teacher, is given an opportunity to try and find his own best road.

3. New converts from orthodoxy are apt to set up rigid criteria for judging whether or not this or that is progressive. Such an attitude, of course, is a controversion of the true liberal spirit of tolerance.

Curriculum—Subject Matter, Teacher Technique and Teacher Training

4. (a) The progressive school master realizes the importance to the learner of (1) the discovery of problems, (2) the planning of how to overcome them, (3) carrying out of the plan, (4) and evaluating the results.

(b) The progressive schoolmaster realizes the importance of discovery and planning as well as carrying out for learners but he is not afraid of setting up certain subject matter as worthwhile. He does not, however, impose this subject matter on teacher or child. Subject matter is a resource, not a limitation.

(c) But need and interest are a part of the approach rather than intrinsic in one set of facts more than another. Any set of facts can be so dealt with as to meet our needs.

(d) Life asks us (1) to recognize our problems, (2) to plan their solution, (3) to carry out these plans, (4) to be able to decide how effectual our work has been.

Supervisors and curriculum makers set up problems and sources as subject matter but they are careful to see that children have (1) a chance to practice the recognition—*the discovery of problems*. Teachers may plan work but they give children an opportunity (2) to practice *the planning of work*, (3) to carry out work according to the plan. (4) Teachers may sometimes evaluate work but children need practice in deciding how effectually they have worked. (The reactionary school lets the supervisor and curriculum maker impose all the problems on the teacher and children.) The supervisor and teacher does all the planning at the expense of the children. The children carry out the work. The teachers and supervisors judge it. This system of education tends to develop individuals who can work under direction but who "leave it to George" unless given explicit instructions. The emphasis on *overt* activity such as reading, writing, oral communication

tends to make the most amenable students feel conscientiously employed only when carrying on such activities. These same students further tend to confuse literacy with education, reading, writing and talking with thinking. An individual is educated to the degree that he can see problems of his own and those of others, plan to solve them, execute plans and feel satisfaction with superior execution, or annoyance with inferior execution.

(e) The progressive school director would prefer teachers with a cultured home background, rich experiences of travel and association rather than teachers over formalized in their training. Surely intelligent judgment, however, faces alternatives: as between two teachers, both without the cultured home background, both without the rich experiences of travel, and association, that one, having additional experiences after high school, would be preferred. (Progressives often speak of the deadening influence of the typical normal training course but surely the association of young people is worth something even if they are dragooned into teaching. The high school graduate without this experience in very rare cases will be superior. These cases are so rare that progressive school-people attack the teacher training problem with vigor rather than give it up. Witness Cleveland and Milwaukee, Maryland, and North Carolina.)

5. Reliable control does not come through fear but education is discipline.

6. Progressive education realizes that the whole is greater than any part but does not neglect to employ scientific findings relating to learning and child guidance any more than it would fail to assist the home in setting up proper habits for cardiac cases.

7. Progressive education encourages the desire to make things but does not subordinate thoughtful activity.

8. Not all groups, not all children are equally responsive to a liberalized program. There is such a thing as *imposing* too liberal a program as well as one too rigid. Environment, training and experience will determine the response to liberal ideas.

9. Hiawatha learned from experience in the outer world. He also learned from his grandmother. Unassimilated or unguided experience may be worse than none. Experience per se is not necessarily valuable.

10. It is necessary to work earnestly and diligently; it is also necessary to work with ease, quiet and good taste. Growth in reasoning power requires an atmosphere of leisure. Thirty years ago James in Talks to Teachers spoke about the national failing of *anxious hurry*. Today we still rush. Children should know how to hurry but should not live in an anxious, hurried atmosphere. By the same token, teachers should aim for well-rounded lives that make for the sane and bal-

anced individual rather than the one-ideaed over professionalized recluse.

11. Progressive education has not as its object the encouragement of artistic experiences that the child may create and appreciate art; nor mechanical experiences that the child may understand mechanics; but the awakening of spirit and giving spiritual significance to life through experimentation with its parts.

ALLAN HULSIZER

A Night in Cuba

III HAVE YOU ever heard of starting a sightseeing trip at nine o'clock at night? It sounds quite unique. But then everything about Cuba seemed unique to us. Let me give you an example of one of our Cuban nights.

Imagine sixty-eight school teachers in ten open Packards riding through Chinatown. It was quite a lark to visit a Chinese theater. Having said "Pardon me" to at least several dozen Chinamen, who I am positive had no idea of what we were saying, we reached our seats and settled ourselves comfortably to listen to a musical comedy, trying to look as intelligent as possible. To enlighten us farther, the director kindly handed us a program about two feet square printed in Chinese. The entire audience was lighted. The stage had no curtain and very little stage property. You can imagine how disconcerted our actors would be to have a man arranging the furniture on the stage while a song is being sung. The Chinese actors seemed to have no objections whatever. Besides the humorous side of the performance, the theater had some very outstanding qualities. The costumes were such as we had never seen. The fine silks and embroidery in the clothes and the table scarfs were of indescribable beauty in color and texture. Having disturbed the audience with our remarks for about one-half hour, we left the theater to see more of Cuba.

After we had spent a few rather exciting moments during which we thought ourselves lost in Chinatown, our cars arrived and we started on our way to the Casino or the Monte Carlo of Cuba. To anyone who has never seen a gambling house, this was an experience never to be forgotten. To see ladies and men sitting on high stools throwing down dollars and watching them slide away from them was really breath-taking. Due to the profession of the people of our party, very few of us participated in the games. The building itself was very pretty, being made almost entirely of white marble and beautifully colored tiles. It consisted of a dance hall and dining room as well as the betting room. Since only those dressed in evening clothes could dance, we left the Casino after an hour's stay.

By this time the only place open to visitors was the cabaret to which we were then conducted. I do not think this place needs much explanation. Those of you who have been to a night club have seen a Cuban cabaret. Those of you who have not been in cabarets have been in restaurants where there is an orchestra and a bit of entertainment by dancers and singers. The orchestra was the only different feature in this cabaret. It consisted of four men: one had what appeared to be two wooden balls which he struck together rhythmically; another had two metal bars with which he did likewise; the third played a banjo; the fourth furnished what melody there was with a 'cello.

Soon the members of our party began to show signs of weariness due to a long, strenuous day and therefore our guide took us back to the hotel. When we laid our heads on our pillows that morning at 3.00 A. M., we were a weary but a wise group of school teachers and teachers "in the making".

LOUISE BENNER, Sr. 6

An Opportunity

ARE YOU interested in personality? Are you concerned with developing a healthy personality in yourself and others? Would you like to hear something of the effect of environment on personality, or of the influence of parent or teacher on the personality of a child? Then the meetings of the Baltimore Kindergarten-Primary Club would interest you.

Our speakers all of whom are familiar at least in name to most of you, have each given us a real message. For example, in November, Dr. Goodwin Watson discussed the development of a healthy personality. His lecture gave to many of us an entirely different aspect of teaching in general. We heard from Dr. Buford Johnson, of our own local Johns Hopkins University. She told us something of the effect of environment on personality. We are to hear from Dr. G. D. Partridge and from Miss Caroline Zachary, director of the Psychology and Mental Hygiene Department at the New Jersey State Teachers' College.

Then, too, we have several purely social meetings, one of which was our informal tea in October, where old members were welcomed back, and many new ones were ushered into our fold. Another was our delightful Christmas party where Miss Cecelia Kessler entertained with dancing, and we all showed how well we could sing the traditional carols. Now we are looking forward to our annual supper party in May—a gala event.

Many of our Normal graduates belong to our club, but we are ever ready to welcome new members, students as well as graduates, to any of our meetings. Our next one is March 11, at four-fifteen P. M., Administration Building Annex, Carrolton and Lafayette Avenues, Baltimore City. Dr. D. G. Partridge, noted psychologist, will present to us a study of the lives of children having a certain behavior pattern. So come along, we shall be glad to see you!

HORTENSE E. FREUD, M. S. N. S. '27

Sleep

*Like a velvet curtain, soft and black
Sleep cuddled me and dulled my brain,
Vague shadows passed into nothingness
And I ceased to hear the patter of the rain
Tapping on the roof like signals,
Marking time, as though the night
Were but the playtime of the drops
That fell. No more I knew through all the night
But sleep—the enveloping, soothing, restful friend
That we all must have at each day's end.*

F. E. POHLMYER, Senior 6

To a Tree

*O monarch of a steadfast earth's creation
Now rear thy head in stately, conscious pride
What man-made symbol of perpetuation
With regal grace and regal beauty vied.
What thoughts to one by creeping age undaunted
Occur to that true, rugged, honest heart
When flimsy works of puny man are flaunted,
Thou symbol of a nobler, higher art.
Thy twitt'ring visitors upon thy wide-flung arms,
Have sought and found both safe and cozy homes.
The traveler without a thought of harm
Beneath thee rests before he onward roams.
O when I've done with life, pray let me be
The helpmate of my fellow-man—a tree.*

MARY C. WEBER, JR.

The Old Man Goes to Church

(A Poem for Eastertime)

I ain't so much on goin' t' church as once I used t' be,
For I've kind o' got out the notion—there's lots of 'em just like me.
It ain't that I've stopped believin', but my faith got kind o' slack,
And nobody took th' trouble t' help me git it back.
There's Mary, my wife—I remember when she used t' ask me t' go,
But I guess she got discouraged a-havin' me answer no;
And Susan, my growed-up daughter, so stylish she's got t' be,
I d' know's she'd care t' worship a-settin' beside o' me.
Well, almost ev'ry Sunday they dress th'mselves up fine
And go t' the mornin' service—if t' sun don't forgit t' shine.
They've got a car t' ride in, all spick and span and new,
And I reckon there ain't nobuddy that's got a pleasanter pew.
But me—well, I'm old-fashioned, for it ain't so long, you see,
Sence we've had all our money, and style don't hitch with me.
I'm willin' that Mary and Susan should live right up t' our means,
But I reckon they're more th'n willin' I'd stay b'hind th' scenes.
But 'twas comin' Easter Sunday, and so I thought I'd go.
I said as much t' Mary, and she says "Really, Oh!"
Then Susan, she says, "Why, father, y' know it's awfully dry."
"Well, I can stan' it if you can. I think I'll go," says I.
And I went, but as sure's you're livin', it wa'n't like church t' me;
'Twas a kind of a celebration, a sort of a jubilee.
There was more'n an acre o' flowers, some real and some on hats,
And I felt 's if I hadn't no business 'mong so many aristocrats.
Some of 'em looked at Mary, at Susan, and then at me,
As much as t' say, "My goodness! Who c'n that codger be?"
For I s'pose I ain't exactly what you'd call a fashion-plate;
But if churches are just for fashion, I think it's a pretty state.
The organ rolled out tremendous and th' singin' was superfine,
But there wa'n't no peaceful feelin's come into this heart of mine.
They sung th' same words over and let 'em go with a shout,
Or thrilled and warbled so funny, I couldn't tell what 'twas about.
The sermon was good, but somehow, th' folks seemed beyond its reach
As if they thought it useless f'r th' minister t' preach,
And I couldn't help a-wonderin', as I looked at 'em all so fine,
How many was lookin' at others with thoughts not a bit divine.
For in such a crowd of dresses and bonnets and latest style,
Why, they seemed th' main attraction and nothin' else worth while;
And th' more I thought about it, th' more I took that view,
And I prayed, "Oh, Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they
do!"

THE TOWER LIGHT

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Does Absence Make the Heart Grow Fonder?

YOU HAVE heard it said from the Normal School rostrum many times that a school is as strong as its weakest link. May I reverse that truism and announce another—A school is as strong as its strongest link. If a link is to be strong so that the chain of friendship, loyalty and desire to serve, on the part of its graduates, is to be exercised, then strength cannot grow in "absentia". A graduate who makes contacts with the school at least once a year, or oftener if possible, knows more about the school, its changing policies, its increasingly deeper work, its changing faculty personnel, and its strengthened student body.

To feel the thrill of the tread of one's footsteps along the corridors once more; to open the door into one's favorite classroom; to have a friendly chat with one's favorite instructor; to see what the elementary school is doing; to walk into the busy library and examine the "new book" shelf; to note the changes in Newell and Richmond halls; to make inquiries about this, that or the other factor which has remained

potent in one's spirit—all of these things are absolutely necessary if the loyal graduate is to function always as a part of the whole.

Did the school do too much of the work for its students during the two-year course? Did the State take the financial burdens off the shoulders of the students too liberally when it established its maintenance scholarship for all students? Is the two-year course too short a term for the developing of a permanent loyalty?

Ask yourself these questions: Have I written to any member of the staff since I left the Normal School? Have I gone back to any of the School functions? Have I done any work for the school since my graduation day in return for all that was done for me by State, faculty and classmates? Does the TOWER LIGHT still keep me informed?

At a recent meeting of the Washington County Unit in Hagerstown, this principle was brought out: increased dues will not develop loyalty, but an increase in the number of contacts a graduate may have with a school will keep alive that friendly attitude which the Alma Mater so desperately needs. The Normal School believes in the power of contacts.

LIDA LEE TALL

A Reminder

DO YOU ever think of how much you miss? There are some things in all of our lives that have to be passed by—but how many of us take advantage of all our opportunities? Of course there are some who just don't care. They are missing many things that might mean much to them, but if they do not care, then why should we? With the majority, however, it is not deliberate indifference, but thoughtlessness. They just "didn't think about"—so we write articles to wake them up.

This is our school's magazine and you are our alumni. How many times do you look back and recall days spent at Normal and wonder what is happening there now? Do you think of the TOWER LIGHT as a means of finding out?

It is an intimate magazine. The material contained therein is contributed by a faculty with whom you are familiar, and by students who are filling the places vacated by yourselves. Can you think of any other magazine so vitally connected with you professionally?

But there is more than sentiment that should spur you to subscribe to the TOWER LIGHT. The contents are selected. Every article is measured up to a definite standard and is of value in its own particular way. Whether you are interested in the school's progress, in athletics—or the social events that are taking place—or an individual's interpretations of experiences, in general, you will find satisfaction within its covers.

The TOWER LIGHT gives you the word pictures, the thoughts, feelings, and expressions of people with whom you have much in common. We want you to enjoy the magazine and to find it helpful, and we welcome your criticisms. It is an interesting magazine and a worthwhile one, but it needs your support.

We consider you important enough to dedicate one whole issue to your activities, and we want you to subscribe for the whole year and get our viewpoints. Begin now to utilize your opportunities and give us your financial and literary support for the whole year?

MARY E. HANLEY, *Associate Editor*

Art Applied in Schools

BY WAY of introduction the writer admits that no authority on "Arts and Crafts" is responsible for the following remarks. They are questions asked and conclusions reached by a layman.

We, who are outside the teaching profession wonder how much art—fine and applied—can be taught in the public schools. We frankly confess we do not know how much or what kind is being taught at the present time. We know, of course, that the percentage of artists among school children is small, that free-hand drawing and natural knack for coloring or modeling is often almost totally lacking in a class. Frequently, too, pupils are so discouraged and disgusted with the results of their own drawing and coloring that future attempts at artistic work receive a sad set-back. But certainly a love of the beautiful should be cultivated—an appreciation of the artistic should be developed.

Therefore, is there anything to be done for the boy or girl who has absolutely no talent for the fine arts? Color harmonies can be taught; and pictures can be studied, shop windows observed and discussed, nature's color schemes noted—color consciousness can be gained. In this day of applied art there is so much of the mechanical, that every boy and girl may attain some degree of skill. A plain parchment shade from Woolworth's—or, for that matter, a piece of water-color paper parchmentized and made up over a ten-cent frame—can have oil color rubbed in, its transparency heightened by a coat of shellac, the edges bound with passe-partout or braid. Your child then has made a usable, effective lamp shade. Fast drying lacquer is simple to apply, attractive pictures may be cut from any magazine and pasted in place, clear varnish goes on smoothly and an unpainted or badly scarred shelf becomes artistic. The pupil has not experienced that deadening feeling of working hours on a drawing that "won't come right" and is a flat failure.

Commercial houses today are willing to advertise their secrets—no

longer does the veil of mystery surround simple mediums for artistic work. Take gesso, for example—that revival of an old Italian art. Any boy can make his own by following clear and simple directions as to ingredients and amounts; and a battered picture frame or a new ten-cent article may be transformed into a thing of beauty. A piece of board, sand-papered smoothly, mounted with a picture—(from last year's calendar, perhaps) and treated with gesso becomes an effective plaque. A round cheese box with the same method of handling makes a fine work basket. So on—almost ad infinitum!

Have you ever noticed the continuous business at the artificial flower counters—not only in the “five and ten”, but in our higher priced stores? We who live in suburbs or country can raise our flowers, but apartment dwellers have no such opportunity. Shall they be deprived of the soul-satisfying joy that flowers bring because of their manner of living or because of price? A fold or two of crepe paper, a bit of wire and paste with simple mechanical directions will yield more gratifying results than we anticipate. How many seed catalogs with their present-day excellent illustrations go to city people, do you suppose? If activity with shears and paper makes for greater “dreaming” haven't we accomplished something worth while?

Perhaps many of the “objects d'art” displayed in gift shops do not meet with our approval. But those shops sell such articles and the public buys. Many of them can be made by children. A three-year-old of my acquaintance, under the supervision of an adoring aunt cut out from magazines bits of colored advertisements, pasted them on a pickle jar of good shape, in the modernist's hit or miss fashion, covered the whole with a coat of shellac and achieved not merely a “Christmas gift for mother”, but an interesting and not inartistic vase.

In the writer's opinion it is far wiser to teach children to do the things they can do and get pleasure from such doing than to spend time in striving for artistic results beyond their inclination and their skill.

We started with an admission and we end with one. We freely admit that the surface of this subject has not even been scratched. We should like to see the matter followed up with opinions from those who really know.

ELSIE HICHEW WILSON, '08

Hidden Lake

On South River, Maryland

The Nereids found the place one day,
It echoed to their joyous play,
 Echo for echo, silvery clear,
 Green hills gave back
 Of carefree cheer.

But when the sun his golden car
Drove swiftly to the West afar—
 Hour for hour, brightly sped,
 The sportive maids
 Of Nereus fled.

The dawn is flushing red the skies.
The Nereids on the wave crest rise,
 Gambol and sway,—idyllic ease,
 This playground, theirs,
 Half hid by trees.

They feel secure from god or man,
No curious fauns, no teasing Pan
 To mock and jeer their natural sport
 Sea queens enthroned,
 The fish their court.

Another day,
But ere Aurora raise her eyes
A fisher youth his trade he plies.
 Ignorant of what place he'd found
 He cast his nets
 And looked around.

The morn his flaming banner flung.
The priests had to Apollo sung,
 Sunrise the lake new glory lent,
 The lad felt peace,
 Deep-down content.

The blue waves on the gold sand curled,
The whirling eddies gurgled, swirled.
The Nereids to their play repaired,
The gaping youth
To linger dared.

The Nereids basked upon the sand,
Weaving from foam a sparkling strand,
Laughing and low, their voices sound
Like silver bells
In sweetness drowned.

An alien note strikes on their ears.
Pan again? With taunts and jeers?
Their sea green hair from jade green eyes
They shake in open
Eyed surprise.

Surprise is followed quick by ire,
This mortal with his mad desire
To view a goddess play—
If such his wish
Then let him stay!

But not a mortal man stayed he,
He rigid grew, felt stiff. A tree
Bent low where once the man had stood,
He may look now,
A thing of wood!

But desecrated now their lake.
The Nereids fled, and in their wake,
Left vows, and furiously swore
That closed to god and man alike
Their lake forevermore.

The lake today cannot be seen,
Forest girt, the hills a screen—
Except by those who venture near
And find the narrow channeling,
Choked by sedge grass, brown and sere.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING, '28



Montebello School Contributions

MISS WINAND, Teacher

TREES

*How straight and tall you stand
Through wind and rain and sand.
You talk and tell each other tales
Of summer storms and winter gales,
And in your branches birdies play
And hear the children laugh all day.*

SARA HEPBURN, Grade 6B-2

A TREE

*When I'm alone beside a tree,
Of many things it talks to me.
It tells me of the birds that sing
Among its branches all the spring,
It tells me of the winter snows
And of the bitter wind that blows,
No wonder that I like to be,
All by myself beside a tree.*

MILDRED BRADY, 6B

A CHRISTMAS TREE

*How nice it is to be alight
With my candles shining bright,
With children standing round me, too.
While I watch the things they do.*

ARDELL SHAWEN, Room 211, 6B

THE GREAT ELM TREE

Long ago there was a great elm that stood in the center of a small town. Everyone loved the old tree because it gave its shade to the people in the heat of the summer and in the winter it was the most beautiful spot in the village with its towering branches laden with snow and ice. The tree was known all through the country. One day the king thought it would be very beautiful in his castle grounds so he sent men to get it. When they got to the village they were very unwelcome. The people fought for the tree and drove the men from the village. The king was kind and when he heard of what the people had done he said, "Let the tree stand." So to this day, standing in the center of a large city, is the Great Elm.

ROBERT SCHLITTER, 6B

THE HAPPY TREE

I am alone in a field, but yet I am happy. The bees and butterflies flit in and out among my waving branches and birds make nests

in them. I like to watch the snow white sheep nibble closely at the grass under my feet. I often give the tired and overheated shepherd shade. Would you like to be me?

ALICE HECKER, Grade 6A-2

THE TREE THAT STOOD BESIDE THE SCHOOL

*I stand beside the school all day,
And hear the children work and play.
And when the bell rings out they run,
Into the yard to have some fun.*

ALICE HECKER, Grade 6A-2

HOW MY WISH CAME TRUE

My home was in a great forest, where the wind howled, and the snow fell fast. It was very, very cold. When I talked to the other trees they seemed to be very cold, too. My wish was always to be cut down and made into something. One day there came a man who cut me down and dragged me to a wagon. Then I was taken to a factory where they cut me into boards. I was then made into a big chair and sent to a store to be sold. The people placed me by a window where I could see the snow fall and was glad I could be nice and warm.

DOROTHY MILLER, 6A-2

A TREE SONG

*O little child that stays all day
B'neath my leafy arms to play,
Tell me what you're thinking of,
As I stretch my boughs above.*

*All the things that I give you,
Make me very happy, too.
The boats, the houses, and the toys
That are made for girls and boys.*

RUTH HIRZEL, Class 6A-2

TO A TREE

*What are you thinking of,
O lonely tree?
You pray to God above
And He replies to thee.*

*What do you do all day,
O lonely tree?
You watch the children play
And dream of things you see.*

MARGARET YOUNG, 6A-2

SNOW CLOTHES

O beautiful snow,
 You are spreading your gown
 Over the land
 - - - Tonight

Your veil on the trees,
 Your gown on the land
 And down in the glen
 Are your slippers
 - - - White.

NANCY HISS

SNOW

O! Snow so bright
 So white
 You keep the earth from
 the frost and cold.
 Mother Nature made you
 beautiful
 Made you to help the
 world in need.
 You are the blanket of the
 earth and flowers.

BETTY MORROW

Contributions from the Campus Elementary School.

KINDERGARTEN—Original Stories Told by the Children After
 Hearing

"The Adventure of the Little White Boat"

Once there was a little boat. He was going down the river with a boy in it. He saw a big motor-boat, and behind it a big steam-boat was hooked on it. The little boy rowed up to it and got on it. The Captain said the motor was broken, and the motor boat was pulling it. They hooked the steam-boat to the dock and a man came out and fixed it.

CHARLES WEITSCHER

Once there was a little boat, and he went so fast. He saw a big motor boat right in back of him. The little boat said "I'm afraid of that". So he went right out in the middle of the river.

A fisherman was in the motor boat fishing, and the motor boat said "Get off my boat." Then he went so fast that before you knew it he bumped the fisherman off and that was the end of the fisherman.

BILLY McGRATH

POEMS—Kindergarten

Once I made my snow man
Right in my play yard
And where do you think he went?
He went into the ground
To make the flowers grow.

CHARLES WEITSCHER

Gypsies in the moonlight, creeping thru the trees,
They go quietly for they do not make a sound.
Then they turn, and not looking where they go
They bump into a tree!

FRANCES BLACKBURN

Mister Snow Man I made one day,
And where do you think I made him?
I made him on the side of my house.
Next day the warm sun came
And then where do you think he went?
I guess he went to the Old North Pole
Because I don't think he would go down South!

JEANNE KENNARD

FIFTH GRADE

A NONSENSE STORY

One day I was on my horse riding. It was snowing that day. Soon a lion jumped out on my poor horse. I gave it a box in the ear, and it let go of my horse but it was dead now. The lion ran away much to my delight, and I continued on my journey. I soon got tired and sat down on a stump, and went to sleep. In the morning I found myself on a church steeple. I jumped to the bottom and went on.

CHARLES CANEDY

THE CONQUERORS

It was on Friday at five o'clock after school. We were home. The snow was coming down like cats and dogs. Just then our old Aunt came into the room and said "You big boys ought to go out and have a snow-ball battle." That was the first good idea she had had for years. At that the two boys ran out of the room into the hall. We went to the closet and got our coats and hats. Out of the door we went, slamming the door. When we were thinking whether to fight out in the open or build a fort, Father came home. Then came the fun! Frank said "Let's have a battle with him". Their father heard the plan. Running into the house he dropped the things he had and made a bee line for the back door. When he got out back he built a fort, then

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ALUMNI NOTES

Washington County

OUR UNIT dinner is always the big feature of the year. So many of our girls have been married recently that it keeps one busy taking notes.

Margaret McCauley ('21) married since Christmas to Mr. Turk—and is living near Riderwood. Marguerite Stoner ('22) married in October to Mr. Browning Rench, living in Washington, D. C. Anne H. Richardson ('23), rural supervisor in Washington County Schools, has gone to Columbia University for the second semester's work. Charlotte Helm ('24) was married in September to Mr. Babcock and is now living in Charleston, West Virginia. Mary Potterfield ('24) was married to a minister in October. Mabel Snyder ('24) took a ministerial husband in August last. Harriette Brewer ('27) recently gave an announcement party—a Spring wedding is contemplated. Louise Young ('27) was married on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1929, to Mr. Burns of the Hagerstown High School Faculty. Naomi Harsh ('24) has been married since Christmas to Mr. Taylor and is living in Williamsport, Md.

Our schools seem to be a good matrimonial agency.

LAURA C. KING

"By the Dozen!"

A GROUP of one dozen 1915 girls have found much joy by keeping in touch with each other since the days of "Lafayette Square." Meetings have been held periodically, and a meeting never occurs but that there are recalled the happy days at Normal, and a new interest and enthusiasm aroused for the school of our choice.

Each meeting has had the forward look to a big class reunion in June. All class members of 1915, please take notice! We should especially welcome any who would like to add to our dozen and have good times with us.

There seems to be no finer way of spreading Normal School interest and enthusiasm than by old members meeting in the name of and for the sake of an institution which stands for the development and growth of efficient society.

A stronger loyalty and a sincerer devotion, I am sure, exists on the part of each of the dozen 1915 members, and that means that twelve communities are permeated with an influence that is measureless in value.

RUTH PARKER,
Glenburnie, Md.

Harford County Notes

ON JUNE FIFTEENTH the Harford Unit most delightfully entertained the Harford County graduates of 1929. Miss Scarborough was present and eleven graduates. Supt. C. Milton Wright of Harford made a pleasing speech of welcome to the graduates and Miss Jane Naylor, Supervisor, took them under her care. The school children delighted the assembly with their "Spring Fantasy." Miss Scarborough delighted our unit by her enthusiasm regarding our efforts. If Miss Tall will permit us, we are looking forward to giving a reception to Harford's graduates of 1930. We hope to have present *all* the graduates of this year, *all* the alumni of last year's class and *all* the active members of Harford's unit and *many* others who are not active at the present time. The affair was inspiring and "bridged the gap" between leaving the Normal as a graduate and entering Harford as a teacher.

In November Misses Bessie Kelly and Hattie M. Bagley attended as guests the yearly meeting of the Cecil County Alumni Association which was held at the home of Miss Katharine Bratton, Elkton, Md.

The Harford County Unit of the Maryland State Normal School Alumni Association wish to record the deep loss they feel in the death of their beloved member, Mrs. Otho S. Lee, who died Thursday, December 12, 1929, at her home, Main Street, Bel Air, Md.

Resolutions of Respect

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION notes with sincere regret and sorrow the death of its President, Mrs. Helene A. B. Lee, who for more than eleven years has been one of its most valuable members, and hereby records these minutes with reference to her services:

Appointed by Governor Harrison in 1918 and reappointed by Governor Ritchie in 1924 and again in 1929, she has during that time been an important factor in the cause of Public Education not only in Harford County, but in the State of Maryland. Her painstaking diligence, ripe experience as a former teacher, and sound judgment in business matters, were always at the service of her associates with whom she worked in hearty accord. She possessed a poise of mind and balance of judgment singularly her own. These, with her integrity of character and fearlessness of action which never wavered, made her presence in the Board a tower of strength.

As its president since May, 1922, she exhibited rare ability as a leader, carrying on the business with dispatch, and as its spokesman gained for herself and the Board a reputation for fair dealing and justice in its decisions.

As a former teacher of many years' experience, all spent in Harford County, she had first-hand knowledge of the professional problems of the classroom, and through keen interest and diligence worked with the Superintendent and teachers to improve actual classroom instruction thereby helping promote through the schools a high standard of training for citizenship.

Mrs. Lee's personal association with the members of this Board are a delightful memory, and her work for the cause of Education and the uplift of humanity is a fitting monument to a well spent life.

W. BEATTY HARLAN, *Vice-President*,
C. MILTON WRIGHT, *Secretary*.

A Message from Cecil Unit

"TAR RETCHED" is the kindest word one can use descriptive of the weather the afternoon of Saturday, November twenty-third. True, there were big, feathery flakes of snow, which looked very white against the leaden dullness of the clouds and the black branches of the trees, but the atmosphere was that penetrating kind when the thermometer registers just too low for rain, and makes us feel shivery and glad to get indoors from the dampness.

In the big parlor of the colonial home of Miss Katharine Bratton in Elkton, how different the scene and atmosphere! A bright fire burned in the fireplace heater. Comfortable chairs, tables and shaded lights were everywhere, and potted plants and cut blooms seemed to nod their approval of the company and of the exercises.

The meeting with twenty members and guests was called to order by the president, and the usual form of business meeting was followed. Our secretary read the minutes of last year's meeting and told of our finances. She reported the return of a loan which our unit had made to a Normal student some years ago, and of contributions we had made to projects of the state association at Towson. She reported, too, that the Cecil Unit had had two representatives at the Home Coming Meeting of the previous Fall, and two at the annual meeting and banquet last Spring.

The president then introduced Dr. Snyder, of the Normal School Faculty, who, in her charming manner told us of the accomplishments of many recent graduates of our Alma Mater. She named a number of the outstanding girls which brought happy recollections to some of us.

Dr. Snyder was followed by Miss Sarah Brooks, formerly of the Teachers' Training School, who spoke to us of the continuity which

our meeting established—how we are the link which binds the past to the future attainments and comradeship of our school. Miss Brooks' thought, so aptly expressed, left us deeply impressed.

Another of our guests, Mrs. Laura Phelps Todd, told us of her trusteeship with Dr. Love, of the Sarah E. Richmond Loan Fund.

Miss Hattie Bagley and Miss Kelly from the Belair schools were present, representing the Harford County Unit. They told of some of their plans and accomplishments, bringing us an exchange of ideas.

Next, Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, who is known to all of us as the very spinal column of all of the Alumni Association—brought us the news of the plans and aims of the State Association for this school year. Miss Scarborough brought us word, too, of the extreme illness of Professor Austin, and asked us to send the greetings of our Unit to him.

The closing hour of our meeting was given over to reminiscences, a song by two of our members, humorous readings by a talented friend, and refreshments. If there is an Alumni Unit, in all this broad state, which holds more interesting sessions—accomplishes more or greater things, and separates with pleasanter recollections and kindlier feelings for one another, we challenge them to write it up for THE TOWER LIGHT.

MARY SMITH FIELD, *President*

KATHARINE M. BRATTON, *Secretary*.

Units Help Financially

The following County Units contributed substantially toward the Alumni Card Party last year: Harford County, Cecil County, Washington County, Talbot County, Anne Arundel County, Carroll County, and Montgomery County.

An Old Friend Remembers Us on Founders' Day

We received the following telegram on Founders' Day from former Governor Harrington. It is pleasant to be remembered.

"GREATLY REGRET MY INABILITY TO BE PRESENT.

VERY BEST WISHES.

EMMERSON C. HARRINGTON,

CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND."

Officers for Alumni Association for Year 1929-30

President—MISS LUCETTA SISK
1st Vice-President—MR. LLOYD PALMER
2nd Vice-President—MRS. MARY FIELDS
3rd Vice-President—MISS STELLA BROWN
Treasurer—MR. OWEN THOMAS
Secretary—MISS EDITH CARL

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. GEORGE SCHLUDERBERG, *Chairman*
MR. HENRY BLENTLINGER
MISS HATTIE WORTHINGTON
MISS ELLA SMITH

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

MISS HATTIE BAGLEY, *Chairman*
MISS HELEN TILGHMAN
MRS. EMMA MYRES READ

County Unit Chairmen

ALLEGANY—Mrs. John Dunkle, Frostburg, Md.
ANNE ARUNDEL—Miss Ruth Parker, Annapolis, Md.
BALTIMORE—Mrs. John Raine, Towson, Md.
CALVERT—Mrs. Everard Briscoe, Prince Frederick, Md.
CAROLINE—Miss Mildred B. Nuttle, Denton, Md.
CARROLL—Miss Myrtle Eckhardt, Westminster, Md.
CECIL—Mrs. T. M. Fields, Elkton, Md.
CHARLES—Miss Jane Gray, La Plata, Md.
DORCHESTER—Miss Margaret Mills, Cambridge, Md.
FREDERICK—Miss Gertrude Smith, Brunswick, Md.
GARRETT—
HARFORD—Miss Hattie Bagley, Bel Air, Md.
HOWARD—Mr. Lionel Burgess, Ellicott City, Md.
KENT—
MONTGOMERY—Mrs. James Barnsley, Rockville, Md.
PRINCE GEORGE—
QUEEN ANNE—Mrs. Algeron Carter, Queenstown, Md.
ST. MARY'S—Miss Hope Greenwell, Leonardtown, Md.
SOMERSET—Miss Christie W. Horsey, Crisfield, Md.
TALBOT—Miss Novilla Callahan, Easton, Md.
WASHINGTON—Miss Laura C. King, Hagerstown, Md.
WICOMICO—
WORCESTER—Miss Elizabeth Mundy, Snow Hill, Md.
BALTIMORE CITY—Miss Mary Braun, 1733 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Who's Who

ALLEN HULSIZER was born in Flemington, New Jersey. He was educated at Harvard and Columbia. He has held various positions in rural education. He was Director of Rural Education at the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, and Director of Education at Haiti. This year he was appointed to plan, organize, and direct the new demonstration school in Delaware.

SALLY LUCAS JEAN is known in this country and internationally as an authority in the field of health education. She has recently returned from the Philippines where she was sent by the U. S. Government as adviser in organizing a program of health teaching for the public schools. Miss Jean is a Marylander by birth and an ex-student of the Maryland State Normal School. She now resides in New York.

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he got a lot of snow balls and charged them from the back. The snow flew in every direction, north, south, east and west. Only about six were felt. Finally, their father was conquered and only one fort was left standing.

TINNEY SKEEN

THE MYSTERIOUSLY FORMED CAT

One morning I woke up and looked out of the window. I saw a funny-shaped figure. I wanted to know what it was, so I hurried and got dressed. Then I ate my breakfast and went out to see what it was. I soon found out that it was a "ragged shaped cat". It was a mystery to me. How did the snow form it?

DORIS CLARKE

FIFTH GRADE

GREEDY—THE WORLD

Greedy! Greedy! He eats snow.

He said "All the snow in the world is mine."

Greedy! Greedy! He eats snow.

He eats a lot of snow without thinking.

Greedy! Greedy! He eats snow.

Yesterday, he got what he deserved.

Greedy ate a ton of snow—

The whole world of snow.

He got choked from it.

Greedy—the world, got choked.

DORIS SPICER



Men's Athletics

P NORMAL SWAMPS ELIZABETHTOWN

LAYING AN improved and snappy game on January 25, the Normal School basketball team sunk Elizabethtown College to the tune of 47-28. The Profs jumped into an early lead and were never headed. Although the teachers were greatly handicapped in size and weight, their superior playing and fast passing more than overcame the handicap.

The play was rather close during the first half, the score at the end of the period being 20-10 in favor of the home team. In the final period the Profs buried all hopes of an Elizabethtown victory by a barrage of sure shots.

NORMAL				ELIZABETHTOWN			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Himmelfarb, f.....	0	0	0	Zarfoss, f.....	0	0	0
Davidson, f.....	0	0	0	Ewency, f.....	1	3	5
Jansen, f.....	1	0	2	Trey, f.....	0	0	0
Denaburg, c.....	8	7	23	Crowthamal, c.....	3	2	8
Peregoy, g.....	2	1	5	Herr, c.....	0	0	0
Aaronson, g.....	8	1	17	Angstadt, g.....	4	1	9
Dalin, g.....	0	0	0	Hackman, g.....	0	3	3
				Cwencer, g.....	1	1	3
				Bower, g.....	0	0	0
Totals	19	9	47	Totals	9	10	28
Score by halves:							
STATE NORMAL				20	27—47		
ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE				10	18—28		
Referee—Menton.							

PROFS TRAVEL NORTH

The Maryland State Normal School basketball team left Towson on January 31 to play in Wilmington, Delaware, and Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, on successive nights.

On the first night against Beacom College of Wilmington the Profs lost a heartbreaking contest by one point. The game was not decided until the last second of the play when Normal, with the ball in its possession, could not pierce the Beacom defense. The final score was 23-22.

Against Shippensburg T. C. the teachers did not show up so effectively. The team's shooting was far off its regular form and many points

were lost while the Shippensburg cagers steadily increased the lead. 39-23 was the score.

JUNIORS, 31—TOWSON H. S., 19

The Junior basketball team avenged a defeat handed to them by Towson High School when it slapped a 31-19 score on the Towsonites in a return game held on February 4.

The first half ended with the Junior team leading by one point, but in the second half they played such a fast and bewildering game that Towson made but one basket until the final minutes of play.

JUNIORS

	G.	F.	T.
Davidson, f.....	5	1	11
Cohen, f.....	0	0	0
Himmelfarb, f.....	0	1	1
Lipsitz, f.....	0	0	0
Jansen, c.....	6	2	14
Yaffe, c.....	1	0	2
Woolston, g.....	0	0	0
Trupp, g.....	0	1	1
Silbert, g.....	1	0	2
Brose, g.....	0	0	0

Totals 13 5 31

Score by halves:

JUNIORS

JUNIORS 12 19—31

TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL 11 8—19

Referee—Sherry.

TOWSON H. S.

	G.	F.	T.
Magness, f.....	3	1	7
Smith, f.....	0	0	0
Hope, f.....	1	1	3
Nolker, f.....	0	0	0
Fowble, c.....	2	2	6
Gelkon, g.....	0	0	0
Rubeling, g.....	1	1	3
Codd, g.....	0	0	0

Totals 7 5 19

NORMAL LOSES TO GALLAUDET

Gallaudet College, of Washington, triumphed over the State Normal School basketball team at Towson on February 9, 40 to 34, but the home team gave the visiting team a busy afternoon of it.

The game was nip and tuck throughout. With three minutes to play and the score 32 to 30 Gallaudet started to freeze the ball, pulling the Profs out of their zone defense. Within one minute, Cosgrove, versatile flash, looped in three successive baskets. Denaburg and Davidson pulled the Profs into the running again with a field goal apiece, but the whistle halted the rally.

Jansen assumed a new role when early in the first half Coach Minnegan found it necessary to shift him to guard when Ringle proved too tall for the diminutive Peregoy on rebound shots.

GALLAUDET

	G.	F.	T.
Cosgrove, f.....	8	1	17
Hokanson, f.....	2	1	5
Katz, f.....	0	0	0
Ringle, c.....	6	1	13
Wurdemann, g.....	1	1	3
Bradley, g.....	0	0	0
Brown, g.....	1	0	2

Totals 18 4 40

STATE NORMAL

	G.	F.	T.
Davidson, f.....	2	1	5
Jansen, f.....	3	1	7
Denaburg, c.....	6	4	16
Peregoy, g.....	0	0	0
Himmelfarb, g.....	0	1	1
Aaronson, g.....	2	1	5

Totals 13 8 34

Score by halves:

GALLAUDET	22	18—40
STATE NORMAL	18	16—34

Referee—Samilton. Timer—Fowble.

STATE NORMAL CAGERS SCORE

State Normal crushed the Blue Ridge College basketball team at Towson on February 12, under a 42 to 20 margin. A first half, which the zone defense of the Teachers made monotonous by its invariable throttling of the Blue Ridge attack, ended 26 to 3, in favor of State Normal.

Blue Ridge was unable to score anything resembling a field goal in this period, the three points coming from single fouled shots. In the meantime, Denaburg and Davidson were leading the State Normal scorers in registering enough points to make certain of the result.

In the second half, Blue Ridge rallied against a Normal defense, which had grown careless with success. But the brakes were tightened again, and the remainder of the Blue Ridge scores came from outside shots.

In a preliminary game, St. Cecelia's defeated State Normal Reserves 24-4.

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STATE NORMAL				BLUE RIDGE			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Jansen, f.....	4	0	8	Baker, f.....	1	2	4
Himmelfarb, f.....	2	0	4	G. Barnes, f.....	0	1	1
Brose, f.....	0	0	0	Lumb, f.....	2	0	4
Trupp, f.....	0	0	0	Benedict, c.....	3	0	6
Davidson, f.....	4	1	9	R. Barnes, g.....	2	0	4
Denaburg, c.....	5	2	12	Engle, g.....	0	1	1
Aaronson, g.....	2	2	6	Miller, g.....	0	0	0
Dalinsky, g.....	0	0	0				
Peregoy, g.....	1	1	3				
Silbert, g.....	0	0	0				
Totals	18	6	42	Totals	8	4	20
Score by halves:							

Score by halves:

STATE NORMAL	26	16—42
BLUE RIDGE	3	17—20

Referee—Samilton.





Was It Fair?

ACT I

Scene 1

(A baseball diamond back of Silas Williams' farm. A capacity crowd of 100 fans is waiting for the beginning of the first game of a series to be played by the two leading teams of Centreville; the Hoosiers and the Mudhens, for the championship of the village.)

Silas Williams:

(A spectator at the game meets two friends, Hack and Hiram.)
Howdy, boys . . . How yuh all been? . . . Fine and dandy, thank yuh. Well it looks like this yer series is agoin' ter be the biggest event in town since the sheriff's cow wus stolen.

Hiram:

So tis, Si, and it's agoin' ter be a big event fer the Hoosiers, cause they is agoin' ter lick 'em Mudhens, yuh mark my word.

Silas:

(Thoughtfully) I wus considerin' bettin' on this yer game and being as yuh mentioned the Hoosiers, Si, I'll place my money on 'em ter win.

Hack:

Listen, Si, if yuh is agoin' ter bet on this yer game, I advise yuh ter put your money on the Mudhens, cause I gotta hot tip from the batboy thet they can't lose.

Silas:

Nope, Hack, I'm bettin' on the Hoosiers and furthermore 'em hot tips always did burn a hole in my pocketbook.

LATER: (Hoosiers LOSE BY A SCORE OF 5 TO 0)

Scene II

(Same as Scene I. The second game of the championship series is about to begin.)

Silas:

(Again meets his two friends Hack and Hiram. Disregards Hiram's presence and addresses Hack.) Well, yuh picked the winner yesterday and Hiram picked the loser fer me. Yuh know, Hack, I should 'ave taken your advice in the first place.

Hack:

Well yuh can make it up today, Si, by just doublin' your money on the Mudhens, cause there's no outfit in these parts thet can lick 'em.

Hiram:

(Timidly and in a quivering tone) Listen, Si, don't let thet there first game change your mind. Thet wus the first time the Hoosiers played before 100 fans and they wus sorta nervous. If yuh want ter git your money back I advise yuh ter stick with the Hoosiers.

Silas:

(Emphatically) Nope, I'm bettin' on the Mudhens and furthermore yuh couldn't pick feathers off a dead chicken.

LATER: (MUDHENS LOSE, 5 TO 0)

Scene III

(Same as Scene II. The third and final game for the championship of Centreville is about to start.)

Silas:

(For the third time he again meets his two baseball friends.) Now don't yuh boys rush me with your hot tips, cause hereafter I'm using my own jedgment.

Hiram:

(Humbly) Hack and me 'ave agreed, Si, thet the Hoosiers is agoin' ter win today and I thought I'd let yuh know, cause when we two agree there is something liable to happen.

Silas:

(Vehemently) I sed I'm using my own jedgment. I 'ave picked the Mudhens and I'm agoin' ter stick wid 'em.

LATER: (MUDHENS LOSE BY SCORE OF 10 TO 0)

J. J. BARANCO, Junior 3.

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor:

"We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Next-Door confidently.

"What? Are you moving, too?"

"No, we're staying here."—*Christian Register.*

Little Girl: "Why are the chickens making such a noise, Mummy?"

Mother: "They want their breakfast, dear."

Little Girl: "Well, if they're so hungry why don't they lay themselves some eggs?"—*Happy Magazine.*

NOT A CLOTHES-LINE

A busy man picked up the receiver of a party-line phone and heard two ladies talking of clothes. As he could not get the operator while these dames had possession of the line, he hung up. A few minutes later he took the receiver and heard more of the same conversation. He grew impatient, and said gruffly: "Ladies, will you please take your clothes off the line?"

SAFETY FIRST

"Girls were harder to kiss in your day, weren't they grandpa?" asked Dick Becker.

"Mebbe," was the response. "But it wasn't so dangerous in them days—the old parlor sofa wouldn't smash into a tree just about that time."—Witt.

Mrs. Upmore: "She is a wonderfully talented woman. I wish I had her vocabulary."

Mrs. Suddyn-Klymer: "It's certainly a fine one; but it broke down with her the other day, miles and miles from anywhere, and it cost her fifteen dollars to have it hauled to the nearest repair shop."

Teacher: "They cut down the banana trees and suckers grow up from the stumps."

Little Boy: "Gee, I wish I was there and could get some suckers."

"Oh, Jack the baby has swallowed the matches—what shall I do?"
"Here, use my Cigarette Lighter."

Mrs. Blue: "How do you control your husband while you are away?"

Mrs. Black: "I leave the baby with him."

"Is your new stenographer named Alice?"

"Yes, why?"

"You always use that name when you talk in your sleep."

"Well, she does such poor work that she is always on my mind."

SONS ALSO SHINE

City Slicker: "What does your son do?"

Farmer: "He's a bootblack in the city."

City Slicker: "Oh I see, you make hay while the son shines."—
Purple Cow.



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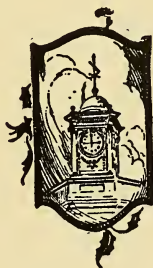
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The **TOWER LIGHT**



APRIL 1930

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Tolson

Tolson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

APRIL, 1930

No. 7

The School Room Psychologized

THE LONG lean-fingered dawn is finding its way through the dark sky—in just such a way the psychological awakening is illumining educational darkness. Miss Si Kology is dressing. Si is a school teacher; not a mere school teacher, but a psychological school teacher. She dresses quickly, but not hurriedly, for she has reduced her morning routine to the plane of habit. And as her synapses are attending to these details her spirit is absorbing the glory of the dawning day, her mind is playing with its possibilities.

Si rises early—not because it has anything to do with worms, for she has her native material already collected. In fact all her material is ready for the day, all her lessons are planned. She rises early because the school in which she teaches is across the city. There was a vacancy in the school next door. A teacher of the “After me the children come next” type would have insisted on having such a convenient parking place. But when the Supervisor said to Si, “There is a special class at the Styxville School that needs you,” Si did not go insane trying to make a decision—professionalism was always first with her.

But Si did not need all the time from dawn till 8:45 to get to school even though that school was Styxville. There were other considerations. When Si’s children trooped in at five minutes of nine they were not going to be emotionally upset for the day by seeing their teacher frantically tearing off her coat and hat, and flitting about the room collecting books and dotting a few last i’s and crossing a few last t’s in the hastily scribbled seat work on the board. Their teacher would be standing at the door with a fresh morning smile on her face (A well fed smile it was—for Si was the kind of a girl who ate breakfast and did not rely on the haphazard guzzling of sandwiches at odd moments—*very odd moments*—to get her through the day). Si was always standing in this position at five minutes of nine for she always allowed time enough for any or all emergencies in transit—time enough for the changing of five tires, tie-ups, and calling Carl.

The children come in psychologically. Louis is feeling a little aroused because Abraham stepped on his toe, but remembers in time that as captain of his row he can hardly justify malicious retaliation. When the Friday afternoon conference arrives and all the children rate themselves and each other on certain character traits Louis wants to write down a few perfect scores with impunity.

The smile infects the mall. The tranquillity of the room quiets Rosa's nerves. Her hypo-thyroid neurotic mother brought the home influence as far as the door—but fortunately Rosa who is rather high-strung herself can absorb a little tranquillity here.

There is a glow of forsythia in the corner, and the delicate scent of sweet peas reminds Helen of the fairy story she was reading in the "LIBRARY" the day before. A plot for a story of her very own starts trickling through her head. When Helen tells her original stories to the other children the more sluggish imaginations are awakened to similar efforts. Helen's reveries are broken into by Jack with an armful of number combination cards. He reminds Helen that she is invited to join his class of two in the back of the room. It is much less pleasant to do number combinations than to construct a tale of a fairy princess kidnapped by an Indian (The Indian crept into it because his picture was on the wall. In fact Indians were creeping into these second graders' very bones for there were Indianlike suggestions everywhere—pictures, trophies, reading units, and a sandtable). But Helen sees her woeful number graph unmistakable in red on a white chart. She won't be the worst in the room in Arithmetic so she follows Jack to the corner, and seated on a Kindergarten chair competes with the next to the worst child in the room for number supremacy.

Si has been more or less of a receiving line during this time. Her proceeds so far have included tulips—to supplement the forsythia and sweet peas, much seeming junk, and a chicken. The flower committee carry off the tulips immediately. There is some discussion among the committee as to the best vase for the flowers. An aesthetic sense is being cultivated, and shape, size and color are all being taken into consideration.

Ginger—the rough and tumble champion has contributed a home made bow and arrow. This bow and arrow is not simply a bow and arrow it is a sublimated fighting instinct. Formerly with Ginger the fight was the thing. He is now getting more interested in making fighting things for these fascinating Indians than in personal indulgence in the sport. Formerly any of his little girl friends were just as entitled to a well aimed fist in the center front as the biggest bully on the playground. But recently the class had a play and it was his fighting as chieftain that saved the women and children from a terrible fate. He is gaining the idea of when and whom to fight from this inoculation.

It was Georgie who brought the chicken. Georgie had always felt inferior to his fellow strivers—a feeling brought on by working with his intellectual superiors. He was now correctly placed, but he wasn't quite sure of it yet. Georgie's home was sufficiently suburban to permit of a few farmlike facilities. Si had been playing up the contributions which he could make along this line. This fluffy yellow chicken was the result.

Si had planned as the first lesson of the morning a nature lesson on

buds but cancelled it in favor of the chicken which was already occupying the center of the stage, and a mere bud wouldn't have had a chance against it. Georgie seemed to feel very superior as he explained how the chicken took its first crack at the world. There was a general air of freedom throughout the discussion. The teacher was not there except for a leading thought question now and then. The initiated could feel a good composition growing out of this discussion. The apparent ease of the whole thing, the consideration of one child for another was the result of months of careful habit training.

Thus, with many more utilized opportunities, doth the day pass in the studio of Si—the psychological teacher—moulder of souls and personalities. Thus doth she utilize instincts and environment. She is even willing to put on a little less lipstick so as not to distract attention from those things which are being emphasized in colored chalk on the board. Every child should go to school to her. But unfortunately she's "just too good to be true"—she doesn't quite exist. (Although they approximate her in Cleveland.) For most of us she is but a Freudian dream—of the wish fulfillment type.

LUVERNE CRABTREE

I Shall Remember

*There was the freshness of an April morning on her lips,
Eyes with the beckon of a silvery dawn in them
And laughter like the call of birds at the day's breaking,
Calling to a hope and a dream of a new summer.*

*She who never found her dream,
She who kissed the tips of her fingers in a soft farewell to an April
twilight,
An evening's glooming in a requiem of stars.*

*I shall remember her when a spring moon opens its pockets of shadow
memories.
I shall remember.*

C. C. CARROLL, Jr. 1



Claudio, the Perfect Teacher

THREE TIMES a week, with amazing regularity, I visit with Claudio in the health education room of a certain school in Maryland. Once, in a weak moment, he descended from his customary dignity and made a special confidant of me. This was the first time he had ever confided his deepest secret to anyone. He told me that at the age when he could not protest, a thing happened that affected his whole life. His mother patched up a cognomen for him from all the picture magazines she had ever read and, having concocted what she felt was a lovely name with a melodious swing to it, announced to the world through the ordinary legal channels that henceforth he was to be called Claudiosiphus Maynard Hopperbergen. Many people, especially his classmates, agreed with his mother that it was a "lovely name with a melodious swing to it" and it was only after long and drawn battles that Claudiosiphus achieved the abbreviation of "Claudio." Although by this time Claudio had developed a special technique in the line of living down such names as his, he found it impossible to cut "Claudio" down to "Claud."

Claudio was once an important personage, but now he is not; in fact, he is a mere shadow of his former self. Those who know Claudio as I do will agree he was once only skin and bones, poor thing, but now he is only bone. But such bones he has! All so straight and meticulously in place and of such a lovely soft yellow as is the result only of age! Claudio is old, so old that I had to hide my resentment when he smiled down on me with his wide, never changing grin, in which he uses to display his perfect teeth. He seemed to say, "You are but another one of the many disciples who are ever sitting at my feet." Although Claudio seemed to think me insignificant, he went on telling me about himself. But let me first tell how Claudio looked to me.

He was of the small, dapper type that had such a difficult time getting enough padding into their box coats to look like the current hero. His hair was brushed straight back until it almost reflected the glory with which he had surrounded himself. In the matter of dressing, Claudio represented the last word—if everyone's coat was square, his were squarer; if everyone's trousers were wide, his were wider; if everyone's mustache curled up, his curled even more. Just as he put his heart and soul into his dressing so he put them into his work. Claudio was a teacher!

It was in his school that Claudio was at his best; there he was supreme in all things. He had always thought that his classroom looked quite nice with its rows of desks screwed to the floor and with its birch rod in the corner; but he soon found out from some upstarts called "student teachers" that in some circles he, Claudiosiphus Maynard Hopperbergen, was behind the times. Seeing no reason why he should continue to be in the position where he could be out of style, Claudio said he

started to read all the educational books he could get. He tried to practice them all and become the perfect teacher. After a time, however, he found it so annoying to find activities, so perplexing to discover free activities, and so taxing to have creative activities that he decided to end it all. Poor Claudio had failed to execute all the theories he had read about, but it was by his very extinction that he accomplished his ideals. After all his efforts to leave all classrooms, he found himself back in one and being a perfect teacher in the bargain. He lets everyone else do all the talking and doing. He is the "colorless medium" as only a really good teacher can be. He is so colorless, in fact, that one can look straight through him. Claudio, who found it trying to get illustrative material, is now himself illustrative material. He spends his time displaying the framework of human beings in the health education room where I visit him. Claudio is always "at home" so drop in, and pay your respects to him.

FLORENCE LEVIN

To a Frog

*Little froggie,
How you hop,
Bob your head
And never stop.*

*Little froggie,
With beady eyes
Hold your head
To the skies.*

*Little froggie,
Croaking at night
Tell the world
All is right.*

*Little froggie,
Where's your heart?
Has it braved
Small Cupid's dart?*

*Little froggie,
Before I go
Won't you hop
Off my toe?*

CHARLOTTE FREEMAN, Sr. 6

Out Door Stories

WITH THE passing of winter, we look once more upon the marvel of awakening nature. Every day a beautiful moving picture is unfolding. What is the secret of it all?

Much enjoyment may be derived from the beauty of nature's forms and colors, the songs of birds and the sounds of running waters, the fragrance of flowers, and the smell of the earth, sunshine, and the feel of the ground as we walk or lie upon it. All these pleasures are within the grasp of everyone; they cost nothing and yet are so very valuable. Nature study gives us a greater understanding of the way plants and animals grow and a sympathetic interest in animals. It stimulates us to form habits of observation and cultivates an inquiring spirit.

Our own campus gives us the opportunity of getting acquainted with many objects of interest. It covers eighty-eight acres which extend from the brook in the glen to Burke Avenue, and from York Road, west, beyond the railroad. It is a combination of three properties: Miss Tall's home, the Cottage, and Mr. Ehler's home.

Both cone-bearing and broad-leaved trees adorn our school home. Some of the cone-bearing are the hemlock, spruce, red cedar, larch, and white and yellow pines. The locusts, maples, weeping and marsh willows, beeches, horse-chestnuts and tulips are a few of the broad-leaved variety. The flowering and seed-bearing shrubs, which provide food for birds in winter, are very interesting. Some seed-bearing shrubs are the Japanese barberry, snowberry and Indian Currant. These are found along the drives. Flowering bushes include the deutzia, azalia, snowball, althea, forsythia, magnolia, rhododendron, and laurel. A Japanese Cherry flourishes on north campus. Attractive vines may be found clinging against the walls of the buildings.

The glen is a treasure-trove of plant and animal life. It is carpeted with day lilies, creeping partridge berries and many other plants and vines. A little brook runs through the glen which at times widens into shallow pools. Dead trees and underbrush are entwined with wild honey-suckle.

The dell, with its dense undergrowth, offers a well protected home for birds in both summer and winter, and excellent nesting places. The brook is an added attraction to the birds. Rabbits and squirrels also make their home in the glen living on the plants and grasses which grow therein. Some of the wild flowers and plants which may be found and studied here are the anemone, May apple, Jack-in-the-pulpit, aster, golden rod, spring beauty, iron weed, ferns, lichens and mosses. These plants and flowers supply a feeding ground for butterflies and insects.

Some of our bird population deserve special mention. I have seen cardinals, English and song sparrows, starlings, pigeons, crows, slate-colored juncos, chickadees, hairy woodpeckers, and a mocking bird. Every

day will bring new birds from the South. During the winter a lone mocking-bird, which had somehow been left behind, was seen visiting the barberry bushes frequently. Then one cold, rainy day I saw him sitting in a cherry tree, his plumage wet and ruffled. He appeared very dejected, I believe he was really sorry that he had not gone to his sunny southern home.

The starling is the greatest of deceivers. I have heard what sounded at one time like a bobwhite, again a noise like a crow, next, maybe the call of a bluebird. On investigation I would find nothing more than a plump starling sitting in a tree near by. When he whistles and twitters we hear his yellow bill snap. His rather dull brownish coat is transformed by the sunshine to rich blue, purple or deep green glints. The starling is increasing rapidly and there is danger that he may drive away our more attractive native song birds.

Let's get acquainted with our surroundings, and remember that love of nature does not appear full grown. It requires native sensitiveness, contact with nature, and contagion from those in whom it already is strong.

Our greatest poets and writers have appreciated the value of knowing and understanding the living things about us.

Tennyson writes—

*"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."*

FRANCES TAYLOR, Jr. 6

The Birth of Spring

*The sun shines down upon the budding earth
And under her bright rays to gold it turns
Leaves green; flowers bloom; this all one's eye discerns.
To things most sweet Dame Nature doth give birth,
While babbling brooks o'er run their sides in mirth
And soothe the parched earth's wounds and burns.
A robin from its nest 'mid tow'ring trees
Warbles forth the year's most pleasant song;
And surely through the world a voice must ring
Borne onward by the ever rustling breeze,
First weak it seems, then suddenly grown strong
Bursts forth with tidings of a new-born spring.*

PHILIP J. AARONSON, Sr. 7

Spring and Her Riches

AND WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" Nothing, except a beautiful, invigorating spring morning. As one passes along the hard-trodden paths, he is thrilled by the signs of Mother Nature which show that the personage, Spring, is now playing the leading role. We all remember Kupfer's explanation of the coming of spring, as he gives it in his well-known myth, "The Story of Springtime"—Proserpina, the beautiful daughter of Ceres, is returning to her mother for six months, after a compulsory visit of six months with the wicked King Pluto (god of the underworld), who has seized her, during which time we have had winter.

The robins are busily engaged in making nests in the trees, which are beginning to burst forth with leaves. One pauses and listens for a moment, only to hear the happy song of the cardinal, which seems to foretell the coming of some little red birds.

Here and there, in the lonely spots of the occasional, desolate garden, a crocus peeps forth. A daffodil sways in the spring breeze to keep his little companion company.

Clear azure skies overhead, and warm sunshiny days, seem to be a prophecy to the youngsters, who yearn to go by the brookside in the meadow to play their favorite game. This is also a prophecy to the gardener who has already begun work with rake and hoe—planting the little seeds.

It seems impossible to find words to describe all of the riches and beauties of Spring. To appreciate them to the utmost, one needs only to take a walk out into the country. Upon his return, he will be enriched mentally, as well as intellectually and spiritually.

MADELINE HARSHMANN, Sr. 9

Song of Springtime

*I sing a song, a lullaby,
Of winds so low and sweet,
Of flowers set near singing brooks,
Which perfumed blossoms greet.*

*I sing a song, a jolly song,
Of joy no one can measure,
Of laughing hills and rolling plains,
All rollicking with pleasure.*

I sing a song, a happy song.
Of birds and bees and sunshine,
Of folks content with merriment,
Who frolic in the sunshine.

I sing a song of happy days
That one glad time can bring;
You're right! who couldn't guess it?
I sing a song of spring.

RACHAEL L. SMITH

A Fantasy

If you were the man in the moon, my dear,
And I a fairy sprite,
Up to the moon I'd soar like a flash,
On the first bright moonlight night.

And ah! my dear, when I'd reach the moon,
Together we'd sail away,
Through the deep ethereal blue of the sky
'Til the sun would announce the day.

Then to the earth I'd return again,
Until another night,
When the moon would announce my love had come,
By its softly glowing light.

And this is the way I'd spend my nights,
And if you'd tire of my love,
I'd sit and gaze at the moon as it lights
The earth it glides above.

For mine is a heart that true could be,
When real love it had known,
And if that love be not returned,
Could go its way alone.



Visions of Italy

*In fair Italia over the sea,
Winds the road by the olive tree.
Glistening and shining in warm sunlight
Are the rippling waters of cool delight.*

*Here are vineyards, a purplish mass
With carpet beneath of warm green grass,
And sweetest music is wafted in air
Mingled with scents of flowers rare.*

*And when at dusk the moonlight's glow
Softly lights the scene below,
There are gliding boats and gondoliers,
Winding streams and stately piers.*

*Then the dark night over all
Softly lets her curtain fall
Shutting off the scene from sight,
And the wandering mind returns from flight.*

MOLLY STERN, Junior 2

Night

*This is the time when man seeks rest—
The grieving heart and the weary mind,
The tired body and aching head
Are lost in sleep—for Night is kind.*

*An understanding mother—she,
So softly closing eyes that weep,
She soothes the fevered brow of man
And gives the blessed peace of sleep.*

*She holds man's shrinking hand in hers
And clasps him to her dusky breast;
The world of day fades into mist—
This is the time when man seeks rest.*

CATHERINE L. MCHALE

My Creed

When the cares of the day are over,
And softly falls the night,
When darkness the earth does cover,
And the sun is lost from sight;

Then I may look within me,
And think of the day that has past,
I shall bring from each hidden memory
The events from first to last.

I shall look at my many errors,
At all I failed to do.
I shall look at all of my efforts
That brought satisfaction anew.

Failures will not end in sorrow,
But they will a lesson be,
For in the dawn of the morrow,
A new beginning I see.

ERNESTINE STAPLES, Junior 2

Pal

There's a little word that's often used
By folks around about,
And if they know just what it means
Indeed I truly doubt.

Three letters spell it out complete
But yet in just those three
A thousand different things are meant,
To joy they are the key.

This word means love, it means devotion,
It means dependency
And stands for comradeship and trust,
And staunchest loyalty.

It means someone to help and guide
A sharer of each dream,
And he who never had a PAL
Has missed a joy supreme.

CATHERINE C. CARROLL, Junior 1

Among Us Books

IT WAS late in the afternoon. Only a few people were in the library. All one could hear was the slow ticking of the clock on the wall and the occasional faint sound of pages being turned. In one of the dark corners of the library, some books fell to talking.

"You know," said one, "I often think that the public's conception of a library is four walls lined with books, a few girls who have nothing else to do but hand us across the desk, and many useless records which it calls 'Red Tape'."

"Why do you think that?" asked his neighbor.

"Well, simply, because I thought the same thing before I came in here, but now, I realize how wrong I was."

A brand new book, who had overheard this conversation, bravely spoke up.

I, too, certainly had a vague idea as to what happened to books that were brought to a library. I really thought I was treated disgracefully in the classification room this morning. Why, I don't know how many people handled me, and picked me to pieces in trying to find out just what I was all about and where I should go. Then, someone, after she had dipped a brush in a cold white liquid, smeared some numbers on my back. I didn't like that at all. Next, I was wheeled on a wagon, with many other books, to this dark corner and placed on this shelf. I don't see why we have to pass through so much red tape. It's just a waste of time and lots of nonsense!" The little book gasped for breath after this lengthy speech and was quite anxious to see what effect it would have on his neighbors.

"Now, now," answered an old volume from the bottom shelf, "don't get so excited, little one. Don't you know that the library has to have some kind of a system? How do you think people would ever find you, if you had no number? The library needs to be organized with capable people at the head just as any business firm is. If I were you, I would be quite proud of the fact that I was considered good enough to be in a public library. You know, not every book is accepted and allowed to enter the library."

After this, the new book was quiet, thinking over what he had just heard. It was a slight consolation to hear a veteran speak.

A neighbor of the old volume, one who had always admired and respected the book for its wisdom and knowledge, finally decided to contribute something to the discussion.

"You know, there is one thing I don't like about the system here and I don't see any reason for its being done."

"Please, tell us," several books eagerly remarked.

"Well, why do we have to be stamped with that awful ink every

time any one borrows us? I hate that! What good does it do, anyway? Won't some one tell me?"

"Why, of course," spoke up the friendly old volume, who was always willing to help his younger friends with their troubles.

"In my youth, I remember hearing talk of libraries in which the books were chained to the shelves and had to be used there. The librarians considered it their sole duty to keep the books clean. It's true there wasn't so much so-called 'red tape', but there wasn't need for any. To-day, when hundreds of people are using the library and thousands of books are being used and taken out, some records must be kept as to where a book is, who has it, and when it is due! Imagine what would be the result, if we did not have any such system? Do you understand, now?"

"Yes," the book, that raised the question, meekly replied. "You are right, as usual."

During all this discussion, one book had not said a word. Finally, it couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Why, all of a sudden, are you people so concerned about the system now existing in the library? I realize full well how efficient and necessary it is, but, my dear friends, there are so many, many, more pleasant things to think and talk about. I just love to watch the types of people who come in here. They are all so different! I, of course, am especially interested in those who pick me up. Sometimes, I can hardly breathe, because I'm so afraid they won't like me and will indifferently put me back (usually in the wrong place). But, oh! how pleased I am when someone likes me and immediately wants to take me home to read. This, I think, is even better! It's more fun to notice how different people react to me! Some are puzzled when they close me, others chuckle to themselves and give me a fond pat, and still others like me so well that they read me a second time. Then, I am delighted! Dear me! here I am telling all of you my little secrets. I really didn't mean to say so much. Please——"

The little book stopped suddenly, for a hand had grasped it from its position on the top shelf. The other books, impressed by the little speech, watched their friend with longing eyes, as she passed out of the library under the arm of a young girl. The talk had cheered the books considerably and set them all to thinking. Each was absorbed in his own little thoughts and said not a word. You know, books, too, like to keep their innermost thoughts to themselves. Once more, the library corner was quiet. Again, we heard just the slow ticking of the clock on the wall and the occasional flutter of pages being turned.

ANNE ROYER, Sr. 1

Good-Bye to All That

DEATH OF A HERO by RICHARD ALDINGTON

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT by ROBERT GRAVES

WE ARE in the midst of a new offensive: the never-ending onslaught of new war books. In such a noisy confusion, it is a relief to be able to read two such interesting books; written by two of the abler modern English writers—Aldington and Robert Graves. Because these men are more than competent critics and scholars, because they are poets of the first rank, these books have a special significance for us. In them we find the war attitudes of two unusually sensitive natures; men whom the war must have lacerated in a cruel fashion, since they lacked the protective callousness of the ordinary prosaic person. What were the mental reactions of these fine, sensitive minds to the brutality and horror of war?

Aldington came out of the war oozing hatred; hatred for a society that permitted such a catastrophe to occur. He attacks and satirizes contemporary England in a bitter and vicious manner, hoping that after the complete uprooting of society, men can begin all over again to build up the good life. Graves, as I understand him, has a much saner attitude. He tells us to say good-bye to the war, good-bye to the hatreds, and good-bye to all bitter memories. Having said good-bye to all that, let us reconstruct a new and perhaps better world.

It is significant that Graves contents himself with an autobiographical account of his experiences. He sees life and the war so sanely, from such a detached, objective point of view, that there is never any attempt to dramatize a situation, a fault that often mars Aldington's novel. The style of *Good-bye to All That* dovetails exactly with Graves' frame of mind. It fits the subject matter so perfectly that it escapes precise definition. All that we can say is that it is attuned to the speed of the modern car and purrs along with the smoothness and rapidity of a modern high-powered automobile.

In contrast to the evenness of Graves, Aldington seems distorted. Such a hard-hitting, merciless attack on English society has not been attempted since the days of Samuel Butler. His portraits seem over-drawn, his satire inhuman. Ten years ago when the world was at fever heat such savagery was needed. But now that sores are healing we need the calm, detached descriptions of Graves—not the heavy caricatures of Aldington.

We may disagree with many things that these two poets tell us. But such sincerity, sensitiveness, and intelligence are so rare in novels and autobiographies that the writer has no hesitation in placing the books of Aldington and Graves among the five best books on the war.

DOROTHY GERTRUDE ROSEN, Sr. 2

My Impressions of New York

CROSS THE ferry from the Jersey shore. The first thing that fascinates you about New York is its irregular skyline. The buildings making up that picture, dotted as they are with their many windows, seem a little unreal when viewed from the deck of the ferry boat.

During the fifteen minute ride you get some idea of the city of industry which you are entering. The numerous small boats, small only in comparison, sailing up and down the river, make you wonder what can be their missions. The stately trans-Atlantic liner with its air of subdued power seems at home squeezed into the shore.

Before any impression has quite settled in your mind, a different view is presented, and you find yourself at the base of the towering structures which are New York's definition of the word, "building." Now you see the real rush and bustle of the city. Leaving the swirling traffic behind, you descend into the depths of the Pennsylvania station where electric lights struggle bravely as substitutes for daylight. You are conscious of the clanking of coins as people brush through the stiles to the subway in a never ending stream.

Standing on the edge of the cement platform, looking down at the tracks, you wonder if anyone ever tried to cross them when you read the warning—"Keep off the tracks." Then—with a deafening roar the train draws up in front of you, gradually slackening its speed. The doors automatically slide back and the people, just as automatically, pour out of the cars while others from the platform quickly fill their places. The doors slip back in place—the train rushes forward and you are on your way—through a tunnel of rock which underlies the busy city. Flashes of light as you pass the stations supply the only scenery from the car windows.

The height of the skyscrapers; the aeroplanes flying over the city; subway below; and the surface vehicles unite to make use of all available space and time in this city where it is never quiet.

There are really twenty-four hours of light in this great metropolis; the glittering, flashing electric lights spread a glow, unnatural but nonetheless alluring, over the city at night. The moon shining bravely between two buildings appears as a dull and inconspicuous advertisement against the more glamorous competition. The people, like giant fireflies attracted by the lights, follow the trail of the sidewalks.

The commonplace impresses you as queer surrounded as it is by uncommon things. The people surprise you most of all. They are just the average city types—the weary home-going stenographer who a few hours later emerges full of animation; the portly gentleman with the newspaper, taking up more than a generous share of the car space; the preoccupied looking housewife making mental additions to her shopping list; the foreigners jabbering to each other in their native tongue; and

the curious crowd, changing but never dispersed, gazing with fascinated eyes at the workmen far below the street level. You form a part of the crowd for a minute and watch the laborers wearing away the rock with their steel tools and adding their bit of noise to a city of noises while preparing another wonder for a world now commonplace to them.

All too soon you find yourself being ferried away from this city of activity. The tips of the skyscrapers appear a little hazy in the twilight; the boats still bustling importantly up and down the river are now carrying tiny points of lights, while in the distance the lighted torch of the Statue of Liberty bids you a farewell and promises a welcome when you return.

MARY E. HANLEY, Sr. 4



Youth

*Youth is a flame on the wings of dawn;
Youth is a dance on a rose-strewn lawn.
Youth is love; Youth is Spring,
Youth is a humming-bird on the wing.*

*Youth is rash; youth is bold
Youth loves nothing dark or old.
Youth is music bright and gay,
Like sunshine on a fair June day.*

*Youth has beauty of form and face,
Youth is endowed with natural grace.
Youth is riches far dearer than gold,
For what is wealth when one is old?*

*Youth is passion's burning fire,
And of pleasure will never tire
Care and sorrow, grief and such,
The heart of youth can never touch.*

SYLVIA W. LUDWIG, Junior 4

The Convict Ship

LAST SUMMER I had the good fortune of visiting the old Convict Ship "Success" which is by far the oldest ship afloat and is now the only survivor of England's fleet of felon transports. It not only captivated my admiration as an antique but also as an educational force, as a living sign-mark of the phenomenal progress made by the human race in the last century.

This historical ship was built in the year 1790, at Moulmein, in British India. Constructed throughout of Burmese teak, a wood which is internationally known for its enduring qualities, the "Success" was first launched as an armed East India merchantman. She had beautiful brass guns protruding from her sides and was fitted handsomely for the reception aboard of princes and the wealthy traders of the Orient, whose spices, aromatic teas and luxuries she carried to all corners of the earth. She continued this honored life on the ocean until the year 1802, when she was chartered by the British government to transport to Australia the overflow of the home jails, the unfortunates who at that time were sentenced from seven years, to life-imprisonment for offenses that would be regarded today as trivial.

At that time there were over one hundred offenses for which the decreed penalty was death. Today many of those same unlawful deeds could be dismissed with a small fine. The penal laws of England at that time were, undoubtedly, detrimental to the progress of civilization—a black menace to the human race. In 1857 the disclosures that had been made of the brutal and unhuman treatment of the prisoners aroused a fierce outcry in Australia, but it was not until 1868 that the system was finally stopped by the British government, obliterating one of the most atrocious penal systems ever introduced in this world. In 1885 "The Success" was sunk in Sidney harbor and there she remained until raised to be exhibited to the world as an education in history.

On the top deck was an exhibition of instruments used on refractory prisoners to maintain order and discipline. The most important and fiendish were the leg irons, varying from seven to fifty-six pounds; the body iron with handcuffs attached, used on extremely callous prisoners; the flogging frames, on which the prisoner was at the mercy of the flagellator; the compulsory bath, more appropriately christened by the prisoners as the coffin bath for the reason that unconscious and flogged inmates were drowned in this bath while their backs were washed with salt water.

Descending a flight of wooden steps into the middle deck, one was confronted with a musty and oppressive odor—an odor which made one experience a sensation of strangeness, weirdness. A narrow aisle separated two rows of cells where the unfortunates were incarcerated. These cells are strong and gloomy and are almost devoid of air except what can

filter through the perforated iron plate which was placed over the bars above the door, thus making the cell as dark and oppressive as possible.

The lower deck was devoted to the worst type of criminals—the most irreclaimable, who were kept throughout the long days and nights in dungeons and were never allowed ashore on any pretext. The corner cells on either side of this deck are the dreaded “Black Holes” in which prisoners who had been guilty of some misbehavior were punished by solitary confinement lasting for an indefinite period, according to the gravity of their offense. A metal ring was fastened on the shelving back of the cell and through this ring the prisoner was chained, thus making it impossible to stand upright or lie down. The air that pervaded these dilapidated cells is better imagined than described.

We should be gratified that such monstrous brutalities are not practiced in our modern penal institutions. The present-day civilization realizes that criminals can be reformed by human treatment instead of by inflicting such physical and mental injury as to make the released convict an enemy and permanent menace to society.

The Convict Ship is now owned by an American who is exhibiting it to immense crowds throughout the world as an educational object lesson.

If it ever returns to Baltimore again, avail yourself of the opportunity of inspecting it.

J. J. BARANCO, Jr. 3

“What Shall We Dramatize?”

WHAT WAS the question that my seventh grade asked me after I had given them my permission to undertake a dramatization. A simple rhetorical question, yet probably no question has been asked me this year which surprised and troubled me more. “What shall we dramatize?” And this question after six weeks of rich living with O’Henry, Hawthorne and Poe. What did this question imply? Did it mean that my pupils had no taste for good literature—no love for beautiful language? Had all those delightful hours that we spent with the masters gone for naught? How I longed to know the real answers to these questions!

As I write these lines almost four weeks have elapsed since these confounding questions were propounded and we are now on the eve of producing “The Story of a China Plate” for the approval of our fellow school mates. The children are happy over the approaching event and I, too, am well content. Noticing the lowly title of our play, you ask whether I have surrendered to the inevitable and reor-

ganized my plans to suit the tastes of my pupils. As a matter of fact, I believe I do still suit my pupils' tastes but no reorganization was necessary to do it.

Let me explain this statement. Through experiments upon the class I soon discovered the real reason why they were unwilling to initiate a dramatization of a classic. They were reluctant because they DID appreciate it. They DID see in it the work of a master—because they did revere it as a monument of language. How could they hope to write dialogue worthy of the language of the author? As one boy put it, after hearing a famous story read, "That's good description there. Our play would be 'dead' if we left that out." Nor were they willing to change one incident in order to adapt this story to their somewhat limited means of production. Every change was objected to on the grounds that it spoiled the story. In other words, they wanted a SITUATION to dramatize, a situation which would not hamper their imagination, nor bother them with unwanted details.

The rest of my story is told very simply. Wherever there was a human interest story, simply told, and not too set in detail—there was a potential dramatization. The story of Mei Lan-Fang whose acting has stirred New York this winter and a vivid description of "The Yellow Jacket," which one of the children saw at the Maryland Institute, turned our attention to the Chinese stage. The fascinating "Story of the Willow Plate" completed the picture and we were ready to begin.

The pupils now had the story; would they be content to let the language take care of itself? That was the remaining question. They already had shown that they were loathe to tackle a story of a master because of its language difficulty and I waited carefully to see if there was to be no consideration of that element at all. No fear; the first thing they wanted was to be acclimatized to the language of the Chinese and so more Chinese stories and plays were read with their own needs in mind. Having decided upon a general plan, the work was divided—art and scenery painting for those who express themselves with their hands and dramatization for those who chose to work with words. It took a week and a half to write and revise the play to the satisfaction of the class. But now we have a play which we all like and which we feel has made each one of us just a little better for having lived through it. Could a classic have done more?

HAROLD E. MOSER

A Dramatization Project

NORMA STRASSBURGER, EUNICE BOWERS, Senior 6

*Points for the School Room Dramatization
(From Dramatizations of School Classics by Mary A. Laselle.)*

1. Only the best literature should be dramatized.
2. Scenes should be chosen in which several actors can appear.
3. There should be a great deal of action in the scenes represented. The play should move rapidly.
4. As far as possible the scenes should be beautiful and spectacular. Painful and disagreeable situations should not be represented.
5. It is much better to use home-made costumes and scenery than to hire elaborate finery and stage settings.
6. Do not attempt too much. A ten-minute exercise in which the action is swift and the interest well sustained is far more satisfactory than a longer one in which there are dull moments.
7. In any dramatization in which the entire narrative cannot be understood from the scenes represented, an essay, giving the summary of the story, should precede the performance.

COMPLETE CAST

King Priam	Deiphobus	Agamemnon	Ajax	Hecuba
Hector	Paidon	Calchas	Patroclus	Helen
Paris	Ascanuis	Antilochus	Odysseus	Nurse
Glaucus	Astyanax	Menelaus	Nestor	Thetis
Aeneas	Trojan Warriors	Diomedes	Heralds	Chryseis
	Achilles		Andromache	

PROLOGUE

The Story of What Led to the Siege of Troy

“**I**N THE deep forests that clothe Mt. Ida, not far from the strong city of Troy, Paris, son of King Priam, watched his father’s flock by night.

Suddenly thru the dim woods he saw a light, as if the golden sun and silver moon shone together.

And lo! in the radiance of this light there stood before him the three fairest of the goddesses—queenly Hera, wise Athene, and lovely Aphrodite.

Like music stealing thru the trees came the soft voice of Hera:

“Of all mortal men art thou the most beautiful, Paris, and to thee do we come for judgment. Tell us which of us is the fairest of all, and to that one whom thou so deemest, give this golden apple.”

So spake Hera and placed in the hand of Paris an apple of purest gold.

Again she spake: "If to me, Hera, the queen of the goddesses, and wife of mighty Zeus, king of all the gods, thou dost grant the prize of loveliness, Power immeasurable shall be thine. King shalt thou be of the lands where the grey dawn rises, and king even to where the red sun goes down. A hundred peoples shall call thee lord."

She was silent and the voice of Athene, fair and pure as a silver moonbeam, broke the stillness of the starless night.

"To me award the prize," she said, "and wise as the gods thou shalt be. With me as thy friend and guide, all things will be possible to thee."

Last of all, standing in a rosy light, as of the dawning sunlight in the spring, spoke Aphrodite.

"What are Power and Wisdom, fair Paris?" she plead. "Wisdom and power bring no joy at last. I will give thee love, and for thy wife thou shalt have the fairest woman in the world."

And Paris, the melody of her voice still in his ears, as he gazed spellbound on her face of wondrous beauty, handed to Aphrodite, the golden prize.

So it was that the wrath of the gods came upon Paris, son of Priam. For Hera and Athene, filled with rage, vowed to be revenged upon Paris and all his race, and made all the gods pledge to aid them in their vengeance.

Across the far seas sailed Paris, with Aphrodite as his guide, to Sparta, where Menelaus was king.

A brave king was Menelaus and happily he lived in his kingdom with Helen, his queen, fairest of all women. One child they had, a little maid Hermione.

When to Sparta there came Paris, with eyes as blue as the sea and hair that gleamed like gold on his purple robe, gallant and brave, and more beautiful than any mortal man, glad was the welcome he had from Menelaus.

And when Paris gazed on Helen's face, he knew that in all the world there was no woman half so fair as the wife of Menelaus.

Then did Aphrodite cast her spell upon Helen.

No longer did she love her husband, nor did she remember little Hermione, her own dear child.

When Paris spoke to her words of love and begged her to flee with him, and to be his wife, she knew only that she loved Paris better than all else.

Gladly she went with him, and in his red prowed ship, together they sailed to Troyland, where Mt. Ida showed her snowy crown high above the forests.

THE TOWER LIGHT

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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News from the C. S. P. A.



ON MARCH 13-15th the Sixth Annual Convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was held at Columbia University, New York. There were present some fifteen hundred delegates—the two youngest of whom were nine years of age—representing junior and senior high schools, colleges, and teachers' colleges on behalf of each one's respective paper, magazine, or annual.

What is the purpose of this annual convention? Primarily, it is a coming together to learn to carry back, and, if possible, to use in some form or other new and better ideas in this particular field of journalism to improve respective school publications.

What message for "TOWER LIGHT"?

It must be classed in a small but very select group—teacher college publications. Its nature must necessarily be quite different from that of the other above mentioned institutions. Remember teaching is a

profession. Let us have and educate ourselves to more of the professional side in our school magazine.

EVELYN SCHAEFFER, *Senior 7*

A Challenge to Student Teachers

SO OFTEN, we have been told of the various qualities which should characterize the student teacher, but it is only when we come face to face with the proposition of practice teaching that we honestly analyze those qualities.

Oh how frequently we have been told of the importance of our attitudes toward teaching, toward our practice teachers and supervisors, and toward the children who sit in our classes! Since practice teaching is our greatest test here at Normal, the question of attitude is one that may not be disregarded. During the twelve weeks that we do intensive work under the guidance of the training teachers, our attitudes should be such that we should be eager for and should profit by the help which they can give us. Why don't we realize that we are novitiates in their school systems and that they must guide us and work and plan each day the specific things we are to observe in their lessons and later to attempt in the ones we teach?

We are too critical of the training teachers. We seem to search for the things which are not so good and to publish them at random among other students, to the exclusion of the things which are good. Must we question everything and end by believing nothing? Can't we at least "play fair?" We are hurting everyone concerned—the teachers, the students who have not yet taught, and, even ourselves!

There are so many characteristics, as prospective teachers, that we must develop in our practice work. How many of the most essential ones do we now possess? Have we that indefinable quality called personality? Can it be seen in every move we make? Is it reflected in the actions of our pupils?

Have we a determination to succeed? Have we enough confidence in ourselves? Have we patience? Are we able to understand children? Perhaps we have none or only a few of these traits, but we can cultivate the constructive ones and control the destructive ones which we also possess.

The whole question of beginning student teaching right is a question of harmony.

We can succeed by endeavoring to fit into the whole scheme of things—adapting ourselves to conditions as they actually exist.

VIRGINIA C. McCAULEY, *Senior 10*

SCHOOL NOTES



Radio Broadcast

(Tuesday, March seventh, was the day!)

The stage was set! The curtain was ready to rise—but instead the microphone was opened—and then—for one solid hour not a whisper! Was that a strain? Ask any member of the Glee Club or Orchestra. But also ask if it wasn't worth the self-control exercised.

We who listened in, think it was—in fact, know it. The program presented by the combined Glee Club and Orchestra on Friday, March the seventh, over WCAO was the first of its kind—and to judge by the many favorable comments received from both the listeners in and the management—we shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that WCAO desired to engage the services of this musical body as a permanent "feature." Seriously though (this is authentic), we understand that another opportunity to broadcast will be given them in the near future—and our radios are going to be in order—batteries to loud-speakers.

The program was such that it suited a variety of tastes—including folk songs, hymns, school songs. The complete order of program follows:

RADIO PROGRAM

Glee Club.....	{ Praise to Thee Father—German Chorale Florian's Song—Godard Finlandia—Sibelius
Orchestra.....	Tres Jolie—Waldteufel
Glee Club.....	{ Lovely Appear—Gounod America—Bloch
Orchestra.....	{ Longing—Tschaikowsky Humoresque—Tschaikowsky
Glee Club.....	{ In the Valley—Kentucky Folk Song Springtime—Smetana
Orchestra.....	{ Indian Summer Suite—Lake At Dawn Dance of Pumpkins At Twilight Hope March—Papini

Glee Club.....	Policemen's Chorus—Sullivan
Glee Club.....	{ Stand Up and Cheer Dear Old Normal Days When I Was a Student My Girl's a Hullabaloo
Glee Club and Orchestra.....	Alma Mater

Ideas of World Unity


ON MONDAY, March tenth, we had the pleasure of having Dr. Randall who spoke to us on the familiar topic of "World Unity." Even though we are all familiar, and in fact some of us thoroughly acquainted, with this topic (newspapers at this time keeping us well informed of the naval conference, world court, etc.), we heartily welcomed the opportunity of hearing Dr. Randall's opinion on this important problem. Dr. Randall opened his talk with a comparison of the ways the different sections of the United States are interdependent and how, as a result of this interdependence, they are kept in constant communication with each other. He pointed out the great developments that have been made in the past century along this line. Since 1830 there has been introduced and successfully used, the following: the steamboat, the railroad, airplane, automobile, telegraph and telephone. Now that we have all these conveniences and necessities, will you stop to consider for a moment how much they have added to the development of the United States? These are the things that have helped unify the United States and tie its separate states together into one strong union. Would it be possible for us to have similar things that would help unify the entire world; to bind all the nations of the world together as the states of the Union are bound? True, we are separated by great expanses of water, but cannot the ingenuity of mankind overcome these obstacles?

The extent of modern business is the basic and underlying principle of the need for world unity. It is, more than anything else, tending to draw the nations of the world closer together into a unified whole. Any successful business man of today must constantly be in touch with people, living not only in the United States, but in all countries of the world. Business men of the United States today get daily reports from England, France, Germany, China, Africa and practically from every country on the face of the globe. All the energy required is for the business man to lift a receiver from a hook on his desk, and immediately, he is mentally transported to far away lands. He knows what is going on in China, what conditions in France are, etc. Because of this great

international business existing in this modern age, and the international relations culminating from this business, it is a dire necessity to have some sort of international law concerning these relations; it is advisable and essential that we (all the nations) agree upon some definite laws to govern our common actions; that we have certain representatives meet occasionally and discuss pressing problems; and that we have some sort of a court to try offenders of these laws. Realizing this situation, prominent people have set about organizing and establishing a world court and setting in motion various treaties. The first step has been carried forward; "a dent has been made." Can we carry on, and make as many forward strides this next century as have been made in the century since 1830? Time will tell.

EDWARD H. GOLDSTEIN, *Senior 7*

Miss Simpson's Beliefs

 N MONDAY, March 17, Miss Simpson, the Assistant State Superintendent of Schools, spoke to us on problems in education.

Among them she said character building, both ethical and social, is an outstanding objective that should be in the mind of every teacher. Character building is going on in the children all of the time. It is our duty to see that this building goes on in the right direction. We build character in our classes, in our morning exercises, on the playground, and in all things that we attempt.

Do we realize our responsibility?


The problem of religion has been challenging us. We teach the love of God and Man, but remain non-sectarian.

Miss Simpson has been visiting in many schools throughout the state. She was greatly pleased with the work that one of last year's graduates has been doing. This graduate is teaching in a one-room school on the Eastern Shore. She had very little material with which to work, but she succeeded in gaining the co-operation and confidence of the parents, and with their help she has transformed her school into a better working unit in the community.

We are challenged to keep our eyes open to all our opportunities and make the most of them to benefit the children we teach.

HELEN DIEHLMAN, *Senior 11*

Literature That Fits

 HE ASSEMBLY of Tuesday, March eighteenth, was an unusually good one. We were fortunate in having for our speaker, Dr. Wardlow Miles. Dr. Miles is professor of English literature at the Johns Hopkins University, and his talk to us was "as one having authority." In his

lecture he compared the literature of the classical period, of the romantic period, and the modern period.

As the balanced architecture of the Parthenon is different from the unbalanced plan of Notre Dame of Paris, so the literature of these respective periods differ. In romantic literature there is a mingling of the strange with the beautiful. Shelley, so our lecturer said, is a representative, *par excellence*, of the romantic period.

Dr. Miles told us that he liked, and read, modern literature. Though some of it is often morbid, obscene and unhealthy, it is realistic—that is, it shows a narrower, a more searching, conception of the underlying principles of the common things of life.


In concluding, Dr. Miles read selections from the poems of Mathew Arnold. And when this man reads, poetry takes on a new aspect.

Dr. Miles' talk was interesting, intelligent and instructive.

ANNE E. BAGWELL,

Junior 2

A Red Letter Day

N WEDNESDAY, March 19th, at Assembly, the Seniors presented their gift to the School. The program was opened when the Senior Class marched in, led by their officers and a guard of honor bearing the class banner. As they took their places, they sang one of the Class Songs.

Miss Tall introduced the speaker, Mr. A. H. Reavis, of the University of Chicago, pointing out that we were fortunate in being able to hear Mr. Reavis, inasmuch as most of our speakers have been of the Columbia University group.

Mr. Reavis's topic was "The Importance of Securing New Vantage Points in Education." One's views of anything, abstract or concrete as the case may be, are influenced to a great extent by the nature of the point of view from which he observes that thing. This is as true in education as in any other phase of human activity, said Mr. Reavis.

Failure to realize this truth, or to secure adequate vantage points, may lead to any one of several distinctly undesirable results. The first of these results that Mr. Reavis dwelt upon was the formation of "stereotypes" of one kind or another. By a "stereotype," Mr. Reavis explained, he meant any habit of thought or action to which a teacher may fall, usually unconsciously, because of his failure to see other possible leads. It is quite apparent that such stereotypes diminish the effectiveness of a teacher's work.

A concrete example of such a condition was the case of the elementary teacher who had developed the questioning stereotype. Mr. Reavis, under whose supervision the teacher had been placed, visited

her classroom and, after a series of observations, called her into conference. Naturally, she did not realize why her class was so highly excited during recitations, and even disagreed with Mr. Reavis that it was due to her excessive questioning. Only after he told her that she had asked over 120 questions in thirty minutes was she convinced that her machine gun methods of interrogation were responsible for the difficulty she was having with her pupils.

A second kind of result, prevalent among teachers who have not made it their business to secure adequate vantage points, is the failure to see one's own part of the educative process in its proper relationship to the whole. Such a condition is often found among teachers of elementary grades who, spending all their time dealing with the problems of their own particular situation, are entirely oblivious of what is going on in the rest of the system. Consequently, they fall short of their duty of preparing their pupils for the next step forward.

After telling us all these undesirable results of the failure to secure adequate and a sufficient number of vantage points, Mr. Reavis proceeded to answer the question uppermost in our minds; namely, how to secure the proper kind and number of points of view. The underlying principle in the whole matter of securing new and different points of view is that of variety. The application of this principle may take either of two forms, or, preferably, both of them. The first of these is acquaintance with as many personalities, or types of personalities, as possible. One's friends, said Mr. Reavis, must be chosen from among varying kinds and conditions of people, if one's outlook is to be of the most intelligent sort. Only by considering the points of view of others can we arrive at new ones for ourselves. The second possible method of securing new vantage points, which is really a corollary of the first, is the use of books. One's reading, as well as his social relationships, should be balanced, with enough of each side of controversial matters understood to give one a sound basis for personal judgment. It is only when one has seen his job from all the possible angles, and in all of its possible relations that he can be fully successful at it.

Following Mr. Reavis' address, John H. Fischer, President of the Senior Class, announced the gift of the Class to the School. After considerable deliberation and discussion, he stated, the members decided in favor of a display case to be placed in the corridor for the purpose of exhibiting students' work from time to time. The case, Mr. Fischer said, is now being constructed and should be in the building in a few weeks. On behalf of the Class of 1930, he then presented the drawings to Miss Tall, who received them for the School, expressing the appreciation of the entire School for the gift, which, she said, has been needed for some time.

The Assembly closed by the singing of Alma Mater, and was followed by the Faculty Luncheon to the Seniors.

JOHN H. FISCHER, *Senior 7*

Contributions from School 218

MISS MEDENBACH'S CLASS

PETER PAN AND I

One night I was sleeping very soundly when I awoke with a start. I heard a tapping at the window; I ran and opened it. A small boy jumped in. I knew the boy at once. It was Peter Pan. "Why, where did you come from, Peter? Why did you come here?" I asked. He did not answer my questions but said:

"Does your dog bite? Most dogs do not like me."

"No, my dog does not bite. Come here, Ted, do not hurt Peter."

"Well, now that I know he won't bite I will answer your questions. I just can't say where I came from but I came here to keep you company. Don't you want me? I know your father and mother are out."

"Yes, indeed I want you and I am very glad you came," I said.

"Let's go out and fly awhile," said Peter.

"I don't know how to fly," I answered. Then we heard mother and father.

"I guess I had better go now."

"Good-bye," I answered. I have never seen Peter again. He came into my room I thought. Mother said I was dreaming. I still think Peter was in my room.

VIRGINIA BROOKS

TWO LITTLE SEEDS IN THE GROUND

Once upon a time there were two little seeds. One was named Billy, and the other was named Silly. These seeds were always talking. Billy said, "Isn't it wonderful how we are growing?"

Silly answered, "It's not so much."

"Why, don't you see we will soon be grown up?" replied Billy.

"Don't you realize how we would be cut down and put in an old wet bowl?" replied Silly.

Billy answered, "But we shall look very pretty upon the ground."

Silly replied, "Oh, keep quiet and let me sleep before we get in the cruel world."

"I tell you it is not a cruel world," replied Billy.

"Obey my command, and keep quiet," yelled Silly.

"Oh, all right," whispered Billy. Then Silly went to sleep.

LOUIS M. HATTEN



THE FIFTH SPECIAL

The Fifth Special is a monthly class paper edited by the fifth grade of Fullerton School.

The Fifth Special takes care of most of the English work in this grade. The organization is entirely in the hands of the pupils. They decide on the things they want to publish in the paper, then make short oral talks on those they choose. After this, the children write the articles; these are given to the editor and to the four associate editors to correct and to choose the best articles.

All activities are taken care of in this paper. There are editorials and short articles covering assemblies, experience stories, and the work the class is carrying on in the room.

Let us hear what you think of this plan to take care of both oral and written English in school.

MARY ROHRER, *Senior 11*

Contributions from School 97, Grade 6

A WISH

*I wish I were a fairy
A fairy, I would be;
I'd fly around to every place
And every place I'd see.
I wish I were a fairy
With wings as bright as gold,
For wings are always useful things
For fairies, I've been told.*

LYDIA SCHELLENSCHLAGE

A Dramatization Project

Continued from Page 23

An angry man was Menelaus when he found that Paris had stolen from him the fair wife who was to him as his own heart.

To be continued in the May issue.



TO WITH THE coming of spring, basketball is slowly ebbing away and the men are awaiting anxiously the advent of King Baseball. It is true that the basketball season has almost passed, but in its departure, it has left an impressive trail of victories garnered against college quints of high caliber. The year's main objective, a real college basketball schedule, has been finally realized; for, this is the first year that Normal School has competed exclusively against high class college basketball teams. Much credit for this realization is due to the untiring efforts of Coach Minnegan. Throughout the season, both in victory and defeat, the Normal team has displayed a great deal of aggressiveness and good sportsmanship and the boys have worked together in great fashion. This year's basketball team has enjoyed a successful season and Coach Donald Minnegan is enthusiastic over the outlook for a banner season next year.

On the North Campus, in about a week, the men will be seen throwing the old baseball pill about the diamond. As a nucleus for the coming baseball season Coach Minnegan may draw upon Captain-elect Perego, Aaronson, Denaburg, Bowers, Dalinsky, Wolf, Kepler, and Goldstein. It is as yet a bit early to secure a line on the various Junior men seeking a position on the nine. However, it is rumored about that Fitzell, Nicodemus, Brose, Davidson, Walston and Burgee can show the veterans a few tricks with a baseball. A promising schedule has been arranged by co-managers Neumeister and Fischer. It follows:

Tuesday, April 1—Catholic High School at Normal.

Saturday, April 5—Gallaudet College at Normal.

Tuesday, April 8—Elizabethtown College at Normal.

Friday, April 25—Towson High School at Towson.

Friday, May 2—Elizabethtown at Pennsylvania.

Tuesday, May 6—Blue Ridge at New Windsor.

Wednesday, May 14—Tome at Port Deposit.

Friday, May 23—Towson High School at Normal.

Tuesday, June 3—Blue Ridge-Normal.

Basketball

NORMAL FIVE DEFEATS SHIPPENSBURG

Packing away an early advantage and then showing a clever defense, the Maryland State Normal School quintet handed the Shippens-

burg (Pa.) Normal cagers their first setback of the season by the tune of 41 to 34. The game was held on February 21 at the Towson gymnasium.

The small but speedy Towson five opened with a rush and had the visitors bewildered by snappy passing and cutting. With Denaburg and Aaronson leading the offensive the home team stepped out to a 28 to 19 edge at half time.

Then the Shippensburg outfit began an outside bombardment and used its greater height to advantage to take the rebounds and outscore the State Normal boys. A tight defense at the basket, although drawing fouls, enabled the Towsonites to hold a safe margin at the final whistle.

NORMAL				SHIPPENSBURG			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Davidson, f.....	2	1	5	S. Cable, f.....	4	2	10
Himmelfarb, f.....	0	1	1	Toy, f.....	0	0	0
Jansen, f.....	4	0	8	R. Cable, f.....	0	0	0
Denaburg, c.....	6	1	13	Harbison, c.....	5	1	11
Aaronson, g.....	6	2	14	Rankin, g.....	1	0	2
Peregory, g.....	0	0	0	Conrad, g.....	2	3	7
Dalinsky, g.....	0	0	0	Mitchell, g.....	2	0	4
Totals	18	5	41	Totals	14	6	34

Score by halves:

MD. STATE NORMAL.....	28	13—41
SHIPPENSBURG	19	15—34

Referee—Samilton.

NORMAL HAS REVENGE

The Profs gained revenge for a one-point defeat suffered at the hands of Beacon College, of Wilmington, Delaware, by defeating the latter, 41 to 25, in the school auditorium on February 28.

The visitors were unable to penetrate the Normal zone defense with any great degree of success, while the home team's attack, built around Denaburg with Jansen playing an able supporting role, functioned smoothly.

NORMAL				BEACON			
	G.	F.	T.		G.	F.	T.
Jansen, f.....	5	0	10	Jacobs, f.....	2	1	5
Himmelfarb, f.....	1	1	3	Thompson, f.....	2	1	5
Davidson, f.....	2	1	5	Simpler, f.....	0	0	0
Denaburg, c.....	7	1	15	A. Thompson, c....	2	3	7
Delinsky, g.....	0	0	0	Neal, g.....	3	0	6
Aaronson, g.....	3	1	7	Bridge'er, g.....	1	0	2
Peregory, g.....	0	1	1	Totals	10	5	25
Silbert, g.....	0	0	0				
Totals	18	5	41				

Girls' Athletics

The first Junior-Senior basketball game was played on February twenty-sixth. There were a good number of spectators present. The games were exceedingly fast ones and the teams made a fine showing. The final score for the "A" team game was 40-30 in the Seniors' favor, and for the "B" team game 24-22 in the Juniors' favor.

The second game promised to be as good as the first, and on March third, the teams met again. Although these games were not as fast as the first ones, they were just as interesting if not more so because of the close scores—"A" game 32-31 in the Seniors' favor, "B" game 35-18 in the Juniors' favor. As the winner is chosen by the winner of 2 out of 3 games, it was not necessary to play another. Therefore, Normal's basketball season for the year 1929-1930 came to a close with a victory for both the Seniors and the Juniors.

DEMONSTRATION OF CLASSES IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

On Thursday, February 27, 1930, at 7:30 P. M., the annual demonstration of classes in Physical Education and the Junior-Senior Competitive meet was held. Every girl except the City Student Teachers participated. The entire evening was one of enthusiastic enjoyment. The events proceeded in the following order:

1. Skidmore Medley.....Seniors
2. SwaneeSeniors
3. Informal Floor Work.....Juniors
4. TopsySeniors
5. Swedish Clap Dance.....Juniors
6. Stunt Walks.....Juniors
7. Informal Floor Work.....Seniors
8. German Hopping Dance.....Juniors
9. Mat Stunts.....Juniors and Seniors
10. The Frog.....Seniors
11. Billy McGee.....Juniors
12. GamesJuniors and Seniors
 - a. Jumping Jack Relay.
 - b. Merry-Go-Round Relay.
13. Song Contest.....Juniors and Seniors

The three judges from P. A. L. gave as their decision the score 34-30 in the Seniors' favor. Miss Tall presented the cup to the class of 1930.

On Getting Up

AT HOME one is in the habit of being called by a devoted and patient mother at 6:30 A. M., recalled at 7:00, called at least five times between 7:00 and 7:30, roused at 7:45 and finally pouncing out of bed at 7:50, throwing on one's clothes and dashing out, most likely catching the last car that will get you to school on time.

Have you ever lived in a dormitory? The devoted mother takes the form of a bell at 7:00 A. M., screeching, piercing the ears and racking one's nerves. Like a thousand demons tormenting your soul, it raves on for a minute that seems a year. If you survive this at all, you will recover sufficiently in five minutes to reach up and pull down the window. It is said that a human's eyes are the windows of his soul. A dormitory window reveals the soul of the world. When reaching up to close that window, I make my day—good or bad! A dash of rain in the face (your feet are probably already wet); a wind that seems to try to tear you out of bed (much like a smaller brother); a cold gray mist, enshrouding one in gloom, or perhaps (I say, perhaps, because these days are few and far between) you will be rewarded by a stream of sunshine, uplifting your spirit. This helps, but it doesn't uplift my spirit quite enough to reconcile me to the fact that it is time to get up.

"Death, where is thy sting?" One foot out of bed. Unfortunately, my rug does not reach my bedside and the slippers usually manage to hide themselves. All of the acrobatic ability I possess, I attribute to my daily exercise in finding those slippers. A deep bend from the waist; my head is under the bed; a bit of intricate balancing; success; I come back without falling out headfirst. Eureka! One slipper! I stuff in my foot (usually the wrong one) and stagger blindly to the door.

Light is dawning! In my state of semi-consciousness I rouse my ambition. I'll take a cold shower. I walk bravely to the shower, turkish towel and soap in hand, looking cheerful. I turn on the shower and—horrors! Fate is against me, the deed is done, I am doomed, the world is black! There is no hot water and the shower is decidedly cold. What a place! A million needles pierce one. The Spanish Inquisitionists knew nothing of cold showers.

By this time you surmise that I am awake and indeed I must be, for the bell is telling me with its same old shriek that I have exactly ten minutes in which to dress and trip five floors to the room of cooked cereals and eggs. Ten minutes of pulling, twisting, jumping, sewing (lost buttons, loose hooks, torn hose), and then the demon lets forth its final triumphant scream; laughing, mocking, scornful, like a maniac, it peals. Alas, I haven't succeeded in assembling my belt, watch, ring, or the last hairpins.

No, my friends, I am not late for breakfast. I have learned that by perseverance, careful balancing, fleet running, and initiative, I can

get all the above mentioned in place and really looked placed while I trip down those five floors. And—I am up!

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, *Junior 3*

Darkey Jim's Defence

THE PROSECUTING attorney sat down, and as he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge, and at the young lawyer who represented the prisoner. The latter was an old darkey, whose face was as black as the ace of spades.

"During the trial his eyes had never once left the judge. 'Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Mars' Jim!' he had exclaimed when brought into the court room by a stalwart deputy; and two rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile. The testimony of witnesses had been of no interest to him, and he laughed scornfully when the young lawyer, who had been appointed by the court to represent him, poured forth college rhetoric. 'My ol' Mars' Jim gwin ter fix hit,' he whispered to himself.

"The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. 'The prisoner is found guilty as charged,' he said. 'Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?'

"The stern look of the court caused the old darkey's face to fall. When he stood up his eyes were sparkling with indignation. 'Yes, sah,' he said, 'I hes somepen ter say, an' I's gwine ter say hit. Now, lookey heah, Mars' Jim, you knows me jes' as well as I knows you. I's known you ebber sence you was knee high to a duck, an' you ain't nebber done nothin' right mean till jest now.

"'Dey brought me in heah an' tole me I stole a shoat. But I didn't t'ink nothin' ob dat; an' you nebber did befoah till jest now. I come heah aftah justice. I thought I was gwine ter get hit 'case you was jedge.

"'Mars' Jim, doan you 'member dat I was yo body sarvint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter russle fer grub fer you an' you chum when de rations got sho't? And didn't you use ter smack yo' lips ober my cookin' an' say, "Jim's a powerful good forager?" Why, I stole chick-ings an' turkeys an' shoats for you clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta. You didn't say nothin' agin hit then, no, sah, an' I wants ter know, if hit was foragin' then, huccome hit stealin' now?

"'Yes, en doan' you 'membah, Mars' Jim, when you was shot, an' de Yanks took you pris'ner at Petersburg? Didn't you gib me yo' gray uniform en' er lock of yo' hah en' you sword, en' didn't you say, kinder hoarse-like, "Take em ter her?" En' didn't I take 'em? I toted dem t'ings t'ru' de bresh a hundred miles, an' when I come to de front gate,

dah stood Miss Em'ly! En' when she saw me didn't she hug dat bald-headed baby dat you was so proud of up close an' cry, "He's daid, he's daid!" En' when I ups an' says, "No, he ain't daid, Miss Em'ly. De Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimeby," didn't de tears ob joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears ob grief erway.

" 'Now, lookey heah, Mars' Jim; my ole woman an' three picka-ninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods near Jim Wilson's pasture! Day hain't got nothin' ter eat, en' when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen, de yuther day, en' sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest ter Gawd, was so poah dat you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' ag'in. You cain't call it stealin', nohow, 'case I'se gwine to pay Mars' Johnsing back jes' es soon es my old sow has pigs. You ain't gwine ter send yo' old body sarvint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Mars' Jim?"

"There was silence in the court room for a moment. The old lawyers, who had at first laughed at what the old darkey said, were now very quiet. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes, and he wiped them furtively. Finally he said: 'The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me.' "

AS THEY SEE US

A badly shaken and nervous student teacher stood before a group of county pupils. She was laboriously singing a "Pussy Willow" song—"How do you know 'tis Spring"—Oh! how she screeched!

A youngster in the front seat looked up at the teacher with his innocent eyes, wide-open. "Huh—Miss—, I can sing better than that!" was all he said—and he was serious, too.

It was Tuesday morning and the children were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Participators. "I hope the Juniors have a story to tell us," one of the children said.

"Oh they will," disgustedly replied a small child. "When the Participators come out—one of them always tells us a story, and the other one reads a poem."

TOO BAD

The Campus school had been upstairs to see a Puppet Show in Assembly. One very small second grade girl left the assembly with a very disappointed look on her face. When asked what was the matter, she replied with reluctance—"I didn't see any—puppies."



DO YOU WONDER WHY?

Jerry Denaburg and another member of the "Select Six" were walking up the avenue. This other member of the "Select Six" loved Jerry dearly but he had to have his little joke.

As they rounded a corner Jerry turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said, "Gee, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

WHO KNOWS BETTER?

A Christian Scientist found his young son doubled up with pain as a result of too frequent trips to the apple orchard where many choice green apples were to be had.

"What's the matter, Bobbie?" he asked.

"I ate too many apples," said Bobbie, "and oh how my stomach hurts!"

"Your stomach doesn't ache," said his father; "you just think it does."

"Well, you may think so," said Bobbie, "but I know. I've got inside information."

SUCH IS LIFE

Two supervisors, an instructor in history, and the principal were in the room observing a student teach a history lesson. The student tried in vain to get the children to answer correctly.

At last she tried her star pupil. "Now, Geneveve," she said, "Mary followed Edward VI, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"And now who followed Mary?" asked the teacher hopefully.

Silence—then Geneveve raised her hand. (What a relief to the student teacher). "Yes, Geneveve. Who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, teacher," said Geneveve triumphantly.

ANOTHER REASON FOR STUDYING CHILDREN CAREFULLY

We hear much about rationalizing in arithmetic; a student decided to try it and put a good lesson over on the practice teacher. So the next day the student came to school with a nice, red, shiny apple. She wanted to explain fractional parts; so she divided the apple into a half



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The TOWER LIGHT



MAY 1930

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

MAY, 1930

No. 8

Prospective Pedagogues Prognosticate Progress

THE MOST stimulating, valuable and interesting portion of the New York trip, to our mind, was that on the morning of Saturday, April 12th. It was truly enjoyable and certainly mutually beneficial to have come together, there in the ballroom of the Hotel Pennsylvania, Normal School students from along the whole Atlantic seaboard, as far south as Virginia, to exchange ideas; to present and solve problems; to bring to light new methods of treatment; to integrate and reconcile conflicting views.

The conference was conducted almost entirely from the floor, with the Discussion Leader merely commenting from time to time; presenting new topics; checking on time-limits. Our own school made several contributions when we seemed to have something that might be of value to the other groups present. In return we garnered from others in the discussions ideas and information which, it is hoped, will, when brought to the attention of those interested, prove most helpful and aid in making our own school a more pleasant, smoother-running and adequate one.

The first point in the discussion was that of Student Elections. Here we felt we were on a par with any of the schools present and perhaps a bit in advance of them. That being the case, we tried to give the benefit of our experience to the other institutions.

The second large topic concerned the make-up of the budget for the various student activities and their administration. This was an item in which we were particularly interested, as we here at Normal are rather new at this sort of thing, since the student councils, if at all concerned, have only very recently had anything to do with financial matters. A vital point was how the necessary funds may be secured. In reply to a question raised on this issue, we found that in many schools the fee was compulsory while in others, the students, in return for the bulk fee paid at the beginning of the year received a ticket which entitled them to come to the various dances, teas, athletic contests, held throughout the year, and also took care of class dues and served as a subscription to the various school magazines and papers.

Most of the schools favored the bulk fee for all student activities including athletic association, student councils, magazine subscriptions, and social affairs. A few of the institutions had a rather unique system of working out their budget in its entirety at the close of the year and

on that basis computing the amount which each student was to be assessed the following year.

The subject of student publications next held the floor. The selection of a staff for these and frequency of publication were noted and then the discussion turned to advertising. Here quite a heated debate took place, one speaker declaring that no advertiser in a Normal School publication received anything like full value for the price of his advertisement and therefore advocating that student publications have no "ads" in the future. This is perhaps too great a departure to be considered by the majority of student publications at the present time. However, the gentleman who advanced the theory gave us the "proof of the pudding" by telling us that his school had adopted the policy and thrived under it.

As an example of what student organizations had done for the publications in one school, the incident of the student council having furnished a suitable office for the staff of the school paper was cited.

Student co-operation with the faculty and with each other in developing a satisfactory program of social training was the next topic brought up. Some particularly fine plans were revealed here, many of them coinciding largely with those we have at Normal.

The last, but certainly not the least important subject was concerned with the development of those traits of personality which give the teacher effectiveness in his professional work. None of us, after our training at Normal, would minimize the significance of the interplay of ideas which followed.

One point which was brought out, was the value of athletics in developing a desirable personality. Under the strain and excitement of an athletic contest, the speaker declared, our true selves come to the surface and peep out, not altogether shyly, on an observant world. It is then that our real potentialities are revealed and an opportunity offered for development or correction.

A rather enterprising and elaborate program in one institution was the plan of sending a number of students abroad to other colleges in Europe and receiving visits from foreign lands in return. Three or four students were actually sent abroad and in return as many as five or six students from almost as many countries returned the courtesy. The money for such an expedition was raised by a contribution from students, from various benefits, and by having the individuals making the trips pay \$300 or \$400 themselves. This included all expenses. We who have made the New York trip and have already felt its immensely broadening influence and can anticipate its value to the school, to fellow-students, and to ourselves in our chosen profession, can imagine quite readily the potency and far-reaching consequences of such journeys, both to the schools sponsoring them and to the individuals concerned.

We felt in observing the student conference in New York that here was something so vital and radiated vigor and thought to such a degree that it was too unusual a thing to let pass without at least an attempt to duplicate it to some degree. If we could make our student council assemblies as pulsating and wide-awake as New York Student Conference, we should have gone a long way toward realizing to the utmost, the meaning of student co-operation and real student government.

GEORGE NEUMEISTER, JR.

In the City of Brotherly Love

THE TRAIN for Philadelphia carried a happy crowd of Normalites as it puffed steadily on its way. The time, as it usually does, passed quickly, we were soon at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel.

After inspecting our own rooms, we decided to look over the rooms being occupied by other members of our party. Of course, this took quite a while and resulted in a hilarious time, far, far into the night. But, as all good times do, it had to end. That brings to my mind the fact that I understood some of our dormitory people kept their lights burning all night just to enjoy the thoughts that there were no proctors around.

We were all quite anxious to visit the Philadelphia Normal School on Thursday morning to get an insight into the ways and means that other people, having the same goal in mind as we, have of living together socially and professionally.

We were very cordially greeted by Dr. Adams, the principal, and Miss Boone, president of the Student Council. They had decided upon the excellent plan of having one of their senior students conduct every two of our students. With this guide we were to spend the morning, and as Dr. Adams said, "Make yourselves at home."

The first feature on the program was an assembly by the elementary school children, during which a number of songs were sung, a little play about good books and how to care for them was given.

At the close of this assembly Dr. Adams gave us a brief resume of the essentials of the organization of the school after which we toured the school under the direction and untiring efforts of our hosts and hostesses. This tour included visits to the practice centers (which are adjoining the main building) and which were in charge of student teachers as well as some of the regular normal school classes. At noon we returned to the auditorium for the usual daily assembly, at which time we were entertained by the glee club and orchestra of the school, together with a few words from Miss Boone, Miss Tall, and Mr. Neumeister, respectively. At the close of the assembly not much time was lost adjourning to the lunch room. Our buses called for us at 2.00 P. M.

New York Trails

A TRIP to Chinatown heralded our visit to New York. Here we visited a mission founded by a former derelict which has been established for the down-and-outers. Services are held every night. The wanderers drift in here, not so much to hear the service, but to secure the bread and coffee which is doled out and to secure a place to sleep for the night. But do not imagine beds are to be had. Men lie on the bare, wooden floor with their coats rolled up and placed under their heads as pillows.

In the Joss House the Chinese pray to their god, Confucius. A guide explained to us some of their beliefs and what the carvings on the altar symbolized. From there we went to a Chinese shop, where trinkets were purchased as souvenirs.

Getting into the buses again, we started for Greenwich Village which I consider a rather squalid, sordid part of New York. The Pepper Pot, supposed to be a rather mild and harmless night club compared to the other places of this locality, proved spicy enough. We were dubbed by the habitués "the Sunday School procession." Mr. Acree, however, certainly helped our trip to the Pepper Pot from becoming a complete flop by his peppy singing. Needless to say, we were pretty tired by the time we reached the hotel and bed.

On Friday morning we again started out early for a visit to the various schools which we were assigned to see. That afternoon we gathered at the Grace Dodge Room in Columbia University for an informal tea, as the guests of the International Institute. We were all disappointed, however, when Doctors Dewey, Kilpatrick, and Thorndike, whom we were scheduled to meet, failed to appear.

On Friday night we attended the banquet which one of our group will tell you about in another article. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Afterwards many of us attended a midnight movie.

At noon, after the conference, we again found our way down to Greenwich Village where luncheon was served at the "Daffodil," a most delightful restaurant not at all like the Pepper Pot. From there we went to Battery Park, that is, the small group who successfully found their way thither—most of the group were lost on the way. At Battery Park we took a boat to Bedloe's Island. Arriving at the island we all started up the Statue of Liberty, but unfortunately while undertaking the climb the boat left without us. The next boat did not arrive until 4:30. Luckily, Mr. Woelfel was with our party and knew something about subways and how to get back to the hotel in the shortest time, otherwise all of us would have had to remain over in New York. However, we made the bus which was to take us to the ferry. We arrived home very tired—glad to have had the trip but glad to get home—late on Saturday night.

KATHERINE CHURCH, Sr. 6.

The Second Annual Men's Show

IN THE MAY, 1929, number of TOWER LIGHT there appeared a review of the first Men's Show presented in our school. The final paragraph of that article contained this sentence: "The Men's Fun Night has become history, and, we hope, a tradition." The second annual show produced by our men students has now become history, and in the face of all indications a tradition has been begun.

"Sky Skits" was presented on the evening of March 28th, before an audience of approximately 700. As might be expected, comments on the show vary. Some express the opinion that last year's show was better; others think that this year's production was by far the superior bit of entertainment; while a small third group insists that the two editions were so entirely different in type that a comparison is not practicable. All in all, however, the consensus of opinion seems to be that this year's show was easily the better.

There can be no doubt that it was more elaborate and produced at greater expense. More costumes were used, more and costlier settings were constructed, better lighting was employed, and in every way the staging, as well as the general tone, was of a more finished nature.

For several reasons we hope that the Men's revue is to be a permanent affair at Normal. Its value as a socializing influence in the lives of the men students cannot be overestimated; no longer is there a barrier between the Juniors and Seniors, between the city men and the county men. Had the show provided no other benefit, this alone would justify its existence. But in addition to this admirable result there is also the practical experience that has come to all the participants; dances, songs, tumbling, stage routines, setting, design, and construction, make-up, lighting, costuming, advertising, management,—all these and more have been learned and practiced by the members of the cast and the various committees. Perhaps most important of all is the character development side; we have learned to know each other as never before; we have discovered and developed abilities that we were unconscious of possessing, and we have learned of other abilities and traits that we must develop.

Those for whom this must be the last revue in which they may participate as students may take just pride in having been in at the start. They have pointed out the trail; now they must stand aside and watch those who come after, follow the trail, and extend it farther. Of one thing they can be reasonably certain; that each year the Men's Revue will be increasingly good.

And here, in our closing paragraph, let us again pay tribute to one who would rather remain in the wings than stand in the glare of the footlights and spot. He would prefer to have it appear that the success of the show was due solely to the co-operation of all the participants, but to those who were connected with the production the proportion of

its success due to Mr. Donald Minnegan is no secret. There is no doubt in our minds that without him the show would have been lacking in many of the things that made it what it was. It has been a real privilege to work with so capable and hard-working a leader. More than we can possibly express, we appreciate the help and leadership of Don Minnegan.

A Dramatization Project

Continued from April issue

Complete List of Properties and Scenery

Scene I—A couch, sword, sceptre

Scene II—wall (drawn on brown paper), doll baby

Scene III—couch

Scene IV—wall, markers for start and finish of race, 5 laurel wreaths.

THE ILIAD

SCENE I

Place: Tent of Agamemnon

Characters: Achilles, Nestor, Agamemnon, Calchas, Chryseis, Menelaus, Diomedes, Ajax, Patroclus, Odysseus, Heralds, Greek Heroes.

(Couch for Agamemnon to recline on is on the stage. This could be made of boxes or chairs covered with a couch cover. Agamemnon is reclining on his couch. Chryseis is by his side. The Greek heroes are seated at his feet.

Achilles (rising)—War and pestilence ravage us. Surely it is time to inquire of a priest or soothsayer, why it is that Apollo is so wroth.

Calchas—These woes have come upon us for the wrong that Agamemnon hath done Chryses, priest of Apollo. (He tells how Chryses begged Agamemnon for the return of his daughter. He says that Apollo will not remove the plague until Chryseis has been returned, with a hundred beasts as an offering to Apollo.)

Agamemnon—Flee then if thou wilt, I care not for thee and thy wrath, and this I tell thee: to thy hut, I myself will go and take from thee, Briseis, fairest of all thy slaves, that thou may'st know that I, Agamemnon, am thy lord and ruler.

Achilles (drawing sword angrily, is stopped by Greeks. He dashes his golden sceptre to the ground). By this, I swear, when

bleeding Greece again shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
(He walks out.)

Nestor (looking at the furious Agamemnon attempts to speak. The Greeks leave.)

Agamemnon (speaking to heralds). Go ye to the tent of Achilles and bring me Briseis, his fair slave. (Exeunt.)

Curtain.

SCENE II

Place: Inside the Walls of Troy.

Characters: Hector, Hecuba, Helen, Andromache, Nurse, Astyanax (doll), Paris.

(No scenery necessary, except a wall, which can be made of brown paper. Hector, rushing into the city, meets Hecuba and Helen.)

Hector—Go thou to the temple of Athene and offer her sacrifices, beseeching that she will have mercy on Troy and on the wives of the Trojans and their little children. (Exeunt—Hecuba and Helen. Enter Andromache, Astyanax and nurse.)

Andromache (hastening toward him). Dear lord, thy courage will bring thee death. Have pity now, and stay with the wife and little child.

Hector—Black shame would be mine if I were to shrink like a coward from battle. (He says that he would be especially cowardly if he stayed home at this time, because the Greeks are discouraged by the absence of Achilles. Taking his son in his arms, he prays to Zeus and all the gods that Astyanax be even greater than he.)

Hector (handing back his son to Andromache). Dear one, I pray thee be not of oversorrowful heart. No man shall slay me e'er the time appointed for my death hath come. (He starts off as Paris arrives.)

Paris (overtaking Hector). I fear I have delayed thee.

Hector—Let us go forward and may the gods deliver the Greeks into our hands. (Exeunt Hector and Paris.)

Curtain.

SCENE III

Place: In the tent of Achilles.

Characters: Achilles, Thetis, Antilochus (a messenger).

(Couch on stage as in Scene I.)

Achilles—Is reclining in his tent when—

Antilochus (a messenger comes and cries):

“Fallen is Patroclus! and around his naked body do they fight, for his armor is held by Hector.”

Achilles—(Tears his hair and moans).

Thetis—The mother of Achilles, enters the tent and the messenger leaves. She asks: “My child, why weep'st thou?”

Achilles (ceases his moaning and answers):

"Patroclus, my dear friend, has been slain. Now I shall have no joy in my life save the joy of slaying Hector who slew my friend."

Thetis (answers): "But thin armor—my son, thou hast no armor now to protect thee in the battle.

"Not long methinks, shall Hector glory in the armor that was thine, for Death presseth hard upon him. Go not forth to battle, my son, until I return, bringing with me the armor, that Hephaistos, the smith of the gods, shall make for thee."

Exeunt

Curtain

SCENE IV

Place: On plain outside walls of Troy.

Characters: Priam, Paris, Glaucus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Paidon, Ascanius. Other Trojan Warriors.

(A paper wall may be used as a background. A line is drawn at the end of the stage and a ribbon stretched between two posts at the other. As the scene opens contestants in a foot race are behind the line ready to start as soon as Priam drops the handkerchief. A warrior at the other end of the track raises the hand of the victor. Then Priam speaks.)

Priam (taking place in center): "Come, all ye Trojans! Gather round, that I may reward the victors in these games, held this day, in honor of our beloved Hector, slain by Achilles." (He announces the winner of each event and crowns him with a laurel wreath.

Glaucus—winner of the chariot race.

Paidon—winner of the boxing match.

Aeneas—winner of the wrestling match.

Deiphobus—winner of spear throwing.

Ascanius—winner of foot race.

(As the applause dies down, Priam announces that the funeral for Hector will be held in the banquet hall of the palace.)

Curtain

A Dramatization of the Iliad by Norma Strassburger and Eunice Bowers

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COSTUMES

SCENE I

Calchas—White tunic, belted at waist.

Chrysseis—Long, flowing yellow robe, drawn in at the waist by a girdle. A band of yellow on her hair. Many bracelets on her arms.

Greek Heroes—Dressed in armor as illustrated. This armor can easily be made of brown paper and cardboard.

Agamemnon—Dressed as king in illustration. The costume can be made of purple and white cheese-cloth.

SCENE II

Hector and Paris—Dressed as warriors.

Hecuba—Flowing gray robe (cheese-cloth).

Helen—Flowing orange robe (cheese-cloth).

Andromache—Flowing lavender robe (cheese-cloth). See illustration.

Nurse—White robe—see illustration.

SCENE III

Achilles—Plain white robe similar to that of king.

Antilochus—Dressed in armor.

Thetis—Flowing, trailing robe of blue with tinsel girdle and band of tinsel around head.

SCENE IV

Priam—Dressed as king in purple—as illustrated.

Other Trojans—Dressed as athletes. (As illustrated.)

What Makes a Job Good?

I SAW THIS little story reprinted from the *Chicago Daily News*, and I thought that other students might enjoy reading it, too:

WHAT MAKES A JOB GOOD

By BRUCE BARTON

One morning the elevator starter was breaking in a new elevator boy. At noon the new boy was running the car alone. He had on a uniform, and was starting and stopping with the confidence of a veteran. From apprentice to professional in a couple of hours. What thoughts are in that young fellow's head as he receives his instructions from the gray-haired veteran? How can he fail to look forward and see in the older man a picture of himself twenty years from now?

He is taking up a low paid job—a job with no future. Twenty years from now he will be just where he is to-day—only older, with a grasp on the job somewhat less secure. His experience will count for nothing, because it is experience that any man can gain in a couple of days. He may from time to time, force an increase in his pay. But the increases will not be large. Why? Because he learned the job in two days. And in any other two days the company can find plenty of men who can learn just as fast and take the job away from him.

Recently I met in a hotel restaurant a friend of mine who has just come back from England after taking special work in surgery under some of the greatest men in the world. He is thirty-one years old—it is fourteen years since he entered college. For ten of these fourteen years he has been in medical schools, in hospitals, and in foreign countries studying. Fourteen years of hard, uninterrupted study. Years made more difficult by the necessity of self-support; and filled sometimes with questionings as he has seen his college classmates moving forward to their places as well paid physicians, and he lingering still in school. Yet with what result? He has acquired a specialized training such as only a few other men in America possess. He will begin life with an income of several thousands; he will pay back his educational debts in a couple of years; in ten years his income will be tens of thousands. Fourteen years of his life went into the mastery of his profession. But he need have no fear of losing what he has gained. No other man can displace him, except at the cost of fourteen years of work.

I would not say one word in depreciation of honest toil in humble places. The routine activities of life must be carried on; the world has need of the elevator men and motormen. And, according to the loyalty and courage with which these do their work, they are entitled to the world's gratitude and respect.

The job that the gods sell for two hours' training is worth just what it costs.

Only that job is worth much which has tied to it the price tag of constant, increasing study and work. ERNESTINE STAPLES, Jr. 2.

MERITISSIMO EX HOMINE

I like you.
I like you for your little ways
That speed along the happy days,
That make relief surge outwardly,
And with your own rare humor
Merge as one.
I like your clean-washed beaming face
Clear, deep like shining pools,
Portraying faith, unblemished, fair—
Implicit faith—
A faith in things as they are
With a ray of hope for better
In the future.
I like your eyes—
So versatile—ever changing
Now and then I peer within them
Intently.
They fascinate me—your eyes;
Fathomless depths that bewilder,
Reveal a chaste soul, tinged
With a touch of sorrow.
Yet ever and again
They meet with mine,
And friendship gushes forth
And makes merry with your face,
Enhances it—and brings a shining glow.
Soft hair drapes a high forehead,
Revelling in the chastity
Of its environs.
Lips with no taint of—
Say! I like you—

PAUL YAFFE



Manifestations of the Decorative Instinct Observed Among the Sixth Grade Children

DURING student teaching, I gained new viewpoints on many phases of education, but the point I gained on free activity dominates all the rest. Judging by my own observations, I think free activity in the schools is doing more for our younger generation than any other modern progressive educational movement. Free activity as an educational principle implies no abstract ideas. Its meaning, as it is used today, is free activity and nothing else. This progressive movement has changed the child from a type of person who accepts the standard ideas of others to the type of person who questions everything and is allowed to follow up that desire to investigate by being allowed free activity.

"Free" and "activity" are two very simple words, but as simple as they may seem they often prove very costly. Work periods are usually the place in our schools where we allow the child a chance to indulge in free activity. In connection with these work periods the child has some dangerously strong instincts that must be watched very carefully. Some children have what you might call a decorative instinct. This is unusually valuable to the teacher, but must be watched with an eagle-eye. If a child is not watched carefully this decorative instinct often will be expressed very unexpectedly during work periods. Some children decorate desks by the useless spilling of all available paint colors in widely scattered spots. Others delight in painting enamel sinks that should be used to clean paint brushes. In some the decorative instinct is so strong that children paint their own faces or the face of the person across the aisle. Naturally, all the little ones during a creative period do not use paints. Some use clay. This does not by any means stop the strong decorative instinct from functioning. These individuals as a rule get much pleasure out of decorating the floors, chairs, windows, clothes, teachers' overcoats, ceiling and many other things with clay.

In some the decorative instinct is very fine and in others it is very crude. A child with a fine instinctive tendency to decorate will use a paint brush to smear sinks, books, desks, etc. The ones with the crude decorative instinct really cause trouble. Very unexpectedly, when dominated by this strong inner urge, they will make a tour of the room upsetting every paint bottle in sight.

A new division of the decorative instinct, known as the instinctive tendency to decorate in spots, has recently been recognized by psychologists. Instead of decorating in smears and blurs, as he does when moved by the ordinary instinct the child now embellishes only by the use of finely scattered spots or dots. The instinctive tendency to become obnoxious by the use of spots or dots expresses itself when the child is using paints, although it may become active when clay or glue is being used.

Now we have seen that free activity may prove costly to the school board, class morale, and student teacher's reputation. Nevertheless, as previously mentioned, it has its intrinsic values. This is just one of the thousands of things the alert student teacher studies. This decorative instinct is simply another place where proper guidance is necessary. If this decorative instinct is turned into the right channels, instead of causing unlimited damage to the child's training and to the school property, it may lead to unthought-of wonders in the field of art.

LOUIS COHEN, Sr. 7.

Professionals

Although it's only January,
Student teaching is over;
Three cheers—and yet another plague
Above us seems to hover.
It isn't that we don't know what
Is hanging heavy o'er us,
It's only too well that we know
Professionals are waiting for us!

With good intentions, we declare
We'll start to study today,
And each night take for company
Kilpatrick or Dewey and say,
"I'll use these books tonight, no doubt;
Think what is hanging o'er us,
It's only too well that we know
Professionals are waiting for us!

However good intentions are,
They never quite work out.
We've carried books for two weeks now
Of that there is no doubt.
But—we haven't so much as opened them—
Oh! Think what is hanging o'er us;
It's only too well that we know
Professionals are waiting for us!

C. FREEMAN, SR. 6.

Teaching & Delinquency

By HOWARD C. HILL

Executive Secretary, Prisoners' Aid Association of Maryland

ASCHOOL superintendent recently remarked that the chief purpose of education in the public schools is training in good behavior. It is not necessary to call this proposition to the attention of teachers or those who are training to be teachers. A Normal School is engaged in the preparation of those who are to be the vehicles for applying the opportunity and technique of the teacher to the training for character. The Prisoners' Aid Association is concerned with the end results of behavior manifestations, so I use this quotation above in order to establish at the outset the basis of the relationship which the field of work of this association has to the work of a Normal School.

Now how does this special relationship apply to the children concerned. The work of the Prisoners' Aid Association is both curative and preventive. In the first field it has to do with the welfare of children and delinquents from the standpoint both of support and supervision; and in the second, it has to do with the study of individual behavior and the guidance of young people through normal adaptations and legitimate activities.

Whatever may be the influence of church or school, it still remains that the kind of home training or lack of home training is the paramount element in the development of behavior patterns of the children of that home; and that therefore a better understanding of the nature, the obligations, and the duties of marriage and parenthood will go far in the training of young people for right living.

Right here is one definite phase of training which it is valuable for teachers to understand and apply by whatever method is found to be feasible. It has been said by one of our great statesmen that "the best governed people are the least governed"; that the government is best where the individual has left to him all the freedom that is compatible with the maintenance of institutions which are designed to make our freedom possible. Prominent among the aims of the public school, if not in a way the culmination of all its aims, is the training for good citizenship.

There are a number of aspects of this training of the boy or girl which may tend to produce an attitude of good citizenship. From the standpoint of moral and spiritual behavior, he must be led to acceptance of some system of religion which men have interpreted to be the will of God. From a purely mental standpoint he must be led to such use of the tools, and employment of the methods, as have been discovered to be most effective in acquiring wisdom. And from a social and community standpoint he must be led to an adaptation of his mode of life

to the general institutions which have been evolved by men for finding satisfactions in life.

These institutions are regulated by a system of laws limiting the freedom and fixing the measure of responsibility of the individual in the community as they affect the common good. Usually, laws are the result of long experience in learning what activities have good effects and what bad effects upon the welfare of most people in the community; and the very essence of a democratic form of government is the necessity for surrender of a certain amount of personal freedom in return for the privileges which society guarantees to the individual member; so that in the teaching of history or in the teaching of civics, whether it be from textbook or from organized group activities, there is perhaps no one thing which can contribute more toward right living than emphasis upon this very necessity of limitation of personal freedom, the need for team work, the call for an adaptation of our desires and activities so as to make them conform to the minimum requirements, at least, of the group of which we are a part.

Crime may be looked upon as a negative rather than a positive action. It is the failure of the individual to inhibit primitive urges for his preservation, protection, and perpetuation, around the exercise of which society has evolved restrictions. This failure is due in a measure to inability, and in a measure to unwillingness of individuals to so restrain themselves. Training of the young for citizenship, then, should have as its goal the ability and the willingness on their part to conform to the standards which society generally has established. This involves development of the potential strengths and correction of the weaknesses in the moral attitude as well as the physical and mental make-up of the children.

While there is here no panacea for crime, I feel that emphasis upon the things which I have mentioned in the training of young people must certainly have a beneficial effect—first, the importance of home training and the consequent need for an understanding of the requirements and obligations of parenthood; and then, an understanding and acceptance of the principle that in group activity the freedom of the individual must be sublimated to a certain degree in return for the benefits to be derived from group action. In seeking satisfactions in life we must bear in mind that rest follows labor; privilege creates responsibility; and liberty involves a measure of bondage to the principles upon which the structure of freedom rests.

Book Friends

*"A pile of brand new books to read,
Then, where's a quiet corner
In which to sit as happily as little Jacky Horner
Who pulled out plums? For girls all know
That when a good book comes
It's just as full of joys as Jacky's pie was full of plums."*

IF ANY OF US has never had the jolly experience of slipping away with a favorite book and a big juicy red apple to some quiet nook where we could read unmolested? This was a pleasure equally enjoyable on a dull, rainy morning or a bright, sunshiny afternoon.

Books are the "open sesame" to our most joyous friendships. We may journey round the world and travel as we please in company with a brave and jolly band of our dearest story friends from all over the earth.

Can we find a human friend who will always fit in with our every mood? We can always find a book that will. If we are sad, books cheer us; if we need advice, books advise us; and if we just desire pleasure, books will amuse us.

When we read a book, we pass from this sordid world into a world of make-believe. We follow the characters and rejoice or sorrow with them; for when we really comprehend a book, we live in its characters.

Book friends will never fail us as our human friends often do. When we have read a book and really love it—for we can love books—we are free to re-read it if we wish.

There are books which we read when we were smaller that we really loved. Life couldn't have been the same if we had never read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Little Women." We can remember how we, like Lord Fauntleroy, admired Dearest; how we cried when little Eva died, and how we loved Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy.

Book friends are delightful because we never know just what they will be like, and each day we find new ones, for the supply seems unlimited.

Our book friends are "friends indeed" for they educate and amuse us at the same time, and are always suitable to our moods.

"A blessing on the printer's art! Books are the mentors of the heart. The burning soul, the burdened mind. In books alone, companions find."

VIRGINIA McCAULEY

History Recorded in Hooked Rugs



OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH—A message from School number twenty-two, "During your term of student-teaching something will be done with hooked rugs." Ah, during the Christmas holidays I must learn to make hooked rugs so that I shall be prepared to meet all emergencies. Thus the idea of the rug project sank into the subconscious.

For one week the children, wide-awake and all observant, had watched in a most intensive study their nation grow from its infancy in the Thirteen Original Colonies to manhood when it had gallantly reached the shores of the Pacific. Several suggestions for keeping a record of this study were submitted: "Draw pictures." "Have a play." "Make a book."

Teacher of Practice: "Did the early pioneers, the builders of our nation, live just as we do today? What were some of the differences?"

"They dressed differently."

"They had different kinds of houses."

"They had different kinds of furniture."

At last, the opportunity of suggesting the making of rugs. At first, only about half the class appeared anxious to make them.

In a low, under-breath voice, Florence in her usually indifferent manner said, "What do we want to make hook rugs for?"

A storm of response, "An exhibit." "We may have other classes to come see our exhibit."

Teacher of Practice: "We have had just plain exhibits. You may use the exhibit idea, however, and have something still more worthwhile." And then, a loop-hole for suggesting an *auction sale*.

"What are hooked rugs like?" This question did not remain unanswered very long. Through the kindness of the supervisor a real rug made with "really and truly hooked rug needles" (as the children called them), from New England, was brought to class for the children to see, and, you may be sure, to admire. Even the "real" needles were put at the child's disposal.

A whole-hearted desire to carry on the project soon spread. "Work period" was anxiously looked forward to—a time when the boys with greatest possible skill would file nails and finally compare their needles with the "real" ones; when both boys and girls would sketch and color pictures representing some period in the growth of their nation, would transfer them on the burlap, would attach the latter to the frame, which was either an old picture frame or one constructed in class, and finally with strips of rugs would begin to "hook."

Meanwhile, "What's the auction sale going to be like?" First, the matter of the auctioneer was discussed. John and Raymond were given a chance to show their ability in filling this position—the former was elected as being the more capable.

"What will John say; how will he auction off the rugs so that the people will want them?" With this need in view, the speeches given by the makers of the rugs were finally evolved—individually, each speech to tell the story of his respective rug; as a whole, "The Story of How Our Nation Grew."

"Whom shall we invite to the auction sale?" "We haven't enough rugs to invite everyone," in response to a suggestion to invite the whole school.

The teacher of practice then told the story of the recent private auction sale of the Cohen home on North Charles Street, Baltimore.

A private auction sale? Then came the need of individual invitations which the children would compose, write, and send out.

There was still one more matter for which to provide—that of having some form of entertainment. Here was a splendid opportunity to re-view slavery in the South. The result was the two-part singing of three negro songs and the dancing of the Virginia reel at the sale.

Did this project change the children toward that goal of making them better citizens?

EVELYN SCHAEFFER,

Senior 7

Werewolf

*Last night a werewolf howled around my door.
I rose, and barred the shutters tight,
And then from out the heart shaped holes
I peered—and shook with breathless fright.
Is it true, my own? They say
The dead come back at night.*

*I cannot understand why this is so.
In life my love was piercing keen.
There was no life without you then,
So brave, so cool-eyed, young, and clean.
Is it true, my own. But tell
What can this feeling mean?*

*Last night a werewolf howled around my door.
I heard his eerie note and knew
A murderer stood my house before
I feared to look. I felt 'twas you.
My own, I ceased to love, the day
The gibbet claimed its due.*

E. L. BOWLING '28.

I Like My Churches

*I like my churches
dusky dim,
with Gothic ceils;
tall columns swathed
about the tops
in shadowed shrouds,
high, arched windows,
mellow light—
red ruby glass,
blue sapphire tones,
warm amber's richness
like sherry gleaming
through cut glass;
imperial purple,
verdant green,
Mellow light—
 Shafts of light
 Slanting through the holy twilight.*

*I like the altars
lofty, gold
with carving rich,
tall tapers wreathed
at each blue tip
in mystic glow,
majestic organ
soaring notes,
deep-toned rich chant,
a fervent hush;
silk's whispered rustling
when the faithful slip
to reverent knees;
clouds of sweetness
wafted upward,
our humble mite,
 "May our prayers be as
 incense in Thy sight."*

E. L. BOWLING, '28.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

Teacher Values

THE ARGUMENT is often made that a teacher's results are more or less intangible, that there are many values which arise from her teaching that cannot be measured. We can admit this gracefully. However, these intangible values are likely to be greater with the teachers who produce good classroom results as measured by definite objective tests than with others who get poor results in the classroom. A teacher who has nothing to contribute but intangible values is a very doubtful asset.

SELECTED

"Tolerance, patience, selflessness, faith, courage, fairness, tact, magnanimity—what fineness and strength of character are required by any one who undertakes to be a co-operator."

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

An Ideal

THERE MAY BE a few people who wonder why thousands pay tribute to an unknown soldier, but there is not one true alumnus that questions his reason for loving his Alma Mater. Graduates of this institution (M. S. N. S.) as well as the instructors would congratulate us if we could develop one of the most needed sources of learning at the Normal School.

Probably few have thought about the dell back of the Administration Building. Why can't the class of "30" inaugurate a project—that of beautifying and conserving wild flowers and trees in the glen. Why not make this teachers training school foremost in Nature? We are learning to train young minds why can't we have children live naturally?

The Rural Club, science classes and elementary school have taken an initial step in this direction. Dr. Ballard, landscape gardener from the U. of M., under the auspices of the Rural Club, has made an intensive study of the situation. He has given us a scientific drawing of the glen and shown us the possibilities of making it a perfect wild garden. What shall we do? This is not one person's task. It may take a score of graduating classes to see this plan completed; but can't we make a start? This is a challenge to all the clubs of the Normal School, and to every individual.

H. A. PEREGOV

Morning Invocation


Give us to awake with smiles,
Give us to labor smiling,
Give us health, food, bright weather
And light hearts.
Let us lie down without fear
And rise with exultation.
Grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken,
And to accept loss and disappointment
As it were straws upon the tide of life,
When the day returns,
Return to us, our sun and comforter,
And call us up with morning hearts,
Eager to labor, eager to be happy,
If happiness be our portion,
And if the day be marked for sorrow,
Strong to endure it.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCHOOL NOTES




Orchestra

 ON MONDAY, APRIL 14, the Orchestra (after a very exciting election) chose as its officers for the coming year:

President.....LEONA PARKS
Vice-President.....LEWIS STARTT
Secretary-Treasurer.....JACK KRAVITZ
Librarian.....LEROY ROLLISON

At present the orchestra is devoting its entire time preparing for commencement and the alumni dinner. Several numbers not yet played "in public" will be presented, among them being the "Student Prince."

Easter Egg Party

 RUE EASTER JOY was brought to many of the dormitory students on Saturday, April 12, when the annual Easter Egg Party was held in the kitchen.

About 8:30 P. M. or when all the guests had arrived the big pots of water and the dye were brought out. Everyone immediately began to dye eggs. Oh what fun there was to see the results of the dye. Pictures of animals, pictures of friends, scenes from various countries and names of favorite friends were on the eggs.

After the "dye," everyone lined up and was given a paper bag. Oh what a scramble began when the time for the hunt arrived. In every nook and corner the eggs were hidden. Some were large ones, some were Wilbur buds, some were jelly beans. At the end of the hunt the eggs and scores were counted. Miss Virginia McCauley, with a score of three hundred one, won the first prize.

After the hunt for the eggs was over the dance began. This seemed to be the climax of the fun—especially the "Paul Jones." Dancing stopped only long enough to take a sip of the delicious punch that was being served.

Those who did not attend the party missed much, but those who missed breakfast Sunday morning missed more—we ate the dyed eggs.

M. THOMAS,
Senior 4

EXCERPTS FROM SCHOOL PAPER

The Fifth Grade of Fullerton School edit a monthly paper called the "Fifth Special." These are some of the articles found in it about Robin Hood.

MAKING THE DEER

A few days ago our teacher told us that we were going to have a play called "Robin Hood." We were glad and said that we would want to start right away. The teacher divided us into groups. She asked who would like to make the deer. Millard Wilkerson and Howard Green said they would help and I said I would help, too. We went into the back of the room and started to draw the deer. The teacher and the class said that it was very good.

CORNELIUS G.

OUR HANGERS

We are making costumes for our Robin Hood Assembly. We had a line to hang them on, but two didn't have any hangers. Miss Rohrer said that we could take a page of an old book, roll it up, tie a string around the middle, and then put some kind of a hook on it. We tried this, and it turned out all right. Now we have the hangers to hang our costumes on.

JEANETTE GUNDON

PRACTICING WITH BOW AND ARROW

Last week the teacher told us to get bows and arrows for the play. When recess came we took our bows and arrows outside and played with them. At first we had a battle. That was very good practice. After that we made a target on the back of the old portable and shot at it. Then we tried to shoot an arrow at a broken window. Next we shot at the trees. All this gave us good practice.

HOWARD GREEN

MAKING COSTUMES


One afternoon Miss Guyton told us to bring old pillow cases or sheets to school to make costumes for a Robin Hood play. Miss Rohrer showed us how to cut sleeves and a neck in the pillow case and then we went to work. One girl brought a little sewing machine to school. She hemmed the bottom of mine and one sleeve. Then I sewed the rest by hand. When I finished it and tried it on, it was short, but Miss Guyton told me to leave it that way.

MARY H. ROHRER.

JESSIE SHERER



Concerning Athletics

 ONE OF THE outstanding characteristics of student life in our school, and one that first impresses visitors and new students is the friendly spirit and manifest good-fellowship that one finds here. If that is true of student life in general, it is doubly true of the manner in which athletics, especially those of the men students, are carried on.

In spite of the fact that in most colleges, not to mention the larger secondary schools, athletics have long since taken decidedly the commercial trend, and have become, in many cases, the tail that wags the dog, at the Normal School our athletic program is still a healthful, happy, valuable appendage to the professional curriculum. At Towson, participation in sports is, as I believe it should be, a form of recreation, rather than the all important business it has become in some of our institutions of learning.

Some persons reading this may conclude that this condition merely indicates that we fail to take our sports seriously. Let me hasten to explain that I have not intended to convey that impression and would be quite wrong should I leave such idea. Team work in this school is considered important; the remarkable progress that we have made in the past two years is sufficient evidence of the truth of this statement. Any school that can in two years raise the level of its basketball schedule from one that includes only high schools to one that includes only colleges, and among them some of the best in the East, must have something more than the play attitude toward its athletics.

And, at this point, while we are speaking of games with other colleges, let us consider for a moment why the percentage of games won by our teams may seem so low. We are a two-year school. Our enrollment of men has never been higher than eighty, and usually not that high. Add to this the fact that half or more of the Varsity men are usually student teaching during the basketball season, consequently missing all of the practice periods, and you have a fairly good idea of the situation that we face. Yet we play four-year schools whose squads number twice as many men as ours, who practice daily, follow regular training routines, maintain training tables, and do all the other things that the nature of our institution prevents our doing; and, instead of

going down to overwhelming defeat, usually we lead for the first half and then, because we have an insufficient supply of seasoned reserves, come off with a score that gives the other team the game.

However, this article is not intended to be an excuse. It is an explanation. For, in spite of all these things that I have mentioned above, the attitude I previously described continues to exist. If anywhere, there is a harder fighting team than those that represent Normal School on the court, on the pitch, and on the diamond, I have yet to hear of it. And, with all the fight and spirit that goes into the playing of our men, their playing is noticeably free from much of that shady sort of thing that might, and often does, win games. I do not mean to say that ours is a crowd of lily-white angels; such a team, I am convinced, does not exist; but I do say, and unhesitatingly, that the Towson Normal School teams might well serve as models to many teams that I have seen.

It is my deep conviction that if more teams in the State, both of secondary schools and colleges, adopted the Towson Normal attitude toward athletics, the condition of amateur athletics in Maryland would be considerably improved.

JOHN H. FISCHER

In The Air

BASEBALL IS IN THE AIR. Once more the stillness of Normal's campus is broken by the crack of a baseball meeting the bat. Although off to a slow start, due mainly to the illness of Coach Minnegan, the nine is gradually moulding itself into tip-top shape in preparation for the coming baseball frays. Coach Minnegan spent his first week with the baseball candidates in organizing and developing the infield and the outfield. Future work will consist of increased batting practice to further develop batting skill and the welding of a combination around the keystone sack. The pitching department will also require a great deal of attention. Indications at present show that the lineup will be composed of the following:

Joe Bowers—First Base.

Peregoy—Second Base.

Nicodemus—Third Base.

Evans—Shortstop.

Fitzell or Wolfe—Left field.


Startt—Center field.

Burgee—Right field.

Ploovsky—Catcher.

Aaronson, Wolston, Denaburg—Pitchers.

NORMAL TRIPS ELIZABETHTOWN, 3 TO 0

 N NORTH CAMPUS, April 8, State Normal's baseball aggregation defeated the Elizabethtown (Pa.) College, 4 to 0. The game developed into a pitcher's duel between Ebling of the visitors and Aaronson of the locals, with the latter having a decided edge. The Pennsylvania Nine threatened on several occasions but the Normal defense tightened at the opportune moments and averted trouble. The game was also featured by spectacular catches by Nicodemus and Fitzell.

The score:

NORMAL						ELIZABETHTOWN					
	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.		A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Peregoy, 2b	3	0	0	1	1	Frey, ss	3	0	2	1	1
Fitzell, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	Bobulo, 2b	3	0	1	1	2
Bowers, 1b	2	0	1	6	0	Herr, cf	2	0	0	1	1
Nicodemus, 3b .	3	1	1	1	1	E. Wiger, lf ...	2	0	0	0	0
Burgee, rf	3	1	1	0	0	Chimor, 1b	3	0	0	6	0
Evans, ss	3	1	1	2	0	Ebling, p	3	0	0	0	2
Startt, cf	3	1	1	1	0	Harker, 3b	3	0	0	0	1
Plovsky, c	3	0	0	7	1	C. Wiger, rf ...	3	0	0	0	0
Aaronson, p ...	1	0	0	1	1	Balher, c	2	0	0	9	0
Totals	24	4	5	21	4	Totals	24	0	3	18	7

ELIZABETHTOWN 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

NORMAL 0 0 0 4 0 0 0—4

Errors—Evan, Aaronson, Bobula, E. Wagner, Ebling.

Stolen Bases—Nicodemus (2), Startt, Aaronson.

Two-base hits—Bowers, Evans, Frey, Bobula.

Sacrifice hits—Aaronson, Herr.

Left on bases—Normal 6, Elizabethtown 6.

Base on balls—Aaronson 1, Ebling 2.

Strike outs—Aaronson 7, Ebling 9.

EVEN UP

Conversation between two Normal School girls at a baseball game:

First: "Oh, isn't that lovely, we have a man on every base."

Second: "Oh, that's nothing, so have they."

A GREAT DIFFERENCE

A teacher asked her class the difference between "results" and "consequences." One little girl replied, "Results are what you expect and consequences are what you get."

ONE'S ENOUGH

The motorist who had just been in an accident painfully crept from beneath the heap, tottered to the roadside and sat down.

Presently another motorist came along and stopped. "Hello, there," he called, "have an accident?"

"No, thanks," said the injured one, "I've just had one."



DO THE CHILDREN LIKE THEIR TEACHERS?

A country school-teacher sent word one morning that as she was suffering from an attack of illness there would be no school that day.

Late in the afternoon she received a large bouquet of wild flowers from her pupils with a note attached which read: "Teacher, please stay sick tomorrow too, and we'll send you another bunch."

CORRECTING SENTENCES

A teacher was instructing a class in English. She told little Jimmy to put the following sentence on the board: "Richard can ride the mule if he wants to."

"Now," continued the teacher, when Jimmy had finished writing, "can you find a better form for this sentence?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I can," was the prompt reply. "Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."

SPELLBOUND?

"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.

"I am spellbound," replied his typist.

"Ahem! Has my eloquence such an effect?"

"Yes, sir. There are a few words I can't spell."

TEACHER MUST HAVE EATEN IT

"Jimmy," said his mother, "what became of that pie I made for you yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No, mamma," answered Jimmy, "I gave it to my teacher at school instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," commented his mother, "and did your teacher eat it?"

"She wasn't at school today," answered Jimmy.

RELAPSE AHEAD

A physician claims to have restored two patients to sanity by pulling out their teeth. When they see the bill they may go crazy again.

The editor wishes to express regret that due to an error in publication in the March issue one of the articles in the joke section was incomplete. That article follows:

Another Reason for Studying Children Carefully

We hear much about rationalizing in arithmetic; a student decided to try it and put a good lesson over etc. etc. etc. (See page 39, April).

and two quarters. Then calling on one of the brightest pupils, she asked him which he would prefer; the half or the quarter, and he replied:

"I'll take the quarter, please."

Much surprised, she asked why.

"Because I don't like apples."

THE FASTIDIOUS COW

Foreigner: "I want to buy some strong rope; my cow he changes his hide every night."

Dealer: "How's that?"

Foreigner: "One night he hide in the creek, other night he hide in the thicket. Want to tie him up."

Patrick Murphy, while passing down Tremont Street, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction.

One of the first things he did after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case.

He called and received five crisp, new, one hundred dollar bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked.

"Two thousand, and you give me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

NONE THERE

A traveler arrived at a small borderland village late at night. He went from house to house endeavoring to find a night's lodging, but found each in darkness, and no one could be persuaded to give him hospitality.

At length he knocked at a small house in despair and, when a head finally appeared at the window above, asked for lodging, but it was refused.

"Aren't there any Christians in this place?" he asked, desperately.

"No, sir," was the reply, "we're all Johnsons and Jardines."

—*Christian Register*

HIS STOCK WAS LOW

A noted financier was taken seriously ill at ninety and felt that his end was drawing near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "the Lord isn't going to take you until you've passed the hundred mark."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait until I reach par when he can pick me up at ninety?"

IMPROVING WITH TIME

A very plain man in New York has a very pretty little daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking-glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked:

"Papa, did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"And did he make you?"

"Yes."

Looking in the mirror, she drew a long breath and rejoined:

"He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"

—*Boston Globe*

SOMETHING FOR THE FUTURE EDUCATOR TO THINK ABOUT

It was little Herman's first day at school. At noon he rushed into the house, quickly picked up the comic sheet of the Sunday paper, and scanned it with eager anticipation. A moment later, he threw it down, and in a tone of disgust cried:

"Aw! That's a rotten school."

"Why, Herman," exclaimed his mother, "why do you say that about the school?"

"Well, I've been there since 9 o'clock this morning and haven't learned how to read yet."

SPEAKING OVER CHILDREN'S HEADS

It was the first lesson a junior was teaching at the center. "Now, John, will you spell tightly?" she politely asked. John: "T-i-g-h-l-y."

Teacher: "John, you omitted a letter."

John: "No, ma'am. I left it out."

HOW THE CAMEL GOT ITS HUMP

Teacher after having read a story about the camel. "Now, children, the reason the camel has a hump on his back is because he does very little work."

Pupil: "Gee! Teacher! My father ought to have about three or four humps on his back, because he hasn't done any work in the last three years."

A green brakeman on the Colorado Mudline was making his first trip to Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief, "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes, we'd have slipped back."

—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*



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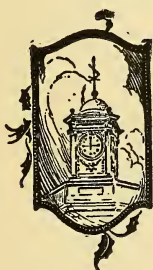


The First Lap Is O'er—Yet
Onward Speed, Thou Gospel
Of Learning

JUNIOR NUMBER



The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. III

JUNE, 1930

No. 9

To Miss Crabtree

WE COULD COVER pages of this small journal trying to express our feelings to Miss Crabtree for her splendid cooperation and work but why do that? Some folks wouldn't read it because they "know it's so."

We elected her because we wanted her—we wanted her because we realized she is one able to advise and direct us. It is needless to say how we all love her and appreciate the many kindnesses she has done for us.

M. FISHER, Jr. 8



A Foreword

TO TRULY KNOW people we must hear them speak or read what they have written. Ben Johnson said: "Language most shows a man: speak, that I may see thee." Thus, through the sincere expression of ideas of the Juniors in this issue of the TOWER LIGHT, we shall catch the spirit of the Junior class as we might not be able to do in any other way. We shall know what realizations of beauty, what flashes of fun, and what moments of exaltation they find in our school life. We shall see how they treasure the ideals of the class which has preceded them and what contributions of worth they themselves are making. In all, we shall know this year's Junior Class.

EUNICE K. CRABTREE

Junior Two

A lot of things can happen in
 A day, a month, a year—
 And some will bring a cheery smile
 While others bring a tear.
 But now the song I'm singing will
 Be merely telling you
 Some Towson Normal history
 In section Junior Two.
 We had our woes aplenty in
 Participation time
 And made mistakes so many that
 Would not look well in rhyme
 The Herculean task we tried—
 To give a puppet show—
 It caused us many sleepless nights
 Or nightmares—dreadful—o!
 Before our segregation
 Intermediate or K. P.
 We held our farewell party
 In old two-twenty-three.
 So now we're making units
 (O Morpheus! grant us sleep!)
 There is no more to tell you
 Vacation near us creeps.

MARY C. WEBER, Jr. 2

Junior 6

THE OLD SAYING that "even the best of friends must part" was proved true at the beginning of the third term this year. Three Junior sections had completed their course in Junior Participation and had decided the type of work they wished to take up. It was because of this that Junior 6 became a mottled and almost entirely different group.

Junior 6 is now composed of members of Sections 5, 6 and 7 who wish to specialize in Rural work.

Originally this section was made up entirely of girls, but with the third term there were ushered into our midst nine of Normal's eighty-one men students. This was rather fortunate for the girls because in case a lesson is extremely difficult there is always some worthy male who can supply an instructor with a period of argument.

We, as a section, are beginning to become acquainted now and are looking forward to next year's work together.

Junior 8

Big, Big Events of Junior Straight Eight.

Listed in Chronological (learned at Normal) order.

- 1 First section meeting
 - 2 Big supper hike
 - 3 Assembly
 - 4 Participation
 - 5 Prom
 - 6 Picnic Hike
 - 7 June-ior TOWER LIGHT
 - 8 Home Sweet Home.
-

Junior Three Spree

JUNIOR 3 MIGHT well be characterized by those four well known letters, M. S. N. S.

M is for men. We have plenty of them. Jr. 3 has twenty-four *men* and eight *girls*. We have yet to know why it is *men* and *girls* but they have been thus named and the girls have become used to suffering the indignity of being called girls and not women.

S is for satirical. For three months Junior 3 published a weekly paper, the *Junior Three Spree*. The *Junior Three Spree* and satire is one sentence. The best contributions were judged by the amount of biting satire. Junior 3 has one redeeming feature in this respect. They are broadminded.

N is for "newsy". We might say that N stands for noisy because "men's voices are naturally loud" but we would rather not discuss Junior 3 in that light and so we say that N is for "Newsy". To get back to the *Junior Three Spree*, many of the students looked forward to Tuesday morning when the new edition of the *Spree* was posted. The *Spree* covered all of the worthwhile gossip in no mean style. It is said that girls have an ear for gossip, but if you want the latest scandal, the real inside dope, or just a spicy bit of news, corner one of the Junior 3 "men".

Final S is for Social, that is to say, "socially educated". Jr. 3 has been outstanding in its social events this year. The class gave two Tea Dances of no little fame and a most interesting bridge party.

Junior 3 is looking forward to holding together for one more term because we have had a good time and we do feel that there will be a little regret when we are separated.

E. L. R.

Junior 8

Speaking of:

Apple Butter	we	have	a	Libby (Butke)
Insects	"	"	"	Bee (Lingg)
Chills	"	"	"	freeze (Fries)
Fords	"	"	"	Lizzie
Punctuation	"	"	"	colon (2 Dots)
Presidents	"	"	"	Wilson
Baking Powder	"	"	"	Davis
Biblical Characters	"	"	"	an Esther
Rooms	"	"	"	A Hall
Months	"	"	"	Mae
Department Stores	"	"	"	Hoshall
Valets	"	"	"	Butler
Fields	"	"	"	Logan
Spiders	"	"	"	Webb
Donations	"	"	"	Gaver
Pains	"	"	"	an Ake(hurst)
Sneezes	"	"	"	a Hiteshew
Sages	"	"	"	Wise
Occupations	"	"	"	Fisher
Dogs	"	"	"	Kerr
Songs	"	"	"	Louise
Trousers	"	"	"	Jean
Letters of the alphabet	"	"	"	M. L. E. (Emily)



Junior 10

TA
WHEN JUNIOR 10 was ushered into one room last September everybody looked at everybody else and grinned. We've been grinning at each other ever since, sometimes in enjoyment at one's discomfort or sometimes in sympathy with some particularly terrible assignment. You see, we can do this safely enough, for our class is strictly female. (Of course we like the men well enough.)

Our class as a whole has done nothing very startling but several of the individuals have made us proud to be in Junior 10.

Junior Four's Music Box

When Normalites step off the car,
Music sounds from near and far.
They smile, shake their heads and say,
"Sounds like Junior four at play."
For drifting from the windows near,
Sounds of struggle we all soon hear.
"Do, me ,so, do, me, re, do,"
Or other versions that we know!

Come with us to the music room,
Help us bravely meet our doom,
Listen to our conversation,
Funniest words in all creation,
"Where's the page? give me the book,
Play that note, and let me look!"
"Do, me, so, do, me, re, do,"
Or other versions that we know!

Such hemming, hawing, up and down,
Like the pipes of Hamelin town.
Silence—then again we try
Sweet strains mounting to the sky
Like Orpheus with his lute of old,
Sounding far and sounding bold.
"Do, me, so, do, me, re, do,"
Or other versions that we know!

Soon whispers spread abroad the room,
Visions of tests before us loom.
Once again to work we go,
"Play fa, sing re, please give me do!"
Down we slump into our seats,
Dreading what we soon must greet,
"Do, me, so, do, me, re, do,"
Or other versions that we know!

Again we sing in such great style,
Miss Weyforth enters with a smile.
Once again a hasty look,
At the music in the book.
Then, "there'll be no test to-day!"
We smile again, and sing away,
"Do, me, so, do, me, re, do,"
Or other versions that we know!

MARY P. BLUMBERG
SYLVIA W. LUDWIG
Junior 4

Moonlight

By the light of the moon it's a ghostly land,
 There are shadows and horrors on every hand,
 And yet it's so bright
 With a silvery light
 That I can't understand
 Why even a band of horsemen
 Who stand on a hillock near by,
 Nearly scare me to death
 Just take all my breath
 When I meet them—
 Their shadows—alone.
 Yes I know it's not right
 I know it's just night
 That affects me that way,
 If the moon were to shine in the bright of the day
 Not even an army—
 Their shadows—alone
 Would scare me away.
 And it's puzzled me so,
 Why it is, I don't know,
 But lovers prefer—moonlight.
 As it were—
 Do you think it could be
 I have it—I see!
 How stupid of me!
 When I knew all the time
 Love was blind!

JEAN McLAUGHLIN, Jr. 10

Moonlight

Soft, shimmering brightness,
 A cloak of silver loveliness,
 Enshrouding the whole world
 And you.
 Touching your cheek and falling softly
 Against your black hair,
 Wrapping itself about you
 And creeping in and about the whole world
 Seemingly endless—
 This magic and mysterious moonlight.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, Jr. 3

Moon Secrets

Old Mister Moon is looking down
And teasing me to-night,
It seems as if he's watching me,
With clever, taunting light.

Each night he looks down on me,
And wears a cunning smile,
It seems as if he sees me,
And is laughing all the while.

I don't know why he picks on me,
When he's in humor gay,
To wink at me and puzzle me,
He thinks amusing play.

I've come to one conclusion,
I'm sure I can't be wrong,
Old Mister Moon knows something
To help his joke along.

I guess he knows some secret,
I'd rather not disclose,
Some little bit of nonsense,
That just one other knows.

So Mister Moon is looking down,
And teasing me to-night,
He's winking at me shyly,
With a clever, taunting light.

R. L. SMITH



The Dream Ship

We sail down to Dreamland,
Below the bridge of yawn,
We sail away at eventide
And linger there 'till dawn.

The sandman is the captain,
Who sets asail our boat,
And mother is the skipper,
Who sets the raft afloat.

The old Dutch Clock's the lighthouse,
Its chimes ring loud and clear,
To guide us to the harbor,
When "Get up" time is near.

The fairies watching o'er us,
Send dreams to greet our sleep—
Our Father in the Heavens,
His faithful watch doth keep—

RACHAEL L. SMITH

Sunset

A flash of color greets the eye
It is the sunset in the sky.
Red and green and purple-gold
Slowly the gorgeous hues unfold.

Tints so delicate and rare
Clouds—innocent as a maiden's prayer
Glorious wealth of wondrous sky
Rosy light of day's goodbye.

Precious gleam of darker shades
Colors the grasses in the glades
The sun obeys his Lord's request
And slowly sinks into the West.

The dying shafts of sunlight fade.
On the horizon it is said,
Dusk appears, and velvet night
Banishes the God of Light!

SYLVIA LUDWIG, Jr. 4

Spring

Oh! Let me be free
On a day like this,
With the sun o'erhead
Bestowing a kiss
Upon each adventurer,
As he passes
Lightly on the waving grasses.
Breezes are swaying
Each leafy tree,
Up on the mountain,
Down in the lea,
For spring is come
Oh! Let me be free
To see all the glory
Of Nature bestowing
Upon her flower
And dew-laden bower,
In city and town,
And all the world round.
Oh! Let me be free
On a day like this.

FANNIE SENKER, Sr. 2

Look Up!

When you want to fret and frown
Look up; don't look down—
For, looking up, you will see
Green leaflets dancing on a tree;
(Dancing leaves are always full of glee)
A sky that in royal blue is dressed;
(To cheer you—happy blue is best)
A bright-eyed little bird that sings,
And tells you: "Of the world I am King!"
Look up; don't look down
Summon that smile—chase that frown.
For surely the world would rather see
A happy, sunny smile from you and me!

CATHERINE BILLBROUGH, Jr. 5

The Mysterious Clock

THE DARRELL family, consisting of parents and two daughters, lived in a little town in West Virginia and were the proud possessors of a grandfather clock. It was an heirloom and for generations had sent the men to work, the children to school, and told the girls when to get ready for their beaux.

Strange to say, old faithful failed after the first few years to tell Grace, the older daughter that Ray, her lover, was coming. It likewise failed to remind Ray when it was time to leave.

"It is mysterious," said Mr. Darrell to Grace one morning, "just last night before Ray came I wound the clock and it had been keeping splendid time, but it simply refuses to run today."

Grace said nothing but turned abruptly to the window where only the flowers on a trellis outside could see the look of amusement and happiness on her face.

When the rest of the family heard the news a conclave was held. Gravely gathering around the clock, they suggested various reasons why that remarkable timepiece was not performing its duty.

Ruth, the younger daughter whispered that it surely was an ill-omen and that she was afraid. "A neighbor's clock had stopped," she said, "and the very next night his most valuable horse broke its leg and had to be killed."

Suspicion thus established laid its hand on the family, sans Grace, and no one after a first few pokes and shakes tried to fix the clock. Only Grace, stifling smiles with yawns, said nothing. The clock still looked well in the parlor and it always had wakened her when its chimes proclaimed the hours between sunset and sunrise.

So when a year later the family piled all its belongings in the spring wagon and started for their new domicile, "Grandfather" was wrapped in flannel, and taken too. No one thought of the clock except as an ornament anymore because they had become accustomed to its silent vigilance of the house.

Imagine the consternation and surprise, when on a bumpy clay road the heirloom chimed forth in a slow choking sort of way, the hour of nine!

The horse was stopped and the grandfather clock was unwrapped from its downy bed, was set up in the middle of the road, where as if regretfully, it resumed its slow ticking.

Ruth, ever superstitious cried out, "The spell is broken, there was something mysterious in our old house but it's gone now!" and she danced in the road. Grace, on the other hand, decided that since everyone was happy to have the timepiece working again, she would disclose something to the family, in fact—she would kill two birds with one stone.

Ray arriving that night at the new house was met by a fluttering, excited Grace.

"Oh, Ray!" she whispered, "the clock is going," and more bashfully, "let's tell them all about-it-tonight."

"Certainly, dear," Ray said and hand in hand the two went into the dining room where the rest of the family were assembled.

"We've come to confess concerning the clock," Ray began. "If you remember I was present, to tell the truth, at the exact time the clock stopped. In fact—well—I needed more time that evening to—to (this with a covert glance at Grace) to—to propose—now it's out! and so—if you'll look in the bottom of the clock case perhaps you'll find what I used to gain more time."

While Mr. Darrell looked in the bottom of the clock, Grace and Ray hurried to the front porch where the moon could be seen to great advantage and the rest of the family had as a result of their search—a match stem!

J. McL.

Music Is Everywhere

DO, TI, LA, SO—very sour, a groan, an exclamation of despair on the part of the teacher, and another member of the "music class" wilts into his seat. Music! It happens everytime and instead of improving, the voices are worse.

A week later the same owners of the seemingly hopeless voices are gathered in a bus, a ukelele in their midst, on their way to a game. Harmony—and you wouldn't call it "sour". Behind it all is a spirit—school spirit, fight, sportsmanship, call it what you will, but there is *their* music.

The girls, who quake with fear when they are called on in music class, sit in the corridor and sing Alma Mater as it is never sung in the Auditorium, but it is music.

And so—in free moments, moments that permit free expression of feeling, the students who cannot utter a clear note in class, sing.

The dormitory inhabitants have swarmed from the dining room, leaving behind them only tables of dishes to be cleared. Lingered behind, one hears to the rhythm of clashing dishes, the mellow notes of the waiters. Popular songs are molded into a symphony of beauty embodying good will, and fellowship. Perhaps it is a bit humorous to the on-looker but it is enjoyed and *that* is music.

There is no minute of a very busy day in the dormitory that there isn't some song, whistled, hummed, or sung. One unconsciously falls in and joins in the song. The long corridors constantly echo some tune. Even the maid hums to the timely swish of her broom.

Six o'clock in the morning there are no "do ti la's" but beyond all beautiful things, there stands out the "Winged Symphony", a chorus of a thousand birds, each singing its own melody, but most certainly, it is music.

Late evening comes. In that precious twilight hour between 6:00 and 7:00 P. M. one strolls over the Campus. Passing the Power house, the uncertain tuning of a ukelele is heard. There seems to be a bit of trouble. The D string won't "go". A waiter walks in and says, "Play, Jo, play". Rather pleasing chords are strummed and there is the rhythmic shuffle of the dancing waiter. Peeking in, there sits the tallest, gauntest, and cheeriest, if a bit dirty, engineer playing his "Banjo uke!" Yes—music is everywhere.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, Jr. 3

Spring—Another View of It

I
HATE SPRING!

I like the flowers and sunshine and warm weather and the awakening of life but I hate spring.

The first day of spring! March 21st. This is because the point of vertical ray is at the equator at that time and as a result we have spring. Every year on March 21st, spring comes and we are perfectly sure of its coming, regardless of the weather. We know that it won't fail and so we have nothing to look forward to. Anticipation is greater than the event and we are deprived of that. The very coming of spring is such a certain thing and I hate certain things.

Spring is here! The call of the wild. Every romantic soul breaks forth with poetry. What meter, what thought, what rhythm! The hardest shelled poet could weep over the pure murder of this beautiful gift. Everyone is enjoying the reawakening. Why do we have to read bad poetry to tell us about it? And this bad poetry is all on account of spring.

Spring songs! How I hate them. Songs about spring are much like a hysterical woman, raving on and on, grating on one's nerves, and tearing down one's patience. Hysterics are disgusting. So are Spring songs.

The weather is the last straw. In the morning one walks out, enjoys the sunshine, dons the new spring bonnet (and I hate spring bonnets) and comes back a miserable water soaked wreck, completely dishevelled and ordering quarts of hot lemonade to avoid a lingering spring cold.

All these things I hate and the Spring is the underlying cause. Spring is beautiful, the reawakening of life is interesting, the song of the returned birds is enchanting. Perhaps it isn't spring that I hate but the accursed spring fiends.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

The Teacher Is An Artist

*A*N ARTIST stands beside his masterpiece. His face lights up—his soul is in his eyes, he has won! Fame! He is in love with his work. He has woven his life into that masterpiece and the results are soul satisfying.

What am I discussing?

An artist? Surely, an artist standing before the picture that has his life painted on it—a picture into which, with each stroke of the brush he has painted himself—his ideals, his thoughts, his love, his life! I must be discussing a painter.

If not that—maybe a sculptor is my theme. Maybe I am thinking of the man who stands before a piece of work that is a marvel—a face on which the most poignant grief is expressed—a carving that tells a story so beautiful it is almost beyond human comprehension.

Perhaps I am telling of a writer whose gifted fingers write words that bring millions to worship him—words that change the fibres of our lives; that make us repent wrongs; that make us give more, work more, love more, live more! It may be that that is my theme.

Do you think I am speaking of an actor—an artist who has stirred the emotions of thousands—who has played on emotions as a harpist plucks the strings of a harp? The actor evokes sorrow, joy, anger, grief and many other expressions.

It may be that my story concerns a great musician who has played his masterpiece to an audience that watches spellbound and who are enthralled. Ah! The power of music!

Does my story tell of the stirring message of a great orator? He is an artist because he, too, can move thousands. He can cause wars—he can inspire noble deeds. The orator can change grave decisions and cause a nation to rise up.

No, my readers, my story concerns none of these. Instead it tells of that artist of artists—the teacher! Why is she a great artist? Consider her materials. The little children come to her crying “Teach me that I may know the world and take my place in it!” What does the teacher do? The child is the marble from which she must carve a masterpiece—the child is the clay from which she must mold a masterpiece. She puts her heart and soul in the work and when it is finished—she has a “masterpiece”.

Perhaps that masterpiece is one of the artists—a painter, sculptor, musician or orator. Perhaps that “masterpiece” is a great leader. Perhaps the fate of the nation or the individual rests on that “masterpiece”. The sculptor, musician or orator may be artists but the teacher is the great artist that made them.

THE TOWER LIGHT

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

The End, And The Beginning

THE TIME has come! Two years ago, June 1930 seemed about as far away as anything could possibly seem; but, as if on wings, the time has seemed to fly, and we are the Graduating Class. Announcements are out, dresses have been bought, the Prom is but a pleasant memory, and Commencement Day is nearly here. We are almost teachers!

To the Class of 1931 we leave the work that we have carried on for a brief while. We shall give no more advice; no more admonitions. Let it suffice that we wish you success in whatever you undertake next year, and as glorious a time as we have had.

For us who must scatter to the four corners of the State there is an unpleasant aspect to Commencement, for it means that we have been together as one group for the last time. But that is the way of the world and we can but make the best of it.

As our own Mr. Phipps who left us last year, so charmingly put it, let us say,

*I would be done with goodbyes,
I would be done with farewells,
I would leave my friends
With a firm, warm handclasp,
Eyes shining with eagerness
For the coming adventure,
And smiling over my shoulder,
Leave my path of departure
Strewn with garlands of laughter.*
JOHN H. FISCHER



Appreciation of One's Profession

ITTLE DID I appreciate or realize the value of my playground training or my experience as an athletic leader for the P. A. L. until I came to Normal.

Now you may ask how that is and what I did that I should appreciate it so greatly. During the summers of '28 and '29 I worked in playground with younger children. During these two summers I came in contact with many children of various ages, refinements, and temperaments. I gradually learned, after a great struggle, to take care of this population. But what has this to do with appreciating one's profession?—wait, and you shall see!

During the fall, spring, and winter of '29 I coached fourth, fifth, and sixth graders in Field Ball, Basketball, and Sprint Ball respectively. As I worked in different sections of the city, I came in contact with many classes of children—the refined and wealthy, the refined of the so-called “working class”, and the poorer class. I thought little of the differences in these children or why they were different until I studied Psychology at Normal.

A much more alluring field, and one far better for observing human nature, is the State Meets. If you don't know what they are, ask any county student, to tell you about them. Here you not only come in contact with the child himself, but also with his parents, relatives, friends, and what-nots. Indeed, some of the meets seemed to call forth a family reunion. Each person encourages his team, and each uses his own individual technique. What varied technique!

Since I have been at Normal and studied Psychology, I often wonder why these people acted as they did. I often think of the problems I met and the solutions I used. How shall I meet the same problems again? Shall I use the same solution? I think not. Surely I shall apply my theories of individual differences and try to meet problems in a more scientific way.

MARGARET E. ADAMS, Jr. 2

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What Price Satisfaction?

THE ESSAYIST, that is, the student essayist, unlike the poet, who must let inspiration be his moving spirit, can write a theme upon a given topic without having felt any emotion other than a desire to finish as soon as possible. Perhaps a title that suggests a screamingly funny essay will be developed along serious lines, reflecting the mood of the writer at that moment.

I have frequently seen my classmates take a clean sheet of paper, place their names neatly in the upper left-hand corner, and commence to write without a thought as to the possibilities of the subject. After writing a page or two, they begin to count the number of words. If they are good in calculation they can make a fairly accurate guess as to the number of words which must yet be written to bring the grand total to the required three hundred or so. Disgust fills their faces and they "tack" on a concluding sentence or two to make enough. Then as they dot the final "i" and cross the last "t", smiles once more illumine their countenances, and with a relieved, "Finished", they add the date and their section number to the top of the page and cap their pens with a sense of duty well done.

There are, of course, some conscientious people who really do think seriously about their work. For example, one girl whom I know usually makes at least one false start, scratches out several lines, and begins again. After covering a few pages with more stars, circles, squares, and obliterated phrases than actual composition, she rereads the article, revising as she goes. Then her "work of art" must be read aloud to a select audience, composed of whoever happens to be present, much to their annoyance. She cuts out or rewrites any disconnected phrases and is then ready to recopy her theme. Then she, too, closes her pen with a snap, wondering at the time what sort of "decorations" will fill the margins when her brain child is returned to her.

JANE MARTIN, Jr. 5.

To The Athlete

*Brown, glowing, and sparkling,
Surrounded by an atmosphere
Of constant revelry,
And yet so substantial.
Straight and strong and graceful,
So quick in movement and yet decisive,
To be leaned upon, rather than to lean.
Independence, one might call you, Young America.*

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, Jr. 3

SCHOOL NOTES



Miss Tall Favors the Men

SATURDAY, MAY THE 12th was a big night in the social year of the men students. The men's dance was especially successful this year due to the large number of male students now enrolled. We almost had one hundred per cent attendance.

Miss Tall, as usual was our charming hostess. As it was a very warm night most of the dancing was done on the highly waxed porch. Rhythmic music was furnished by "Lou Startt and His Gang." The moonlight was great.

The high spot of the evening was a good-natured "Paul Jones" held in the living room and library. As Lou Startt and—were out for a walk, Frank Fowble entertained the dancers at the victrola.

This night will get an especially large space in our diaries.

Campus Day

THE WEATHER, an ever important topic, was very favorable to us on Wednesday, May the seventh. This was the occasion of our May festival, and a sunny sky and warm breezes were most welcome.

Classes rather dragged in the morning, as they have a habit of doing at these times, but eventually the last bell rang. A luncheon on the campus followed, and then we all hastened to secure the seats nearest the throne, which had previously been erected for our May Queen and her attendants. Songs very appropriate for the occasion were sung by the students, accompanied by the Orchestra.

Finally the long awaited moment arrived. Our May Queen—Miss Lois Helm—in flowered chiffon, carrying pink roses, presented a very charming picture, accompanied as she was by her Maid of Honor, Miss Judy Evans, in pale green organdie, and attended by the Misses Dorothy Evans, Mary Louise Zschiesche, Virginia Morin, Mary Dunn, Kathaleen Kennedy, Elizabeth Nicely and Bertha Kappler dressed in pastel shades of organdie.

The Queen ascended her throne where she was crowned by the Junior Class representative, Mr. Louis Startt, after he had made a brief address to the admiring audience.

Faculty versus Student games were the final feature of our Campus Day program. We consider it a big success and one well worth remembering.

MARY E. HANLEY, Sr. 4

Glee Club

THE GLEE CLUB besides preparing for commencement and the Baccalaureate Service is performing at a banquet of the Educational Society at the Southern Hotel on May 21.

A feature of the program will be the girls' quartet: 1st soprano—Elizabeth Nicely; 2nd soprano—Bertha Kappler; 1st alto—Gertrude Rosen; 2nd alto—Elizabeth Hartje; and a trio composed of Bertha Kappler, Gertrude Rosen, R. Hanberry.

"Charity", by Rossini, will be one of the selections at the Baccalaureate Service, while for commencement we shall hear "Tales from the Vienna Woods", Strauss—(In conclusion we might add that Miss Weyforth is very much encouraged by the constantly increasing volume from the Glee Club.)

ORCHESTRA

THE ORCHESTRA is just as busy as the Glee Club and is preparing for several functions—first, it will play at the Senior Banquet, then at the Alumni dance, and at the commencement and the Baccalaureate Service.

The orchestra has also been invited to play at a reception given Dr. Fowler T. Brooks by his students, to take place on Sunday, May 25.

What would happen we wonder if we had no Glee Club and Orchestra?

Juniors On Parade!

THE TWENTY-SIXTH of April! Oh! the flurry and scurry with which the Juniors issued the invitations to their guests and the impatience with which they awaited the Junior Prom!

Our class colors, green and gold, were carried out in the program and favors. The programs were green with gold shields on the outside. Each one as he entered was presented with a yellow rosebud. The stage was set as a garden. At the top of the steps, leading to the garden, was an archway resplendent with gaily colored flowers. Palms placed here and there throughout the garden and around the room lent an air of cool serenity.

One thing that assured the success of the event was the presence of so many members of the faculty, who seemed to enjoy themselves as thoroughly as did the students.

To the tunes of many dreamy waltzes and snappy fox-trots the beautifully garbed lads and lassies tripped the light fantastic till the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home" announced the end of a perfect evening.

The Maryland State Normal School at Towson Rural Health Club Assembly

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, the Assembly was devoted to the "Rural Health Clubs". In September 1929 Health Clubs were organized in all of the upper grade practice centers. Wednesday's assembly explained many of their difficulties and summarized, to an extent, the accomplishments of each club.

The following schools were represented:

Bare Hills—Upper Grades
Bare Hills—Third and Fourth Grades
Baynesville—Upper Grades
Lutherville—Upper Grades
Campus—Seventh Grade
Fullerton—Fifth Grade
Linthicum—Fourth Grade
Perry Hall—Third and Fourth Grades
Putty Hill—Upper Grades
Riderwood—Upper Grades
Timonium—Upper Grades

The talks of representatives centered about three large topics. The first of these was "Personal Hygiene and Posture". The second, "Foods—Weighing and Measuring". The reports gave evidence of a knowledge of the various foods and that the children had watched with interest their improvement in weight and height as shown by charts. The third topic was "Schoolroom Lighting, Ventilation and Cleanliness".

Two unique contrivances were displayed. One, a fly trap made of screen wire and cleverly explained, the other, a door mat made by nailing bottle caps to a board. This proved to be an effective mud scraper.

The observations made by one of the clubs in rating the lighting, temperature, ventilation and general appearance of each room in the school was a very decided step in thinking and certainly gave the different rooms an incentive to improve.

This assembly, emphasizing simple, everyday health rules, was given in the presence of the children who participated, students of the Normal School, training teachers, mothers and members of the faculty. Surely the results should be far-reaching.

*Reported by MARY DUNN,
A student who saw the assembly.*

The Senior Prom

IN THE DORMITORY, there are two important and especially spectacular events of the year; namely, the Old English Dinner at Christmas, and the Senior Banquet in June.

This year's Banquet and Prom was none the less noteworthy. The theme carried out was "Knighthood". The dining room was decorated with banners, stitched by the Senior girls, lances, and tapestries and medieval stained glass windows painted on canvas by the Seniors. One could easily imagine herself in the dining hall of some medieval castle. At the Banquet, there were two great features. First, the favors were small gold shields decorated with the seal of Maryland. These small lockets were attached to the menus. Toasts were the second feature. The program read:

Class Song The Class
 We Learn to Serve John M. Fischer
 The Spirit of Knighthood, Dr. Lida Lee Tall,
 Mary L. Zschiesche

The Leader of Our Crusade,

Mr. E. Curt Walther, George Neumeister

The Knights Who Train Us—The Faculty . . . Lois Helm

The Squires Who Learn to Serve—Class of 1930

Virginia Morin

After the banquet, on leaving the dining hall, one strolled into the garden of the castle, and there the ladies met their gallants for the evening Prom. There is a secret involved. The garden was really Newell Hall Foyer transformed by lattices (seventy-five of them made by the Senior Class), palms, and paper flowers.

The Seniors spent many busy hours preparing for this great event and as the Orchestra played the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home", down in each heart must have been a feeling of elation, pride and joy as well as regret that the big dance was over.

V. LUDWIG, Jr. 10

June Week

EVERY STUDENT looks forward to his final week at school, the well known and traditional June Week. State Normal's June Week begins Thursday, June 5, with the State Volleyball Meet. The visiting teams will be entertained at the dormitories until Saturday, June 7.

Saturday, June 7, will be Alumni Day. At three o'clock, the alumni attend a reception in Richmond Hall, followed by a reunion of the classes and a business meeting. At 6:15 they attend a dinner, and at 8:30 they will be carried back to former Junes by an alumni dance. Such an event cannot help but revive many pleasant memories.

Sunday, at three o'clock, the Baccalaureate sermon will be given by Dr. Robert A. Spears.

On Monday, the Seniors have their final Campus Day, Campus Supper, and Campfire.

Tuesday, the biggest day in the life of a Normalite, ends the June Week festivities. At eleven o'clock, on the Campus, each Senior will receive her diploma from Governor Albert C. Ritchie. This marks the end of these students' lives at Normal but the beginning of their lives, following that career for which they have so faithfully worked.

THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TOWSON, MARYLAND

Commencement Activities, June Fifth to Tenth

1930

PROGRAM

Thursday, June 5.

Visiting High School teams arrive (Our guests at Newell Hall).

Friday, June 6.

9:00 A. M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Homewood Athletic Field).

6:00 P. M.—Supper on Campus.

7:00 P. M.—Campus Singing.

8:00 P. M.—Visiting teams entertained by the Athletic Association.

Saturday, June 7—Alumni Day.

3:00 to 3:30 P. M.—Reception at Sarah E. Richmond Hall.

3:30 to 4:30 P. M.—Class Reunions.

4:30 to 5:45 P. M.—Business Meeting.

6:15 to 8:30 P. M.—Dinner, Music by School Orchestra and Glee Club.

8:30 to 11:45 P. M.—Dancing.

Sunday, June 8.

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service.

Sermon by Dr. John Guthrie Speers of Brown Memorial Church.

Monday, June 9—Class Day.

6:00 P. M.—Campus Supper and Council Fire.

Tuesday, June 10—Commencement Day.

10:30 A. M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form.

11:00 A. M.—Commencement—Campus (weather permitting).

Speaker—Governor Albert C. Ritchie.

Standard Time



AS THE SUCCESSFUL endeavors of the men students of the Normal school to enter the athletic world are gradually drawing to a close, it seems fitting at this time to look into the past and browse among the group and note individual achievements of the men. Coach Donald Minnegan's basketball quint has enjoyed a most successful season against college teams of Maryland, Washington, and Pennsylvania. The team's first venture into college basketball came out successfully in six of the twelve major games played. In spite of this record Normal did out-score their opponents by 51 points, scoring a total of 398 points to the opponents' 347. The chart below shows Captain Aaronson and Denaburg as the high point scorers during the past season with Jansen serving an able role.

	Points Made	Games Played	Average per Game
Denaburg	149	12	12 5/12
Aaronson	99	11	9
Jansen	55	9	6 1/9
Davidson	45	11	4 1/11
Himmelfarb	23	9	2 5/9
Peregoy	19	12	1 7/12

Baseball statistics to date show that Captain Peregoy is leading both in batting and in the number of bases stolen with Bowers making a strong bid for the honors. Fielding honors to date go to Fitzell, Normal's hawk-eye left fielder. The statistics:

Batting Averages—Based on 6 Games

	A. B.	R. H.	%	Stolen Bases
1 Peregoy	20	9	450	7
2 Bowers	16	7	438	6
3 Starh	16	7	438	3
4 Burgee	23	9	391	0
5 Woolston	15	5	333	4
6 Nicodemus	23	6	261	4
7 Evans	20	5	250	1
8 Fitzell	15	3	250	2
9 Aaronson	8	2	250	1

		Fielding %		E.	%
		P. O.	A.		
1	Fitzell	7	1	0	1.000
2	Woolston	2	5	0	1.000
3	Plousky	16	2	1	.947
4	Peregoy	22	6	3	.903
5	Bowers	33	1	5	.897
6	Startt	5	0	1	.833
7	Brose	4	1	1	.833
8	Evans	5	13	5	.782
9	Aaronson	4	6	3	.769
10	Nicodemus	20	10	10	.750

NORMAL 14—BLUE RIDGE 10

Blue Ridge College visited Normal campus on April 30 and met defeat in a slugging fray by a score of 14-10. Capts. Peregoy and Startt starred offensively for the Normalites, whereas Aaronson's timely relief hurling was also an outstanding feature. Benedett was the sparkling light of the opposition. The lineup:

MD. NORMAL						BLUE RIDGE					
	AB	H	R	A	PO		AB	H	R	A	PO
Peregoy, c.	5	4	3	1	10	Baker, s.s.	6	0	0	4	2
Startt, c.f.	4	3	3	1	3	Speicker, c.	4	2	2	1	5
Bowers, 1.b.	4	1	2	1	9	Benedict, 1.b.	5	2	2	0	7
Nicodemus, 3.b.	5	2	2	3	2	R. Barnes, 2.b.	3	3	1	0	5
Burgee, r.f.	5	2	2	0	0	Sheets, r.f.	5	0	1	0	0
Fitzell, 1.f.	4	2	2	0	0	Lumb, 3.b.	5	0	0	1	3
Evans, s.s.	4	0	1	1	0	G. Barner, c.f.	3	2	1	0	1
Denaburg, 2.b.	3	0	0	3	2	Musselman, 1.f.	5	0	1	0	1
Woolston, p.	3	0	2	1	1	Clark, p.	5	1	1	3	0
Aaronson, p.	0	0	0	1	0						
Totals	39	14	17	12	27	Totals	42	10	9	9	24

Score by innings:

NORMAL	4	2	0	2	1	3	0	2	x—14
BLUE RIDGE	0	1	2	0	0	1	2	4	0—10

NORMAL BOWS IN RETURN GAME

On May 2, Normal's nine visited Elizabethtown College (Pa.) and went down to defeat against the strong Pennsylvania nine in a return game, 14-9. The Profs gained an early lead but were unable to withstand the offensive attack of the home team in the fifth inning. After the storm, Elizabethtown had a comfortable lead and was able to coast to victory. The lineup:

ELIZABETHTOWN

	AB	R	H	PO	A
Frey, s.s.	4	3	1	2	4
Dieter, 2.b.	4	3	2	0	3
Bobula, 3.b.	5	2	1	2	6
Ebling, c.f.	5	2	1	1	0
Crouthamel, 1.b. ..	5	1	3	18	1
E. Wenger, l.f.	5	0	2	0	0
Fisher, r.f.	5	1	0	0	0
C. Wouger, p.	4	1	0	2	2
Baughter, c.	4	1	1	1	1
Totals	41	14	11	27	17

NORMAL

	AB	R	H	PO	A
Peregoy, c.	4	4	3	8	1
Startt, c.f.	4	2	1	3	0
Burgee, r.f.	5	2	3	0	0
Nicodemus, 1.b. ...	5	0	0	10	0
Evans, s.s.	5	1	2	0	5
Woolston, 2.b.	3	0	1	1	0
Brose, 3.b.	4	0	1	2	1
Denaburg, p.	3	0	0	0	3
Totals	38	9	11	24	5

Score by innings:

NORMAL	4	1	0	3	0	0	0	1	0—9
ELIZABETHTOWN	1	0	3	0	5	2	1	2	x—14

JUST SUPPOSE THAT

There wasn't a "Select Six".
 Phil Aaronson never came late.
 Jerry Denaburg didn't put grease on his hair.
 George Neumeister danced every time at the Men's Dance.
 Lou Cohen was Irish.
 John Fischer lost his dignity.
 Eddy Goldstein would write some good jokes.
 The Boys in Junior three were intelligent.
 Keel Silbert wrote for the TOWER LIGHT.
 Vogelhart could talk only in a whisper.
 Jake Himmelfarb never wrote compositions.
 There weren't any girls at Normal School.
 The faculty baseball team beat the 'varsity.
 We didn't have to go to classes.

TOUCHING TALES

An English boy who had arrived from England was talking to an American Boy Scout. "My grandfather," he said, "was a very great man. One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulder with a sword, and made him a lord."

"Aw, that's nothin," the Boy Scout replied. "One day Red Wing, an Indian, touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."



A TRIP ABROAD

Two Normal School boys decided to take a trip to Rome to increase their knowledge and gain experience. Phil Aaronson, the man who visited Honolulu, was the leader of this trip. Jerry Denaburg, the other member of the party was no good either.

So packing their tooth brushes they were finally able to stowaway in the good ship "Rock Rock". As has been said before it is just as easy to get seasick on any part of the boat as when travelling first class, and the boys were certainly well pleased when they landed in Italy.

After wandering around for several hours, getting ankle twists, and stumbling now and then they finally arrived at the Coliseum.

Phil Aaronson who acted as guide pointed majestically to the Coliseum and said:

"See, Jerry, this is the ruins of the old Coliseum about which we studied in history. Do you remember the picture of this place on page 279 of 'Breasted Ancient History'?"

"What, you don't mean to tell me this is the same place that we studied about in the book, where the gladiators fought the lions? Well, well, now I feel more at home, at least I know where I'm at," Jerry replied.

"Look! Who's that coming up the hill?" gasped Phil. "Go ahead, Jerry, speak to him, you had Latin in school."

After several unsuccessful attempts to communicate with the stranger, Jerry gave it up as useless. He had never been told how to speak to a stranger in his Latin courses. Before leaving, Phil decided to try his hand with the stranger and asked, "Do you know where the Vatican is located?" He was surprised to find that the stranger understood English. The guide unhesitatingly led them to their destination.

"You know," began Phil, "there is supposed to be about eleven thousand rooms in this place?"

"Are there any beds?" asked Jerry.

"Say," yelled Phil, "what are you getting out of this trip anyway?"

"Sore feet," said Jerry. "Let's get out of here. I can't walk through those rooms now, I'm all tired out."

"All right, then, shall we go out the Appian way?" queried Phil.

"If the Appians went by foot, no!"

Luckily for our heroes they were finally nabbed by the Fascisti and deported to the good old United States for wearing white shirts.

Phil Aaronson and Jerry Denaburg are now planning a trip to China to make an intensive study of educational possibilities. I wonder what it is that spurs these two on to these adventures? Maybe we can attribute it to the inquisitive instinct if there is such an instinct.

A Reminiscence

Time—Present

Scene—Garage harboring Normal School buses

Characters—In order of their appearance

Young MacMahon

Old Normal Bus

Young MacMahon—Well, I just returned from my delightful Tuesday afternoon journey with jovial Jr. 8. If you could just have heard the gleeful shouts and joyful slams that were handed around throughout me! My poor sides nearly burst with laughter and my cushions fairly split from jumping up and down.

Old Normal Bus—And you call that trip delightful! That's what's wrong with the world. You young ones take too much from these school girls—I'm glad my furniture wasn't soft. They didn't jump around on me. No, sir!

Young Mac—Anyway—I like it. Oh what couldn't I tell those—training teachers!

Old Normal Bus—I know enough already.

Young Mac—You couldn't know as much as I do. How I wish I could see those training teachers! All Jr. 8 does is say how sweet this one is, how pretty that one is.

(Resuming a trend of thought) Oh, it's wonderful! They just seem to draw out my romantic nature.

Old Normal Bus—Oh, you make me sick! You'll get over that soon enough.

Young Mac—Just because you're old it isn't necessary that you discourage me. Now for a nice quiet time to reminisce until next Tuesday, when they go out with me again. (Tenderly) Ah-h-h-h-h.

Curtain

Arithmetic Teacher: Johnny, if your father made forty dollars a week and gave your mother half of it, what would she have?

Johnny: Heart failure.

A REAL ONE

A member of the English Department reports finding the following note in her mailbox:

"Do you know the dark-haired boy who has Anything and Everything? If you do, please ask him to return it as soon as possible."

"Don't gasp,—the writer was referring to the book by Dorothy Aldis, which a member of Junior Six had borrowed."

HOW A SENIOR ANSWERS QUESTIONS

- 1 Have you paid your class dues?
Why bring that up?
 - 2 Will you attend the banquet at two dollars?
What are you gonna serve?
 - 3 Will you attend the prom at two dollars?
Oh if I only had two dollars.
 - 4 Will you attend both at three dollars?
If I go; that means I'll save a dollar.
-

OBLIGING

First: Lend me five dollars, will you?

Second: Sorry, but all I've got is \$4.75.

First: All right give me that and you'll owe me the other twenty-five cents.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER

In a certain science class the discussion was centering around various forms of fungi.

Teacher: "And now what is the white growth one sees many times on jellies and the like?"

Miss B.: (one of our illustrious seniors, very earnestly) "Parafine."

FOLLOWING THE LAW TO A "T"

In Russia it was the custom for a lawyer, upon entering the court to salute the judge and repeat the judge's title.

A client entered with his attorney; the judge rose and slapped the attorney twice, when he fell and very obsequiously crept from the court room. The client followed him indignantly. "See here," he said, "I hired you to explain my case to the judge and here he slaps you and you crawl out. What does this mean?"

"Sh!" replied the lawyer, "the judge was right. I forgot to salute him and the law says if an attorney forgets to salute, the judge may hit him."

"Well," said the client, "I think the judge is a rather fine fellow. He only slapped you twice."

"Oh, he couldn't have hit me more. The law says, if the attorney falls, the judge must stop beating him," explained the lawyer.

"Then, why didn't you fall when he hit you the first time?" asked the puzzled client.

"Well," replied the law abiding lawyer, "the law says the attorney is not to fall until he is unable to remain on his feet any longer."

Editor: "In order to make this story a success it needs a detective in it."

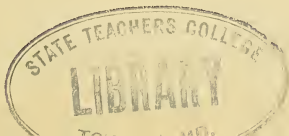
Author: "A detective! Why?"

Editor: "To find the plot."—Clipping.

She: I've discovered the cause of 100% of all divorces.

He: What is it?

She: Marriage.



~

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